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5

MISCELLANIES

SELECTED FROM

THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

Vol. I.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

1822.

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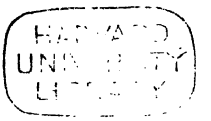

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An annual English publication, entitled "Spirit of the Public Journals," suggested the idea of the following work; and the compiler has no fears that it will suffer on a comparison with its archetype.

Whether the miscellanies here collected are the best which might have been drawn from the same sources, is a point for the public to decide. For most of the materials which form the volume I have, indeed, been indebted to others; for the errors in judgement, or the absurdities of taste, which it may be supposed to exhibit, I alone am responsible.

Should the volume be received with kindness, it is my intention that it shall be annually succeeded by one, similar in its nature, but superior in mechanical execution, and displaying, it is to be hoped, an improved taste in the composition, and more method in the arrangement of its parts. If, however, its ill fortune should forbid all future attempts of the kind, some indemnification for pecuniary loss will have been realised in the pleasure derived from the collection and preservation of these proofs of the genius and talent of my countrymen.

J. T. BUCKINGHAM.

☞ The reader will observe that the articles in the following collection, (with the exception of two, whose origin was not discovered till it was too late to expunge them) are original productions of the American Press.

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MISCELLANIES,

SELECTED FROM THE

PUBLIC JOURNALS.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF MRS. ABIGAIL ADAMS.

[New-England Galaxy. Boston.]

THE late wife of the Ex-President Adams who died at Quincy on the 28th of October, 1818, aged 74, was a woman, whose talents and virtues will place her on the list of those, who have benefited their generation and honoured their country. She was the daughter of a New-England clergyman, settled within a few miles of Boston; a man respectable in his holy office, and who educated his children in the best manner of the times—an unquestionable proof of his good sense. The personal and mental accomplishments of his daughter attracted the attention and secured the respect and affections of Mr. Adams, then a young man of distinction and promise at the bar of Massachusetts. They were married in the year 1764, and resided in Boston. The revolutionary difficulties were then fast increasing, and Mr. Adams was conspicuously engaged. When a continental congress was formed, he was sent a delegate from Massachusetts to this body. It was a perilous moment. The wise were baffled, the courageous hesitated, and the great mass of the people were inflamed, but confused; they had no fixed and settled purpose, but all was left for the development of time. Mr. Adams was one of the boldest in the march of hon-

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est resistance to tyranny. He looked farther than the business of the day, and ventured, at that early period, to suggest plans of self-government and independence. To Mrs. Adams he communicated his thoughts freely on all these high matters of state; for he had the fullest confidence in her spirit, prudence, secrecy, and good sense, without the test, which the Roman Portia gave her lord to gain his confidence, in matters of policy, "when the state was out of joint."

When Mr. Adams was appointed to represent his country at the court of St. James, his wife went with him, and such was her exquisite sense of propriety, her republican simplicity, her delicate and refined manners, her firmness and dignity, that she charmed the proud circles, in which she moved, and they speak of her, to this day, as one of the finest women, that ever graced an embassy to that country.

When Mr. Adams was chosen Vice-President, she was the same unaffected, intelligent, and elegant woman. No little managements, no private views, no sly interference with public affairs, was ever, for a moment, charged to her. When her husband came to the chair of the chief magistrate, then the widest field opened for the exercise of all the talents and acquirements of Mrs. Adams; and such was her whole course, that her fondest admirers were not disappointed. She graced the table by her courtesy, and elegance of manners, and delighted her guests by the powers of her conversation. Through the drawing room she diffused ease and urbanity, and gave the charm of modesty and sincerity to the interchanges of civility. But this was not all; her acquaintance with public affairs, her discrimination of character, her discernment of the signs of the times, and her pure patriotism, made her an excellent cabinet minister; and, to the everlasting honour of her husband, he never forgot or undervalued her worth; and, in the pride of place and power, he never despised the New-England simplicity of manners, in which it is a rule to take counsel from a wife. The politicians of that period speak with enthusiasm of her foresight, her prudence, and the wisdom of her

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observations. Tracy respected, Bayard admired, and Ames eulogized her. All parties had the fullest belief in the purity of her motives and in the elevation of her understanding.

It was a stormy period, and the world went wrong. Fatigue and anguish often overwhelmed the president from the weight and multiplicity of his labours and cares; but her sensibility, affection, and cheerfulness chased the frown from his brow and plucked the root of bitterness from his heart. To those who see matters of state at a distance, or only through the medium of letters, all things seem to go on fairly and smoothly; but those, practically acquainted with the difficulties in administering the best of governments, will easily understand how much necessity there is for the wisdom of the serpent united with the gentleness of the dove; and they too can comprehend how much the delicate interference of a delicate woman can effect. Pride, vanity, and selfishness are full of claims and exactions, all bustling and importunate for office and distinction. Peremptory denial produces enmity and confusion, but gentle evasion and cautious replies soften the hearts of the restless and temper the passions of the sanguine. An intelligent woman of address can control these repinings and hush these murmurings with much less sacrifice or effort than men. A women knows when to apply the unction of soft words, without forgetting her dignity or infringing on a single principle, which the most scrupulous would wish to maintain. Mrs. Adams calmed these agitations of disappointment, healed the rankling wounds of offended pride, and left them in admiration of her talents and in love with her sincerity.

Notwithstanding these numerous duties and great exertions, as the wife of a statesman, Mrs. Adams did not forget that she was a parent. She had several children, and felt in them the pride and interest, if she did not make the boast, of the mother of the Gracchi.

Many women fill important stations with the most splendid display of virtues; but few are equally great in retirement; there they want the animating influence

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of a thousand eyes and the inspiration of homage and flattery. This is human nature in its common form, and the exception is honourable and rare. Mrs. Adams, in rural seclusion at Quincy, was the same dignified, sensible, and happy woman, as when surrounded by fashion, wit, and intellect. No hectic of resentment, no pangs of regret were ever discovered by her, while indulging in the retrospection of an eventful life in these shades of retirement. Her conversation showed the same lively interest in the passing occurrences as though she had retired for a day only, and was to have returned on the morrow to take her share in the business and pleasures of political existence. There was no trick, no disguise in this. It arose from a settled and perfectly philosophical and christian contentment, which great and pious minds only can feel. Serenity, purity, and elevation of thought preserve the faculties of the mind from premature decay, and, indeed, keep them vigorous in old age. To such the lapse of time is only the change of the the shadow on the dial of life. The hours which are numbered and gone, are noticed, but their flight does not "chill the genial current of the soul." Religious thankfulness for the past, and faith in assurances for the future—that mortal shall put on immortality—make the last drop in the cup of existence clear, sweet, and sparkling.

When the biographer of a future age shall do justice to the characters of the illustrious women of our country, Mrs. Adams will be found conspicuous on his page, as a dutiful daughter, an excellent wife, a kind, affectionate, and careful mother; one, who lived long and did much, who discharged the duties of common life with faithfulness and alacrity, and filled the highest stations with success and honour; one, who, though a politician, "could be defended from the cradle to the grave," and who, though a philosopher, had no doubts of the christian religion.

Mr. Adams is now far advanced into the vale of years, and must feel his loss as irreparable; but he is too wise to repine, and has too much to be grateful for

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to be cast down. The wife of his youth lived with him for more than half a century. With her in his heart and in his hand he "sounded all the depths and shoals of honour." While he mourns her loss, her virtues will crowd on his soul, clothed in colours made brighter by death. This patriarch is now turned of eighty and possesses his intellectual faculties in an extraordinary deree. May they long continue to be fresh and vigorous, that he may give to the world the mental portraits of his cotemporaries, and illustrations of our history. In him the lamp of life seems to burn more vividly as he gathers the gems which oblivion was about to receive. The genius of the sage is every where respected, and his long and important services to his country every where acknowledged; but our last gaze shall be on his domestic virtues; for they were the brightest in the constellation of his merits. Moral and religious principles, and pure and virtuous affections are indestructible; God has put on them the value of his promise, and the seal of eternity.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF REV. F. A. MATIGNON.

[New-England Galaxy.]

The Reverend Francis Anthony Matignon, D. D. who died in Boston, on the 19th of September, 1818, was born in Paris, Nov. 10, 1753. Devoted to letters and religion from his earliest youth, his progress was rapid and his piety conspicuous. He attracted the notice of the learned faculty as he passed through the several grades of classical and theological studies; and having taken the degree of bachelor of divinity, he was ordained a Priest, on Saturday, the 19th of September, 1778, the very day of the month and week, which, forty years after, was to be his last. In the year 1782, he was admitted a licentiate, and received the degree of doctor of divinity from the college of the Sorbonne in 1785. At this time he was appointed regius professor of divinity in the college of Navarre, in which seminary he performed his duties for several years, although his state of health was not good.

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His talents and piety had recommended him to the notice of a prelate in great credit, (the cardinal de Brienne) who obtained for him the grant of an annuity from the king, Louis XVI. which was sufficient for all his wants, established him in independence, and took away all anxiety for the future. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable to the wisest and best of the children of men. The revolution, which dethroned his beloved monarch, and stained the altar of his God with the blood of holy men, drove Dr. Matignon an exile from his native shores. He fled to England, where he remained several months, and then returned to France to prepare for a voyage to the United States. He landed in Baltimore, and was appointed, by Bishop Carroll, pastor of the catholic church in Boston, at which place he arrived, August 20, 1792.

The talents of Doctor Matignon were of the highest order. In him were united a sound understanding, a rich and vigorous imagination, and a logical precision of thought. His learning was extensive, critical and profound, and all his productions were deeply cast, symmetrically formed, and beautifully coloured. The fathers of the church and the great divines of every age were his familiar friends. His divinity was not merely speculative, nor merely practical; it was the blended influence of thought, feeling, and action. He had learned divinity as a scholar, taught it as a professor, felt it as a worshiper, and diffused it as a faithful pastor. His genius and his virtues were understood; for the wise bowed to his superior knowledge and the humble caught the spirit of his devotions. With the unbelieving and doubtful he reasoned with the mental strength of the apostle Paul; and he charmed back the penitential wanderer with the kindness and affection of John the Evangelist. His love for mankind flowed in the purest current, and his piety caught a glow from the intensity of his feeling. Rigid and scrupulous to himself, he was charitable and indulgent to others. To youth, in a particular manner, he was forgiving and fatherly. With him the tear of penitence washed away the stains of error; for he had gone

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up to the fountains of human nature, and knew all its weaknesses. Many, retrieved from folly and vice, can bear witness how deeply he was skilled in the science of paternal government; that science so little understood, and, for want of which, so many evils arise. It is a proof of a great mind not to be soured by misfortunes nor narrowed by any particular pursuit. Doctor Matignon, if possible, grew milder and more indulgent as he advanced in years. The storms of life had broken the heart of the man, but out of its wounds gushed the tide of sympathy and universal christian charity. The woes of life crush the feeble, make more stupid the dull, and more vindictive the proud; but the great mind and contrite soul are expanded with purer benevolence, and warmed with brighter hopes, by suffering—knowing that through tribulation and anguish the diadem of the saint is won.

To him, whose heart has sickened at the selfishness of mankind, and who has seen the low and trifling pursuits of the greater proportion of human beings, it is sweet and refreshing to contemplate the philosopher, delighted with visions of other worlds and ravished with the harmonies of nature, pursuing his course abstracted from the bustle around him; but how much nobler is the course of the moral and christian philosopher, who teaches the ways of God to man. He holds a holy communion with heaven, walks with the Creator in the garden at every hour in the day, without wishing to hide himself. While he muses, the spirit burns within him, and the high influences of the inspiration force him to proclaim to the children of men the deep wonders of divine love.

But this contemplation must give angels pleasure when they behold this purified and elevated being dedicating his services, not to the mighty, not to the wise, but to the humblest creatures of sorrow and suffering. Have we not seen our friend leaving these sublime contemplations and entering the habitations of want and wo? relieving their temporal necessities, administering the consolations of religion to the despairing soul in the agonies of dissolution? yes, the sons of the

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forest in the most chilling climates, the tenants of the hovel, the erring and profligate, can bear witness with what patience, earnestness, constancy and mildness he laboured to make them better.

In manners Doctor Matignon was an accomplished gentleman, possessing that kindness of heart and delicacy of feeling, which made him study the wants and anticipate the wishes of all he knew. He was well acquainted with the politest courtesies of society, for it must not, in accounting for his accomplishments, be forgotten, that he was born and educated in the bosom of refinement; that he was associated with chevaliers, and nobles, and was patronized by cardinals and premiers. In his early life, it was not uncommon to see ecclesiastics mingling in society with philosophers and courtiers, and still preserving the most perfect apostolic purity in their lives and conversation. The scrutinizing eye of infidel philosophy was upon them, and these unbelievers would have hailed it as a triumph to have caught them in the slightest deviation from their professions But no greater proof of the soundness of their faith or the ardour of their piety could be asked, than the fact, that, from all the bishops in France at the commencement of the revolution, amounting to one hundred and thirty-eight, but only three were found wanting in integrity and good faith, when they were put to the test; and it was such a test, too, that it could have been supported by religion only. In passing such an ordeal, pride, fortitude, philosophy, and even insensibility would have failed. The whole strength of human nature was shrunken and blasted when opposed to the storm of the revolution. Then the bravest bowed in terror, or fled in affright; but then these disciples of the lowly Jesus taught mankind how they could suffer for his sake.

Doctor Matignon loved his native country, and always expressed the deepest interests in her fortunes and fate; yet his patriotism never infringed on his philanthropy. He spake of England as a great nation, which contained much to admire and imitate, and his gratitude kindled at the remembrance of British mu-

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nificence, and generosity to the exiled priests of a hostile nation of different religious creeds.

When Dr. Matignon came to Boston, new trials awaited him. His predecessors in this place wanted talents, or character, or perseverance; and nothing of consequence had been done towards gathering and directing a flock. The good people of New-England were something more than suspicious of the catholic doctrines. Their ancestors, from the settlement of the country, had been preaching against the Church of Rome, and their descendants, even the most enlightened, felt a strong impression of undefined dislike, if not hatred, towards every papal relation. Absurd and foolish legends of the Pope and his religion were in common circulation, and the prejudice was too deeply rooted to be suddenly eradicated or even opposed. It required a thorough acquaintance with the world to know precisely how to meet these sentiments of a whole people. Violence and indiscretion would have destroyed all hopes of success. Ignorance would have exposed the cause to sarcasm and contempt, and enthusiasm, too manifest, would have produced a reaction that would have plunged the infant establishment in absolute ruin. Doctor Matignon was exactly fitted to encounter all these difficulties; and he saw them, and knew his task, with the discernment of a shrewd politician. With meekness and humility he disarmed the proud; with prudence, learning, and wisdom, he met the captious and slanderous; and so gentle and so just was his course, that even the censorious forgot to watch him, and the malicious were too cunning to attack one armed so strong in honesty. For four years he sustained the weight of this charge alone, until Providence sent him a coadjutor in the person of the present excellent Bishop Cheverus, who seemed made by nature and fitted by education and grace to soothe his griefs by sympathy, (for he too had suffered,) to cheer him by the blandishments of taste and letters and all congenial pursuits and habits; and in fact, they were as far identified as two embodied minds could be. These holy seers pur-

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sued their religious pilgrimage together, blessing and being blessed for more than twenty years; and the young Elisha had received a double portion of the spirit, and worn the mantle of his friend and guide, long before the sons of the prophets heard the cry of *my father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.* May the surviver find consolation in the religion he teaches, and long be kept on his journey to bless the cruise of oil in the dwellings of poverty and widowhood, and to cleanse, by the power of God, the leprosy of the sinful soul.

Far from the sepulchre of his fathers repose the ashes of the good and great Doctor Matignon; but his grave is not among strangers, for it was watered by the tears of an affectionate flock, and his memory is cherished by all, who value learning, honour genius, or love devotion.

The writer of this brief notice offers it as a faint and rude memorial only of the virtues of the man, whose character he venerated. Time must assuage the wounds of grief before he, who loved him most and knew him best, can attempt his epitaph.

THE QUEEN.

[Courier. Charleston, S. C.]

"Go, mortal of reflective soul,
And view the billows, as they roll,
In sad succession, to the shore;
They rise, and break, and foam, and then are seen no more!
Thus, hourly, short-liv'd mortals go
To crowd the darken'd strand;
Alike the mighty and the low,—
A melancholy band."

The death of the Queen of England is not an event to be passed over without comment. It is for the obscure only to disappear in silence, descending at once into the grave and oblivion. It is with the humble only that the world ceases to be busy, when it sees them no more, and enmity seals an everlasting truce.

But the great, whether for good or for evil, History retains upon the stage, to await, like the monarchs of

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Egypt, the posthumous decrees of posterity, whose decisions are founded, not on the imperfect, prejudiced, and erroneous impressions of contemporaries, but the fair and impartial comparison of acknowledged truths, tested by the application of the immortal rules of justice, and preserved among the lasting monuments of time.

On their immediate survivers the dead have this melancholy claim—to be exempt from their censure, their contempt, or their hate, as being removed by the Almighty from the power of mortal suffering or injury, and summoned to his awful and final tribunal. The dead are entitled to this courtesy from the living, that there be praise for their virtues, forgiveness for their sins, compassion for their sorrows, and prayers for their resurrection and eternal life. Grief is beautiful when bending over the grave; but the deformity of hell belongs to him, who goes there to revile.

The high rank of her ancestry and the splendour of her nuptial alliance entitled the queen of England to no small share of the observance of mankind. Her sudden abandonment by her husband—her real degradation, throwing her nominal rank into a withering shade—her early misfortunes, darkly eclipsing the short day of happiness—the assaults on her character from a quarter, which owed her love and protection—her vindication, painful and humiliating and difficult; a monarch for her accuser, and his creatures for her judges—in exile when at the house of her husband, watched with suspicion in Great-Britain, pursued by suspicion abroad—a wife, denied the society of her spouse—a mother, torn from the embraces of her daughter in prosperity and her last adieu in death—her father in his grave, and her brother at his side—it fell to the princess of Wales to become the queen of England.

Where should the queen of England be except in its metropolis? She hastened thither from the continent; but the government sent messengers to warn her away, and to threaten her approach with persecutions, and divorce, and the scaffold. Charges, not the less terrible

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for being obscure, were made by her own cousin and consort, and studiously arrayed by his ministers, to alarm and reduce into perpetual exile a solitary, helpless, and deserted woman!

It is not in guilt to provoke inquiry; it is not in woman to covet danger; and for a female to resist a monarch and his court is either the rashness of insanity, or the noble daring of virtue.

When did the woman escape, whom the monarch of England ever aimed to destroy?

To remain abroad was to be secure—was to be honoured by British ambassadors as their queen and their mistress—to receive a large salary (could honesty compromise with crime!)—and, free from the civil and ecclesiastical power of Great-Britain, to enjoy the protection of the one, and the pious offerings of the other. England was not her home. The death of George III. and of her daughter were, to her, in the language of Cicero, "dua portenta ac funera domus." To return to England was to encounter accusation and all its concomitant misfortunes; to be charged with unknown crimes before such a court as might be chosen by her sovereign and accuser; and to contend against the resentment, and hatred, and influence of rank, and power, and opulence, with no reliance but the consciousness of innocence, the compassion of the generous, and the kind assistance of such professional men, as dared to embark in the difficult and almost hopeless effort to withstand them all.

With all these obstacles staring her in the face she embarked for England, thereby displaying, to all human apprehension, a consciousness of innocence, and alacrity to confront her accusers.

The novel, and, we may say, romantic, courage, which thus threw an unprotected female into the hands of her enemies, struck common minds with reverence and sympathy, and those, whose hearts had not been perverted from their natural impulse, shared deeply in her misfortunes, and prayed for her success. A national glow of feeling marked her arrival, and the full tide of popularity bore her along.

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It was time that the waters should ebb, and leave her (wrecked on the strand) whom they had lately carried on the top of the billows.

The apparatus for her ruin was prepared. *Ex parte* affidavits, procured in Italy, the cheapest market, and arranged so as to produce the best effect, were committed to the hands of the ministry, some of them holding places in the house of lords, and others in the commons, to frame an accusation against the queen, which involved her character, her divorce, her exile, and, possibly, her life. It could not be made in behalf of the king. With little grace, indeed, could he have asked for a divorce. It was not in behalf of the people—the commons had never discussed, much less adopted, the measure. They had resort to a mode of proceeding, less than judicial, and more than legislative, to pass a bill, declaring, not a general rule, but a particular fact, and a particular penalty growing out of it—so that the bill might pass into a law, and still the fact be untrue. By admitting evidence to prove the fact they had assumed, they gave something of the air of judicial inquiry to this process against the queen, who, without being called on for a plea, found herself on trial before the house of lords, containing nine of the ministry, who had prejudged and declared her guilty.

The independence of the house of peers of royal control, is no longer a question, on which a doubt can arise. The personal influence of the monarch, and the official influence of his ministry, are well ascertained. If it be a rare occurrence for the ministry to fail in any measure, which they design and mature, even when its success affects in no degree the personal love and wishes of the sovereign—if to propose be almost equivalent with enacting that, which may, even in a case of slight interest, be deemed expedient, what is to be thought of the entire failure of a scheme, dear to the heart of the monarch, and advanced and enforced by all the varied obligations, which the patronage of the empire and the prosperity of the state imposed and required! Who could have dreamed that

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in the house of lords, with his royal brothers, and his courteous generals and admirals, and his ministry to lead them, the king could have been baulked of his sacrifice! Yet so it was. Take the ministry from the number of votes, and, on the passage of the bill, the house of lords was equally divided. The conjurors, foiled in their experiment, abandoned it precipitately; and yet, it is said since her decease, in certain London prints, and re-echoed in this country, that the queen had been condemned. If it be meant judicially, such an assertion is a mockery of justice. If it be meant by statute, it betrays the grossest ignorance of the simplest process of legislation.

The queen was not condemned, she was acquitted, and her accusers fled like incendiaries by the light of their own torch, afraid to continue their discovered schemes. They abandoned the proceeding, and left the nation to admire their valour in attack, and their precipitance in retreat.

The queen of England now received from the nobility and gentry of that country many tokens of sympathy for her unmerited persecution, and of congratulation on her fortunate triumph. The ministry had been foiled, and their brief authority trembled in their grasp. The queen, still the object of alarm, became anew the subject of attack. As the opposition members had sided with her, therefore she belonged to the opposition. Nothing was sincere between them. They concealed their designs on the state under an affected regard for her, and she lent herself to their treasonable views. If she was not lewd, she was licentious; if she was not a prostitute, she was a radical. To favour this idea, all her communications in reply to the various popular addresses, although certainly not written by herself, and, if by herself, at moments of great distress, or great exultation, were scrupulously used, and set forth in the ministerial prints, as if twenty-five years of injury might not be allowed a few momentary expressions of spleen.

When a great crisis is past, many of its auxiliaries, in general, depart with it. Public attention flies in

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quest of another topic, and carries with it its train of the curious, and the eager, and the indolent. The sustained feeling too, which enables an individual to meet, and struggle through, and overcome a great calamity, is apt to sink and prey upon itself, when it has nothing more to encounter. Thus it happened to the queen. It being known that she was safe, the public mind lost much of its interest and anxiety concerning her; and the king, to abstract it entirely, brought forward, in extreme magnificence, the spectacle of his coronation. The queen, safe from the designs of the court, began to count the number of her retinue, forgetting that novelty disperses the fickle, while the occasion was over, which had rallied the constant; and her lofty spirit, which had never yielded to her calamities, could not brook the seeming desertion of her friends.

Here was her error, and here was her misfortune. Did not the proverbial fondness of change and appetite for novelty, which actuate the populace, occur to her? Did she not know that crowns, and sceptres, and thrones, and diadems, were baits, originally devised to arrest and enslave the vulgar, and would not be continued if better could be found? And did she hope or imagine to place her unhonoured misfortunes in competition with the rich allurements of the king, studiously rallying around him the whole nation, by arts and devices of long approved use and authority? Nature had ordained her defeat. Where the flower is gaudy, the insects will repair. If you value it by its adherents, what is the magnolia to the honey-suckle?

Some infatuation like this,—some glowing ember of a dying spirit,—appeared in the queen's conduct on the coronation day. If wisdom was always to be found in man, and weakness was never excuseable in woman, we would blame her. But her situation, like all her history, was novel and unique.

That she aimed to excite a disturbance and oppose the government, is the weak, puerile calumny of panic-struck slanderers. Why the queen went to Westminster Abbey, posterity will not enquire. Why she was excluded at its door, neither their bishops, nor their

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historians, nor their bards, nor their champions, will ever be able to show to an honourable mind. What! a queen discarded with insult from the ceremonials of loyalty? a christian queen shut out from the sanctuary of religion? a lady refused admittance at a door, when there was a gentleman in the room? Fie upon their generals, and their bishops, and their champions! To have suffered such an insult could not tarnish a saint. To be capable of inflicting it is to act like a king.

Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles the first, pensionless and destitute at the court of France, was relieved by the humane assiduity of the cardinal de Retz. The latter remarks, in his memoirs on this subject, "Posterterity will hardly believe that a princess of England, grand-daughter to Henry the great, hath wanted a faggot in the month of January to get out of bed in the Louvre, and in the eyes of the French court. We read in histories, with horror, of baseness less momentous than this, and the little concern I have met with about it in most people's minds, has obliged me to make, I believe, a thousand times, this reflection,—That examples of past times move men, beyond comparison, more than those of their own times."

This incident, sufficient of itself to excite the animadversion of posterity, will derive greater interest from its seeming connexion with the death of the queen. It will be seen that, in a few days, she sickened and died. It will be seen that a sense of injury preyed on her spirits, and that life yielded under the pressure of calamity; that with characteristic firmness she contemplated death, with a christian spirit forgave her enemies, and in christian hope looked forward to a happier world. It will be seen that the persecution of the ministry endured until her death and survived it. It will be seen, if the historian shall consent to stain his narrative with the venal and polluted slanders of the London press, that her death-bed was made the topic of calumny, and, horrible to relate, of ridicule; that her dying words were attributed to a factious spirit; and, inasmuch as, when life was waning away, she sent for no *christian* bishop, who had, in life, discarded her, she

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neither heeded nor deserved the solaces of religion. Her name, struck from the Liturgy of the established church, was not even to appear on the roll of the redeemed. Her disembodied spirit was not allowed to depart without the accompaniment of brutal sarcasm and ill-concealed joy.

It will be seen, *O quantum est in rebus inane*, that the crown, which they denied her while living, they bore in mockery with her corpse; and that Death had instructed their heralds in politeness! It will be seen that, cruel and contemptuous to the last, not one of the royal family attended her remains, and the metropolis of the empire was prohibited from witnessing, for the last time, the mortal remains of its beloved queen; that the government usurped the control of the corpse, (who had sought in vain to subdue the spirit) that they devised an unfrequented road to convey it to the sea-shore, and the route of the funeral was concealed even from her friends. It will be seen that a military escort (*Proh! Pudor*) represented the government in the procession; and that, in consequence, as might be expected, the people were trampled on, and the unarmed murdered. It will be seen that the popular affection and sensibility, roused by the little meannesses and unmanly persecutions of the ministry, rose *en masse*, and obtained a melancholy triumph, by causing the funeral to pass through London, as of right it should. That no injury took place, which was not produced by the soldiery, and her oppressors had nothing to dread, but the pangs of remorse.

Posterity will feel for her, who, in the hour of death, desired, but dared not ask, to be buried in her daughter's grave. History, that loveth virtue, and adoreth truth; the sentinel, that guardeth the innocent in the grave, will vindicate her fame; and History, that holdeth up the light of instruction and of warning, will reveal her accusers—the Monarch, York, Clarence, Wellington, and Anglesea, the chaste observers of the nuptial rite; the virtuous shudderers at female error. History, the blessed minister of justice, will review her life; the crimes alleged against her; the power and facilities of

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her prosecutors; the evidence wherein they were defective, and the perjuries wherein they abounded. History, the hope of the magnanimous, will applaud her noble daring, and moral courage, such as has never been surpassed in woman—and beautifully contrast it with the spirit of her enemies. History, the sweet refuge of the afflicted on earth, as she dwells on the picture, and records the sorrows of this unfortunate lady, will speak thus of her: Her sin was to be suspected; she was made to suffer, as if suspicion had been proof; a most persecuted woman—a most degraded queen. Her frequent trials eventuated in proving, that nothing could be proved against her. To accuse falsely, is to accuse maliciously; and nothing too infamous can be inferred, when perjury seeks to supply evidence. The treatment of Caroline, queen of England, renders her a deserved object of compassionate regard. It was a stain and a scandal on the decorum, and magnanimity, and virtue of the age.

INDIAN BIOGRAPHY.

[New-York American.]

"Mark the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind,
Sees God in clouds—or hears him in the wind."

The following sketch of the life and character of an Indian warrior is, at least, deserving of the frail memorial of a public journal. Farmer's Brother was a distinguished chief of the Seneca tribe. He is now no more; but the memory of even savage worth deserves to be reclaimed from the waste of oblivion. Indian biography is not often presented to the public. The virtues of the savage outlive the grave only in their effects. His heroism is remembered, not by the generations of his own tribe who succeed him, but by the posterity of his enemies, who have felt the vigour of his arm. To such biographers is the memory of Farmer's Brother consigned. Like Brandt, and Red Jacket, and Tecumseh, he was the foe of white men. But, unlike them, his life was unstained by treachery or dishonour.

The name he assumed was altogether arbitrary. Farmer's Brother was a warrior. He spurned agricul-

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ture and the arts of civilized life. In his friendships he was ardent and sincere; in his enmities, inveterate and ferocious. War was his trade. His palace the gloomiest thicket of the forest. He was brave in fight, and wise in council. His soul disdained the usual arts of savage cunning, and intemperance was a vice of which he was never guilty. He was born a prince. With legitimacy, as sacred as that of any of the potentates of Laybach, he surpassed them in all those noble qualities, that adorn the great, and dignify the brave. His eloquence was manly and commanding. It did not, indeed, possess the fire and sublimity, which distinguished that of his compeer; but the superior weight of his character gave him a transcendant influence in the councils of his tribe. Farmer's Brother and Red Jacket were chiefs of the Six Nations. They were competitors for savage glory. They held an equal sway, but trode an unequal course. Red Jacket survives; but his fame is tarnished by cowardice, intemperance, and treachery. It was only at the "Council fire" that he shone pre-eminent. There, indeed, he was great. The belittling simplicity of his name did not seem to detract from the splendours of his eloquence.

More than thirty years have rolled away since a treaty was held on the beautiful acclivity, that overlooks the Canandaigua lake. The witnesses of the scene will never forget the powers of native oratory. Two days had passed away in negotiation with the Indians for a cession of their lands. The contract was supposed to be nearly completed, when Red Jacket arose. With the grace and dignity of a Roman senator, he drew his blanket around him, and, with a piercing eye, surveyed the multitude. All was hushed. Nothing interposed to break the silence, save the gentle rustling of the tree tops, under whose shade they were gathered. After a long and solemn, but not unmeaning pause, he commenced his speech, in a low voice and sententious style. Rising gradually with the subject, he depicted the primitive simplicity and happiness of his nation, and the wrongs they had sustained from the usurpations of white men, with such a bold but faithful pencil, that every auditor

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was soon roused to vengeance, or melted into tears. The effect was inexpressible. But ere the emotions of admiration and sympathy had subsided, the white men became alarmed. They were in the heart of an Indian country—surrounded by more than ten times their number, who were inflamed by the remembrance of their injuries, and excited to indignation by the eloquence of a favourite chief. Appalled and terrified, the white men cast a cheerless gaze upon the hordes around them. A nod from the chiefs might be the onset of destruction.

At that portentous moment, Farmer's Brother interposed. He replied not to his brother chief,—but, with a sagacity truly aboriginal, he caused a cessation of the council,—introduced good cheer,—commended the eloquence of Red Jacket, and, before the meeting had reassembled, with the aid of other prudent chiefs, he had moderated the fury of his nation to a more salutary review of the question before them. Suffice it to say, the treaty was concluded, and the Western District, at this day, owes no small portion of its power and influence to the councils of a savage, in comparison with whom for genius, heroism, virtue, or any other quality that can adorn the bauble of a diadem, not only George the IV. and Louis le Desiré, but the German Emperor and the Czar of Muscovy, alike dwindle into insignificance.

FARMER'S BROTHER.

[Village Register.]

Anecdotes of men, who have been distinguished for their bravery, whether friend or foe, civilized or savage, seldom fail to excite interest. During the late war, the Seneca nation of Indians, who reside in the neighbourhood of Buffalo, were employed by our government, and attached themselves to the army then about to enter Canada under the command of General Brown. The principal chief of this tribe was called "Farmer's Brother," a stout, athletic warrior. The frosts of upwards of eighty winters had passed over his head, yet he retained his faculties to an eminent degree. He possessed all the ardour of his younger associates, and was un-

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commonly animated at the prospect, which a fresh harvest of laurels presented to his view.

This celebrated chief, in the war between England and France, was engaged in the service of the French. He once pointed to the writer of this, the spot, where, with a party of Indians, he lay in ambush, patiently awaiting the approach of a guard, that accompanied the English teams employed between the Falls of Niagara and the garrison, which had there lately surrendered to Sir William Johnston. The place selected for that purpose is now known by the name of the Devil's Hole, and is three and a half miles below the famous cataract upon the American side of the strait. The mind can scarcely conceive a more dismal looking den. A large ravine, occasioned by the falling in of the perpendicular bank, made dark by the spreading branches of the birch and cedar, which had taken root below, and the low murmuring of the rapids in the chasm, added to the solemn thunder of the cataract itself, conspire to render the scene truly awful. The English party were not aware of the dreadful fate that awaited them. Unconscious of danger, the drivers were gaily whistling to their dull ox-teams. Farmer's Brother and his band, on their arrival at this spot, rushed from the thicket that had concealed them, and commenced a horrid butchery. So unexpected was such an event, and so completely were the English disarmed of their presence of mind, that but a feeble resistance was made. The guard, the teamsters, the oxen and the waggons, were precipitated into the gulph. But two of them escaped; a Mr. Stedman, who lived at Schioper, above the falls, being mounted on a fleet horse, made good his retreat; and one of the soldiers, who was caught on the projecting root of a cedar, which sustained him until assured, by the distant yell of the savages, that they had quitted the ground. He then clambered up, and proceeded to Fort Niagara with the intelligence of this disaster. A small rivulet, which pours itself down this precipice, was literally coloured with the blood of the vanquished. The traveller, who inquires of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood about any interesting events, which may have

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occurred there, will be told the whole story of this ambuscade, and shown the "Bloody Run," the name this little stream has ever since borne.

In the revolutionary war, Farmer's Brother evinced his hostility to the Americans upon every occasion that presented itself; and, with the same zeal, he engaged in the late war against his former friends the English.

Another anecdote of this chief will show, in more glowing colours, the real savage. A short time before our army crossed the Niagara, Farmer's Brother chanced to observe an Indian, who had mingled with the Senecas, and whom he instantly recognized as belonging to the Mohawks, a tribe living in Canada, and then employed in the service of the enemy. He went up to him, and addressed him in the Indian tongue—"I know you well—you belong to the Mohawks—you are a spy—here is my rifle—my tomahawk—my scalping knife. I give you your choice which I shall use, but I am in haste." The young warrior, finding resistance vain, chose to be put to death with a rifle. He was ordered to lie down upon the grass, while, with his left foot upon the breast of the victim, the chief lodged the contents of his rifle in his head.

With so much of the savage, Farmer's Brother possessed some noble traits. He was as firm a friend where he promised fidelity, as a bitter enemy to those, against whom he contended, and would lose the last drop of blood in his veins sooner than betray the cause he had espoused. He was fond of recounting his exploits, and dwelt with much satisfaction upon the number of scalps he had taken in his skirmishes with the whites. In company with several other chiefs, he once paid a visit to General Washington, who presented him with a silver medal. This he constantly wore suspended from his neck; and so precious did he esteem the gift, that he has been often heard to declare he would lose it only with his life.

Soon after the battles of Chippewa and Bridgewater, this veteran warrior paid the debt of nature, at the Seneca village, and, as a mark of respect for his distinguished bravery, the fifth regiment of United States Infantry interred him with military honours. Y. K.

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LONG WAISTS.

[Charleston Courier.]

To a man of small wardrobe—no great fondness for shew—and not much of monies otherwise unappropriated, as they say in Congress, it is painful and alarming to contemplate the approaching change of the fashion in gentlemen's coats, of which strong indications are to be seen in the persons of one or two individuals recently returned from the North. It is well known, that the fashion now is to have the waist extremely concise, the buttons at the upper orifices of the pockets being very little below the lower extremity of the shoulder blade. Now it was not to be expected that they would always remain *in statu quo:* for the revolutionary spirit, sometimes exhibited in a new constitution, or a new dynasty, is daily occupied in new bonnets and frills for the ladies, and new shapes and appearances for the gentlemen.

Now, as Horace says, *Est modus in rebus*—all things are to be measured; *sunt certi denique fines*—nothing ought to be too long; *quos ultra citraque*—either above or below; *nequit consistere rectum*—if you wish to be right. This rule of Horace, who was the Chesterfield of the Augustan age, we have no doubt referred to the point in issue, as the language clearly indicates, being technical or professional language, as our readers will perceive.

Now change, of itself, is not a bad thing, but, on the contrary, is often salutary; as for instance, change of air and change of diet for the sick; for the dissolute, change of manners; change of opinion for those, who are in error; change of faith for the unbeliever; change of names for single ladies; and change of sides for politicians. It is a pleasing change for a worm to become a butterfly, &c. But we wander from the immediate and important matter before us.

It is the chief value of old pictures that they convey the fashionable history of the times, whether for the purpose of being imitated or avoided. Every body knows the long, trim, formal garments, in which we are accustomed to behold these portraits of our grandsires.

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Such is the beatiful reverence with which they are regarded, and the respect for antiquity, which they inspire, that even their garments are sacred; nor would any man dare, *except on the stage* (where Socrates himself was calumniated,) to violate decorum, by appearing in one of these patriarchal dresses. Doomed, as we are, never more to look upon our ancestors, we cannot endure to be reminded of them by the degenerate moderns.

Now the *new fashion* consists in *reviving*, as Mr. Canning would say, *in extenso*, the long waisted coats, which were the peculiar characteristic of times long past. Nor do they observe herewith the ancient economy, which dispensed with capes, having a standing collar at most—for the idea now is, that you must have a large high stuffed cape, like a half-moon battery, in the rear of the head, with two lappels on the other side, like salient angles, thick enough to glance a bullet.

Now we are not such enemies to change as was Peruvian Rolla; but we do not like sudden and violent changes. Let the changes be gradual from a short waist to a little more or a little less brevity; but to pass instantly from one extreme to another, is to suffer, like a piece of red hot iron, soused by a blacksmith into a pail of cold water, which proceeds straitway to hiss its reproaches in his teeth.

ILLULIONS OF SOCIETY.

[From the same.]

"Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn,
And he alone is blest, who ne'er was born."

THESE melancholy lines of Prior come in unison, at one time or another, with the real sentiment of all human nature; of such a portion of it, that is, as has sensibility to suffer, and is exposed to the manifold injuries of communion with the world. Pain is infinitely more intense than pleasure. One bitter moment curdles, for an immeasurable distance, the current of insipid joy; happiness dazzles the vision, but misery seizes the heart. It is the *privilege* of man to weep, and therein are we

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superior to a prize ox or a mule. It is the business of a child to cry, and, therefore, we presume, its birth is welcomed by drinking its health in Frontignac, and eating it in plum-cake, as if affliction was not its mantle, and ushered it to the cradle—as if affliction was not to be its shroud, and to deposite it in the tomb.

It does well enough for society, which is only a great scheme of imposition, to multiply its victims, by painting, in false colours, the allurements of life. When the feelings of youth are fresh, and the heart is original, and the imagination burns and pants for distinction, tell him then of the reward of talents—of the controlling influence of virtue—of the triumph of disinterestedness—of the honours of patriotism. But send him straitway from the haunts of men, if you would not dissipate the illusion, nor listen to the imprecations of his ingenuous scorn. For what is society, after it is known, but a collection of insects, climbing up a pyramid, all striving to get at the top, to one of whom it seems to be gold—and to another, pleasure—and to a third, fame. It seems, indeed, whatever is desired, and they call it happiness; and, in pursuing happiness, which they all say they are entitled to, they jostle, and undermine, and overreach, and supplant, and betray each other—travelling never in a straight path, but winding circuitously, according to the bent of their interest; and as virtue, and intelligence, and piety, are the sterling gold of the earth, so men find it convenient to profess that they have a quantity of each, there being a word called 'Credit,' which, if a man can acquire, he needs nothing else in this world; and having once got it, he may do any thing with impunity, provided he be rich. It is enough to be thought virtuous—it is enough to be thought religious—but to act with impunity, one must be rich. So much for the rewards and punishments of society—so much for

> Glory's wreaths
> Around unhallow'd brows profanely twin'd.

But the wrongs of society, its train of evil passions and propensities—its errors—its calumnies—its ingratitude—its neglect of merit—its fawning adulation of

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wealth; these are enough to make a misanthropist of any man, who is fit to make any thing.

HANS HOSMAN.

[Mississippi Republican.]

Died, at ——, in the neighbourhood of Franklin, in Franklin county, Hans Hosman, a venerable Dutchman of the old school of that methodical and straight-forward nation. Hans, as he was familiarly called by every white headed urchin of the neighbourhood, was a genius of no ordinary character, particularly for a Dutchman. The milk of human kindness was contained in his composition, in no small proportion, and very few circumstances could call forth other feelings in his heart than those of the most extensive philanthropy. Hans was a *poet* withal; and though he could not write, and barely possessed sufficient literature to enable him to read, he yet found a resource in a retentive memory, which enabled him to preserve, for the delight and edification of his friends, the various effusions of his muse. He often complained that the roughness of the English language, which he said was ill adapted to high poetical composition, narrowed the sphere of his usefulness, and controlled, in a great degree, his efforts to cultivate and civilize the *natives* of the country. He, however, was nothing daunted by this difficulty, but made astonishing efforts to overcome it, confessing that his want of complete success, might possibly be attributed to his slight acquaintance with the grammatical construction of this, or indeed any other, language. Hans was fond of his bottle, and adored his pipe; and he was wont to say, that if any thing could overcome the rigidness of our tongue, it was the comfortable inspiration of the *Indian Weed.* I beg, Mr. Editor, you will not for a moment suppose, that this was the name he gave to that delightful stimulant. On the contrary, he ever stoutly maintained that the appropriation of the nativity of this plant by our countrymen to their own soil, was a striking evidence of that *over-weening vanity*, which was their characteristic foible, and which all good Dutchmen were bound to oppose to their last whiff. He manfully assert-

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ed the right of Holland to the glory of having given it birth, and uniformly instanced it as one of the many benefits, which, Europe, and especially *Fader Land*, had conferred on this western world.

One of his most laboured compositions was in praise of this his prime favourite; and, luckily for mankind, it has been immortalized, having been committed to paper by an ingenious school-master of the neighbourhood, who had learned to write. After his death it was found in a small box containing his entire library, consisting of a Dutch Bible, and an Almanack printed in 1797, the year he left Pennsylvania, where he was born, to sojourn in this barbarous land; an event, which, he contended, evinced little less hardihood of character than of yore distinguished his ancestors in their pilgrimage to the banks of the Hudson. It was neatly folded in the aforesaid Almanack, a book, which the good man always deemed one of the most especial treasures, but which, by force of thumbing, is now nearly lost to the world. He regularly resorted to it, to learn the day of the month, the changes of the moon, her rising and setting, as also the rising and setting of the sun; but it was more especially his oracle on the subject of the weather, and it was his constant practice to consult it, before undertaking any affair of great importance, such as paying a visit to a neighbour, planting or cutting his tobacco, and other transactions of equal weight in his uniform life. 'Tis true the aforesaid planets, oftentimes, most capriciously flew into the face of his oracle, manifestly setting at defiance its prognostications: but this never once staggered his faith in its complete authenticity. He used to say that their strange conduct must be attributed to the new fangled notions existing in this latter world, on various subjects, particularly the sovereign contempt for three pair of breeches, which his neighbours never affected to conceal, and their obstinate adherence to modes of cultivation of the earth; which, as they did not agree with his own, he heartily detested. With regard to the weather too, he was frequently at a loss to account for the burning sun under which he suffered, when he was told to "look out for a severe storm of

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snow, and cold frosty weather, about these days." If any thing thing called him from home, when such fearful words as these had been anxiously spelled out by him opposite to the day of the month fixed for his journey, he was sure to add to his habiliments all the breeches, coats, and great coats, which his ample wardrobe contained; and, while labouring under their weight, he has been heard to declare that "shnows un vrosts was mity tifferent dings in hims quadree." He persevered, however, in wearing the additional garments, and always congratulated himself on his arrival at his own comfortable mansion, that he had suffered much less with cold than he could have expected. But it is time to reward your patience by closing this article with the metrical *chef d'œuvre* of the good man's before mentioned, which is copied *verbatim et literatim* from the manuscript of the aforesaid erudite school-master.

Lins on Tobaker.

O Tobaker is a werry bretty vede,
Unt gros in Ferginny, Canedük, Denasse also,
Unt in meny uder lairge douns dat I halv zede
Unt is the werry firse of gumforts vur all mens I no.
Sum vellurs ven Tobaker dey firse bekin vur du düük,
Ad firse dey are werry sic, unt make ugle faises,
Bud I alveys luf'd it petter als a gaik,
Ur eny ding dat vun can git in dis here down,
Dat after Langisder is de werry firse of blaces.

The last verse, which I consider as much superior to the rest, exhibits a considerable improvement in Hans's command of language. Doubtless the affectionate remembrance of the frank acknowledgment of his wife, on her conversion from the error of her ways to a proper attachment to Tobacco, added vigour to his imagination. It is as follows:—

Mi vife vas werry bretty ven I marry hur,
But she voud skole and boder pout myne bipe;
But afore do her krave my nabors karryt her,
She vow'd she luv'd it petter als she kud speek.

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A VISION.

[New-England Palladium. Boston.]

" And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake—'tis true—this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre." SHAKSPEARE.

TIME hath been
When dreams were oracles, and slumber proved
The source of inspiration ; when the senses
Fast lock'd to all below, the soul was free
For impress from on high, and man awoke
Fraught with futurity—to nations round
Herald and chronicle of coming years.
This is the world's beginning—but for us,
On whom its ends have come, our dreams concern not
The future, but the past ; the mind revolves it
In hours of consciousness, and the mood holds
When bath'd by Sleep in her lethargic dews.
And mine was such a Vision, when in spirit
I look'd, and lo ! before me rose that isle,
Whose rocky base is worn by waves that bore
The barque of Gama on its vent'rous way
To climes beyond the Ganges and the morn.
I scal'd its cliffs, and heard the sea-bird shriek
Around its dizzy promontory—thence
Stoop'd to its shadier vale, admiring oft
The culture that to vegetative bloom
Could force that sterile soil. And I bethought me
Of him, the wretched Lusian,* to this spot
Self-exil'd, victim of his own misdeeds,
And Albuquerque's barbarian policy.
Scorning to carry his disfigur'd front
Among his former peers, or leave at last
A mutilated corpse to fill its niche
Amid his fathers' sepulchres—abjuring
Country, connections, friends and kindred dust,

* Fernandez Lopez, a Portuguese nobleman, who, after the victory at Goa, was punished cruelly for his apostacy to the Moors, by having his nose and ears slit, at the command of the Governor General, a stain on that otherwise magnanimous character. Instead of being sent home, Lopez was, at his own request, landed on this Island in the year 1513, twelve years after its first discovery by John de Nova, and fifteen after de Gama had first doubled the southern promontory of Africa. To Lopez the Island is said to have been indebted for most of its early cultivation.

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He hid him here ; and train'd the vine, and taught
The various plants of Europe, like himself,
To bear a foreign home ;—striving by toil
On the hard face of earth—less curs'd to him
Than was the face of man—to dispossess
From their strong hold the demons of remorse,
Despair, and madd'ning memory. Little thought he,
Another and more memorable exile
Should, centuries after, pace his bowers among,
And haply gather the perennial fruits
His hand had early scatter'd ! But such thoughts
And all beside gave way, when I beheld,
Within his martial couch and warrior shroud,
The Evil Genius of the present time
Taking his final leave of it, henceforth
Part of eternity ! Already settled
Its awful shadows round his brow, and clos'd
His sunken eye-lids. One by one each sense
Had yielded up its function. Can it be ?
This powerless arm belong'd to him, who prov'd,
In very deed, the Syracusan's project,
And toss'd the globe ? This swoln and stiff'ning form—
Is this the same whose fatal activeness
Was felt, when, from the Tiber to the Nile,
Echoed his trumpet and his tread ? The Alps
Frown'd as their everlasting snows reflected
The lightning of his steel ; and the hot desert,
Through all its vast and sandy solitudes,
Has shook to hear his rolling thunders waken
The slumber of the Pyramids. But no !
'Tis fable—in the nineteenth age, nay more,
In one, the star of whose nativity
Rose, in the same horizon with our own—
That such things were—and this is all a dream.
Would it were but a dream ! And, sure, 'twould seem so,
Did not Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz ;
And Lodi's bridge, and Berezina's flood,
All rife with fate, attest its verity
With many a dread memorial !
But not now,
In presence of thy bier, would we call up
The list of thine offences. Gone thy victims,
And gone thyself beyond all human audit.
The execrations that had reach'd thee once
Are still'd, for thou art still, and Death has made
Inviolable peace 'twixt thee and men.
Thy bier has mov'd the mem'ry from thy sins
To trace thy sufferings. Never change like thine !
The Arbiter of Europe's destinies

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A suppliant for his own ; and he who found
A continent too narrow for his march,
Now cramp'd in one small isle. The mighty one,
Who set his foot upon the necks of kings,
And bade them do him homage for their crowns,
Now destin'd to endure, while he despis'd,
A courtly minion's petty despotism ;
Proud, like the keeper of the Lybian lion,
Who lords it o'er the royal brute with tyranny,
Teasing, yet trifling.
Thine imperial bride—
Who would have shar'd thy banishment—denied thee :
And thy bright son, whose "baby brow" had worn
So soon, "the round and top of sovereignty,"
No more to greet his sire. And grant thy heart
Less meet than others for familiar ties,
Still it was human, and as such has felt
When that the right the veriest peasant holds
To commune with his own, was reft from thee !
Through opening ranks that line the long parade,
Onward the funeral car has mov'd, and now
Adown the steep the soldiers' arms have borne
Their fellow soldier—long the grenadier
Shall boast this burthen ! In thy stony chamber
They rest thee now, while rob'd and mitred priests
Lift high the prayer and consecrate the tomb.
And thrice from cliff to cliff the cannon's peal
Reverberates long and loudly ; while between,
From the far distant ship, the groaning gun
Sends its according sound the ocean o'er,
Startling the Spirit of the stormy Cape,
To call his tempests round him for reply
To such strange menaces.
And they have seal'd
The stone, and set the watch ; lest e'en thy bones,
Thy very skin, like the Bohemian's, minister
To mortal fray. So, thy career has clos'd,
A thing to meditate and marvel at.
For we but see events—where tend their issues,
Presumptuous we pronounce not, nor decypher
The mystic characters by Providence
Stamp'd on the scroll that holds his high decrees,
Unmeet for man to utter ! This is plain—
All lust of power was not concentrated
In him whom St. Helena sepulchred,
When Austria treads the spark of freedom out
That Italy had kindled. When the Czar
Joins with the turban'd miscreant 'gainst those Greeks
Who rose to wrest the field of Marathon

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From Moslem profanation. Thou dead one!
It were enough to have compell'd thy features
To smile Sardonic, when the holy league
Thus gave the lie to its own protestations,
And to the faith of all those credulous ones
Who put their trust in princes.—But for thee!
Who shall attempt thine epitaph?—and when?—
All have heard evil of thee, but the day
Has not yet dawn'd when what was good as truly
Shall be recorded. Sure thou hadst thy good—
Impious it were to think the Godhead's image
Impress'd on man, could e'er be wholly lost!—
Witness their love, whose self-devotedness
Clung to thy shipwreck'd barque, with hold as firm
As when triumphantly it rode the surges,
With all its canvas and its streamers out,
Favour'd by wind and tide. Nor desperate these
With momentary fervour:—steadily
They follow'd to thy prison-house; for thee
Renounc'd the world; endur'd the wayward moods
Of fallen grandeur and of wasting nature;
Nor left till life had left. In wisdom's view
'Twere worth the price of both thy diadems
To prove such friendship!—this, of all thy honours
Most to be coveted. Thou had'st thy good;
For splendid Art and philosophic Science
Own'd thee their patron; and thy height of power,
If wrongly gain'd, was rightly us'd, for purposes
Of wisest legislation. For ourselves,
Who sit in judgement on thy deeds, have we
Look'd to our own? The lesson of thy life
Learn'd we from thence, who claim a worthier course,
A holier prize, to copy into ours
That vigilance, and zeal, and perseverance;
That energy unquenchable—unnerv'd
By no defeat, by no confinement cool'd:
(As Elba saw, and vaunted Waterloo,
Where many rais'd 'gainst one scarce wrought his fall.)
Then were the social weal with half that ardour
But sought, as was the selfish, then indeed
Thou had'st not liv'd in vain, but mightst repair
The wrong thou didst humanity. An influence
Strenuous and righteous thus, through the new earth,
Might mould a race of men, the like of whom
The sun ne'er look'd upon; who, if he stopped
His swift career a day in Ajalon,
Lur'd by a hero's call, a hero's deed,
At such a sight as this would gaze forever,
And Night be known no longer.

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THE PIRATE.

[Rhode Island American. Providence.]

From the isles of the ocean, with riches untold,
The pirate return'd to his house and his bride;
There were jewels and garments of tissue of gold,
Which weakness and wealth had reluctant supplied.

The pirate could love, and his voice and his eye,
That thunder'd in tempest, and lighten'd in fight,
Were as soft as the dove's, when his fair one was nigh,
And spoke in sweet harmony, love and delight.

Who would have believ'd that the gems of the east
Could render that beauty more beautiful still!
Yet loveliness' self may by art be increas'd,
By the finger of taste, and the labour of skill.

"Now borrow and lend, as ye mutually deck,"
He gallantly said, while the casket unclos'd,
And threw, with light hand, the pearl rows o'er her neck,
While the diamond, low hung, on her bosom repos'd.

"Now ruby, look boldly," he said, "for thy fame;
And sapphire, look heavenly, or forfeit the prize;
Her arm and her hand your protection will claim,
And know, ye're to rival her lips and her eyes."

But why do the ruby and sapphire look pale?
And why are the diamond and pearl become dim?
Why shudders the lady? why do her eyes fail?
And why does she fix them so ghastly on him?

"Oh! snatch off this necklace, this bracelet unclasp,
The ring too—my blood, where they touch me, runs cold;
'Tis the touch of the vampire, mortality's grasp;
It thrills and it chills, like the rattle snake's fold.

"There's blood on thy sword, 'tis the innocent blood,
A babe and a mother have died in their gore;
Oh! wash it, if water suffice, in the flood
Oh! warm me, my maidens, or hear me no more."

The pirate withdrew. In the isles of the sea
He had rush'd, sword in hand, to the rich mother's hall;
The babe scream'd aloud; no such clamour must be;
And he seiz'd it, and dash'd out its life on the wall.

"Stay, murderer, stay, hear a mother, Oh! stay!
Oh! childless be thou, and accursed," she said:
Her cries might alarm, and 'twere death to delay,
And, the curse yet unfinish'd, he smote off her head!

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He seized on her necklace all dripping with gore ;
'Twas pearl and a diamond ; he turn'd to retire :
When, lo ! on her wrist the red ruby she wore,
And mild on her finger the azure sapphire.

His hand was unskilful the arm to unbind,
And life or death hung on a moment's delay ;
His sword more expert left the hand unconfin'd,
Which he bore with its gems purple-streaming away.

The breath of her curse was not wasted in air,
For conscience soon woke, and strow'd thorns on his pillow ;
Death smote his fair bride, and in frantic despair
He rush'd to encounter the foe on the billow.

Oh ! fierce was the fight, for that pirate was brave ;
And, though fearful the odds, he no terror could know ;
Till at length, overpower'd, his bark sunk in the wave ;
Yet his flag, proudly waving, ne'er quail'd to the foe.

The wide rolling billow, which dash'd on the strand,
Wash'd the pirate's grim form on the desolate shore ;
His blade, firmly grasp'd, was yet clench'd in his hand ;
And his brow the stern frown of defiance still wore.

Unburied, unwept, and unhonour'd, he lay,
For hardy were he who should visit the spot ;
The bleaching winds scatter'd his ashes away,
But his name and his crimes shall be never forgot.

For dread are the tales, which are whisper'd at night,
Of the marvels by seamen and fishermen told,
Of demon-forms seen by the lightning's flash bright,
And of sounds faintly heard as the thunder-peal roll'd.

EPITAPH.

[New-England Galaxy.]

Here lies the wife of neighbour Thomas,
Whom Death, in mercy, carried from us ;
For when alive she was so old,
So homely, sluttish, such a scold,
That, round about her for a mile,
All things were in a constant broil.
We 've known her storm at such a rate,
That even the chimney-back would sweat ;
Trammels, through fear, forget to hold,
And red hot coals of fire feel cold.
Her husband never dropp'd a tear,
Till we had plac'd her body here ;
And then he blubber'd like a lout,
For fear she 'd scratch her passage out.

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ON SIGNS.

[Portsmouth Journal. Portsmouth, N. H.]

He shall have *a bell*, that 's *Abel*,
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*
In a *rug* gown ; that 's *D* and *rug*, that 's *Drugg* ;
And right against him a dog snarling *er*,
That 's *Drugger*, ABEL DRUGGER. That 's his sign.
And here 's new mystery and hieroglyphic.

THE ALCHEMIST.

IN so learned an age as this, I wonder to have seen no orderly treatise on *Signs*, which might yield matter for a great science, as useful and curious, as heraldry. Of the virtuosos, who have made collections of almost every thing, no one has made a collection of signs ; and yet why should not some of them take as great satisfaction in having the sign of the Boar's Head in East Cheap, as did Don Quixotte in wearing the helmet of Mambrino ?

Perhaps the curious and pains-taking have not essayed to explore the untrodden region of Signs, for want of a sufficient acquaintance with the arts and sciences already invented. Who, for instance, would presume to pronounce upon the sign of the square and compasses, and other insignia of masonry, but an adept in that occult art, who had given many of his nights to the labours of the lodge ? No signologist could decide with authority between the square, the circular, the globular, and all the different figures, that are suspended upon a sign-post, or fixed upon a shop-door, and prescribe the just dimensions of each, or lay down, by demonstration, how many semi-diameters of a barber's pole should be equal to its height, unless he had first mastered Vetruvius, and was possessed of the five orders of Grecian architecture, together with the Gothic, and could tell, at first sight, what was *hypaethral*, and what *peripteral*. Sculpture, and painting, and poetry, and cabinet-making, are, as it were, the handmaids of significature, with all which one must make interest, and be in favour, to get an introduction to their mistress. A sign seems to be the proper field of the fine arts, where they expatiate freely and at large, running out into pleasing vagaries, and easily sliding into new forms and combinations, as being nearer

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to, and more assisted by, nature, the inexhaustible repository of new and various things. It presents you, now General Washington, or President Jefferson, then a Turk or an Indian, or a landscape; there a griffin, a dragon, the sea-serpent, or gerrymander; and again something not before seen or heard of, you know not what—sometimes done with the chisel, sometimes with the brush, and sometimes with both. In this department of literature, an author is most sure to be concise, without being *obscure;* and, if he be a poet, his *golden* verses will be read by the *passing* generation, at least, and are not destined to decorate wrapping paper, or the lining of trunks. The sign is a *quoddam vinculum* of the arts, where they are all tied together and hung up for men to look at. It is sometimes even an instrument of music, when it hangs upon a post before a tavern on a high hill, and is swinging and creaking to a November wind, when the clouds muster and presage a storm; and its two hinges at such a time, discourse sweet music to a traveller's ear.

Thus you see that one cannot be a master and teacher on this subject, who is not skilled in the arts which it assembles together; and this may be the reason why no one has assayed to handle it. For myself, I propose no such thing, since if I took upon myself to pretend to the requisite qualifications, which my modesty forbids, yet my reveries, and castle-building, and such like business, do not leave me sufficient leisure for it. But in my ranging about among things knowable and unknowable, and seeking out this thing and that to amuse me for the moment, till it is discharged of its office, and I light upon another, I sometimes make an excursion into the region of signs, where I observe things not less curious than some I have read in travels.

It is my daily practice, and I consider it a part of my business, to walk from one extremity of this town to the other, and among other things I take note of the signs, which, with the goods displayed about the window and door, I consider as the physiognomy of a shop; and these I distinguish as accurately, as Smilie says a Scottish shepherd could each of his three hundred

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sheep, by the expression of countenance ; and I think I should recognise either of these signs, were I to meet it in Japan. There are as great changes in the faces of business, as in those of the soldiers of an army, in active service, where one is advanced, another cashiered, this one receives his quietus, and that deserts to make way for recruits ; while some remain steadfast in the ranks.

I have observed that, at certain periods, and more especially in the spring, many of the shops present a new aspect ; a new gilt name shines over the door, the sides of which, and the windows, are, all at once, dressed out in silks and stuffs, as brilliant as if some Eastern Sultan had arrived and taken up his residence there ; but before the next spring comes round, perhaps, the name is no longer there, and the rich sails and streamers, which seemed to swell and float in the gale of prosperity, have disappeared, and seem as if they had not been real. On inquiry I learn that there is a race of people here, consisting of different tribes, that go under the names of marshals, sheriffs, bailiffs, &c. a sort of Bedouin-Arabs, who now and then make inroads upon the peaceable settlements of trade, and seize and make booty of such goods and chattels as they can lay hands upon, and sometimes make prisoners of the inhabitants and carry them away into captivity. There is one way of protection against these marauders, which I do not precisely understand. When a trader apprehends an incursion of the Bedouins, he inscribes the word *agent* on his sign in small characters, and often in German text, done about with flourishes, so that it requires as much skill to make out the word, so buried in ornaments, as to decypher an old manuscript. At first I supposed it might be the name of the artificer, just as you see *such a one sculp't* or *pinx't*, in some corner of an engraving or picture. But this was a mistake, for I found it to be a sort of charm or talisman, used to keep off the Bedouins, just as the Mahometans wear a verse of the Koran, or the like, about the neck, as a defence against witchcraft and diseases. And it seems to have some virtue, as I have often known the Bedouins to be fearful of attacking a place so protected.

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The innumerable devices, with which signs are set off, constitute their great beauty and interest. These sometimes allude to the name, character or history of the *signified*, and sometimes to his goods or occupation, and sometimes it is not easy to say to what they allude. Some three or four years ago a flaming sign appeared in the neighborhood of the market, bearing a phœnix and the motto *Nil desperandum*, by which I understood that the signified had formerly suffered in some of the incursions of the Bedouins, but still meant to keep up a good heart. The phœnix did not however live a hundred years, as that sort of bird used to do, or perhaps it is a bird of passage, for it disappeared long ago.

A barber of my acquaintance has hung up his own likeness, over his shop door, as a lure, having shaved himself very smooth, before he sat for it. The influence of a pretty face in attracting custom is very well understood all the world over; thus a shopkeeper in the Palais Royal, at Paris, pays wages to a pretty woman for sitting in a conspicuous part of his shop all day. Pretty bar-maids have, no doubt, made the fortunes of many a host. But it is dangerous for one to trust to his own face as a lure, more especially a man, since men are much more apt than women to think too favourably of their personal appearance. My barber, I have no doubt, thinks his face a very becoming part of himself, and yet it has no more character than a round of beef, and I do not believe he ever made enough out of it to pay the painter.

Men are not generally willing that others should play upon their names, yet they sometimes take this liberty with themselves, for the sake of thrift, or a conceit; for a man is not more strongly attached to his interest, than to his conceits, especially if they are bad ones. The practice of playing upon the name in the sign is as ancient as the time of Abel Drugger, whose sign is described in my motto, as designed by Dr. Subtle, and, for aught I know, much more ancient. So Mr. Dearborn, engraver on wood, sets forth himself and his art, by the representation of a deer, a graver, and a wood, with the odd syllables interposed. There was formerly a repre-

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sentation of a lemon over the shop door of an upholsterer in the busy part of the town, with the word *Lemon* under it; which I supposed to be put there by the modesty of the artist, as painters sometimes write under their pictures, *this is a Lion*, &c. but I learned that the upholsterer was a namesake of the fruit, from which he had borrowed his sign.

I remember a biographical allusion in the sign of a shoemaker, who formerly *pitched* himself a little above the market, close upon the side-walk, in a small square box about the dimensions of Diogenes's tub. His sign was a ship with sails set and flag floating in the wind, with two lines of patriotic poetry, conveying the spirit of the design and of the shoemaker. Any one who has often passed there will recollect him, as he was distinguished by his indefatigable melody, ever singing some fragment of a song, while he stitched in time to the tune, as boatmen sometimes row, or beat an accompaniment on his lap-stone. Now it is not easy to imagine any connexion between a ship and the manufacture of shoes, nor did the shoemaker think there was, for he chose the design from the circumstance of his having formerly been in the naval service, in which he prided himself, and so took his sign, as knights used to do their coat of arms, from some notable action. I have never been able to make any satisfactory distinction between a sign and an advertisement,—the purpose, plan, varieties and ornaments of each being much the same. An advertisement is, like a deed, commonly on paper, parchment, or vellum; but though Lord Coke says a deed cannot be upon wood, yet I recollect to have seen wooden advertisements, and, on the other hand, one sometimes meets with paper signs, in sheltered situations. They seem indeed to be very much the same thing, one being the miniature of the other, in size; the other again of that, in matter. They accordingly may throw some light on each other, and by considering them together we may discover what might otherwise escape us.

If we begin with the poorest thing in all arts, viz. a quack medicine, and proceed upwards towards things of worth, we find the artist, exhibiter or vender, puffing his things, and swaggering about them, just in proportion as

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they are bad. Thus we have the "elixir of life," "the infallible specific" for this and that, "the Asiatic lenitive of pain," and a thousand others of this sort, so that one would suppose there are fifty remedies for every disease; each as good as the others. I never stop at a *cheap* store; and when a shopkeeper tells me I cannot get such a bargain in town, I always go on to the next; which I have learned to do by experience. If a writer praises his book in the preface, I do not read it. There used to be a sign near the centre of the town, at the entrance of a blind archway, announcing "genteel boarding" by Mrs. so-and-so, where you would be served with unsavory food on a cracked plate, and sleep, or try to, in a room, if not in the same bed, with a snoring wagoner. Another bragging sign over a beer shop, near the wharves, in a part of the town frequented by the marine population, presents a tree, bird, ship, and pot of beer, with these lines—

> Here 's the tree that never grew,
> Here 's the bird that never flew,
> Here 's the ship that never sailed,
> And here 's the can that never failed.

But on trying his beer I found that the two last lines ought to have been altered, so as to end in *sail* and *stale*. In forming opinions, as well as in making purchases, I keep in mind that *good wine needs no bush*, and I consider a man, making great ado about his things, in his advertisements, or his sign, or his preface, to be a plain confession that they are poor.

The satirical sign differs from the other sorts, since it is intended to correct the vices and follies of men, while it is the object of many others to promote these. I recollect one of this sort belonging to a tavern, which represented, or was intended to represent, a man in good apparel, of a pretty sufficient compass of person, and erect self-complacent look, well mounted, and, altogether, appearing to be well satisfied with himself and the world, with a label, "I am going to law." He meets another of a lean habit of body, in a worn-out dress, and of a repenting aspect, with his legs hanging on each side of a bare-boned jade, and a label, "I have been to

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law." But I never saw a tavern sign representing one man reeling away from a tavern intoxicated, and another going towards it sober. Though I have somewhere seen an apothecary's sign, which seemed to squint at its owner's business, as it exhibited a deer with an arrow in his side, which I took to be an allusion to the efficacy of the drugs. The red flag of the auctioneers is of an ambiguous import, it being that of pirates.

I have heard of an ingenious conceit on a sign in a neighbouring town, which has at least the merit of frankness. A tailor adorned his shop-door with the representation of a *huge cabbage*, the top of which had just been snipped by a pair of *shears*, which appeared to be just in the act of repeating the operation—

"Still opening to devour"—

But, lest his customers should imagine that he was guilty of any *unusual* or *singular* offence, he surrounded the whole with the motto, in capital letters, of "EVIL TO HIM WHO EVIL THINKS."

Samples seem to have a near resemblance to signs and advertisements, especially as they sometimes excite expectations which are disappointed. The most singular sample that has come under my observation was that of a Merry-Andrew, who on a holiday appeared in front of his theatre, in sight of the throng, that was moving in a cloud of dust, in a speckled dress, and high pointed cap. His appearance together with his flags and music did not fail to gain him attention, which is the first step for one who has to do with the public. He introduced himself to the multitude by a somerset, and, having executed two or three capers by way of specimen, he told them he should not think of demanding any thing for those feats, and hoped they would be willing to pay for the rest.

I once knew a philosopher, who resided in a cockloft in a narrow, frequented street, who turned the practice of taking samples, gratis, to some account. He would sally out about nine o'clock in the morning, in a threadbare frock-coat, well brushed, which served in the double capacity of a garment in itself, and of concealing the deficiencies of his other garments. He made di-

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rectly for the market, where he examined and tasted every thing that came in an edible state, with a considerate look, taking a baked apple of one, a handful of whortleberries of another, and a small piece of bread of a third, for sample, talking gravely with each one about the quality of his provisions mean time, till, by ten o'clock, having breakfasted, under pretence of cheapening his dinner, he retreated to his window, where he sat the rest of the day, meditating upon what was passing in the street.

NAUMKEAG, *July* 23, 1821.

LIFE.

[Commercial Advertiser. New-York.]

LIFE hath its sunshine—but the ray,
Which flashes on its stormy wave,
Is but the beacon of decay—
A meteor, gleaming o'er the grave.
And though its dawning hour is bright
With fancy's gayest colouring,
Yet o'er its cloud-encumber'd night
Dark ruin flaps his raven wing.

Life hath its flowers—and what are they?
The buds of early love and truth,
Which spring and wither in a day,
The germs of warm, confiding youth:—
Alas! those buds decay and die
Ere ripened and matured in bloom—
Even in an hour, behold them lie
Upon the still and lonely tomb.

Life hath its pang—of deepest thrill—
Thy sting, relentless memory!
Which wakes not, pierces not, until
The hour of joy hath ceased to be.
Then, when the heart is in its pall,
And cold afflictions gather o'er,
Thy mournful anthem doth recal
Bliss, which hath died to bloom no more.

Life hath its blessings—but the storm
Sweeps like the desert wind in wrath,
To sear and blight the loveliest form
Which sports on earth's deceitful path.
Oh! soon the wild heart-broken wail
So chang'd from youth's delightful tone,

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Floats mournfully upon the gale
When all is desolate and lone.

Life hath its hopes—a matin dream—
A cankered flower—a setting sun,
Which casts a transitory gleam
Upon the even's cloud of dun.
Pass but an hour, the dream hath fled,
The flowers on earth forsaken lie—
The sun hath set, whose lustre shed
A light upon the shaded sky. FLORIO.

GREECE.

[Commercial Advertiser, New-York.]

LAND of the brave! where lie inurn'd
The shrouded forms of mortal clay,
In whom the fire of valor burn'd
And blaz'd upon the battle's fray:—
Land, where the gallant Spartan few
Bled at Thermopylæ of yore,
When death his purple garment threw
On Helle's confederated shore!

Land of the muse! within thy bower
Her soul-entrancing echoes rung,
While, on their course, the rapid hours
Paus'd at the melody she sung—
Till every grove and every hill,
And every stream that flow'd along,
From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song.

Land of dead heroes—living slaves—
Shall glory gild thy clime no more;
Her banner float above thy waves,
Where proudly it hath swept before?
Hath not remembrance then a charm
To break the fetter and the chain,—
To bid thy children nerve the arm—
And strike for freedom once again?

No! coward souls! the light which shone
On Leuctra's war-empurpled day,—
The light which beamed on Marathon
Hath lost its splendor, ceas'd to play:
And thou art but a shadow now,
With helmet shatter'd—spear in rust—
Thy honour but a dream—and thou
Despis'd—degraded—in the dust!

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Where sleeps the spirit, that, of old,
Dash'd down to earth the Persian plume,
When the loud chaunt of triumph told
How fatal was the despot's doom?
The bold three hundred—where are they,
Who died on battle's gory breast?
Tyrants have trampled on the clay,
Where death has hush'd them into rest.

Yet, Ida, yet upon thy hill
A glory shines of ages fled,
And fame her light is pouring still,
Not on the living, but the dead!
But 'tis the dim sepulchral light
Which sheds a faint and feeble ray,
As moon-beams on the brow of night,
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Greece! Yet awake thee from thy trance—
Behold thy banner waves afar—
Behold the glittering weapons glance
Along the gleaming front of war!
A gallant chief of high emprize
Is urging foremost in the field,
Who calls upon thee to arise
In might—in majesty reveal'd.

In vain, in vain the hero calls—
In vain he sounds the trumpet loud—
His banner totters—see, it falls
In ruin, freedom's battle shroud:
Thy children have no soul to dare
Such deeds as glorified their sires—
Their valour but a meteor's glare,
Which gleams a moment, and expires.

Lost land! where genius made his reign,
And rear'd his golden arch on high—
Where science rais'd her sacred fane,
Its summit peering to the sky:
Upon thy clime the midnight deep
Of ignorance hath brooded long,
And, in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
The sons of science and of song.

Thy sun hath set—the evening storm
Hath pass'd in giant fury by,
To blast the beauty of thy form,
And spread its pall upon thy sky:

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Gone is thy glory's diadem,
And Freedom never more shall cease
To pour her mournful requiem
O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece! FLORIO.

DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN—AND THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

[Plough Boy. Albany.]

"*O that I might die the death of the righteous!*"

I.

JOYFUL, and yet tremendous hour,
When, from the dangerous cell of clay,
The soul, by Death's dissolving power,
Breaks forth—looks round—and all is day!
A vast eternity before
The disembodied spirit lies,
And, shudd'ring on its awful shore,
The new-born nestling of the skies,
Gazing and wond'ring, soars with eagle flight,
Through stars and suns—undazzled at the sight.

II.

And Oh! what wonders burst upon the view,
As heaven's all-glorious splendors wide unfold!
What sweet hosannas—anthems ever new!
What thrones of sapphire—diadems of gold,
Of suffering, spotless virtue, the reward,
Await for all the ransom'd of the Lord!

III.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
Enjoy thy ever-blissful home;
Again arch-angels strike their lyres;
Again, Redemption! joyful song,
Warbled through all the heav'nly throng,
From every saint and angel's tongue,
In holy chorus pours along,
And rapturous bliss inspires.

IV.

A robe of pure, unsullied white,
The blood-wash'd soul adorns;
A crown, with stars of glory bright,
Stars that have never seen the night,
Is giv'n by Him, whose countenance is light,
By Him, who once was crown'd with thorns!

V.

The ravish'd soul looks down on earth,
Benighted world of griefs and fears;
Vast nations, buoyant on a scalding flood
Of human misery's tears;

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Whole kingdoms reeking with the blood
Of virtue's holy martyrs, years on years;
A world that gave a Saviour birth—
How wretched—wretched now, that world appears!

VI.

Could earthly woes celestial realms invade,
O'erwhelm'd with sorrows would the righteous be;
But here, forever thy proud waves are stay'd,
Thou troubled ocean of mortality;
Death and eternity, the wall and line,
That bar affliction, mortal from divine.
No dreams of suffering past, or worldly woes,
Disturb the tranquil morn of Faith's repose;
But rest, unceasing, to the saint is given,
And all the life, and bliss, and heaven of heaven.

VII.

Oh! for the wings of the bright early morning,
Swifter than light would they bear me away,
Where those blest martyrs are both worlds adorning,
Fairer than beauty, and brighter than day.

O for the death of the righteous and holy!
O for the vict'ry o'er hell and the grave!
Come, blessed moments, why travel so slowly?
God, is thine arm not almighty to save?

Save me from scenes of unparallel'd sorrow,
Darker than night-clouds that shut out my soul
From the blest day-spring of hope on the morrow—
Thunders of Sinai, how awful ye roll!

But, from the regions of glory supernal,
Breaks a sweet voice, full of comfort and love;
God, in his mercy, unchang'd and eternal,
Wounds but to heal thee with raptures above.

WILLIAM RAY.

NEW-ENGLAND.

[Connecticut Herald. New-Haven.]

HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast;
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on Glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host:
No slave is here—our unchain'd feet
Walk freely, as the waves that beat
Our coasts

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Our fathers cross'd the ocean's wave
To seek this shore;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave;—
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils, as meaner souls had quell'd;
But souls like these, such toils impell'd
To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height,
And, fearless, stemm'd th' invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mow'd in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight!
O! 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of Liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
On which we rest;
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And Slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free th' oppress'd:
All, who the wreath of Freedom twine,
Beneath the shadow of their vine
Are blest.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand—
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their canon's loudest roar,
And storm our land;
They still shall find, our lives are giv'n
To die for home;—and leant on Heav'n,
Our hand.

P.

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THE BROKEN HEART.

[Columbian Register. New-Haven.]

He has gone to the land where the dead are still
And mute the song of gladness;
He drank at the cup of grief his fill,
And his life was a dream of madness;
The victim of fancy's torturing spell,
From hope to darkness driven,
His agony was the rack of Hell,
His joy, the thrill of Heav'n.

He has gone to the land where the dead are cold,
And thought will sting him—never;
The tomb its darkest veil has roll'd
O'er all his faults forever;
O! there was a light, that shone within
The gloom that hung around him;
His heart was form'd to woo and win,
But love had never crown'd him.

He has gone to the land, where the dead may rest
In a soft, unbroken slumber,
Where the pulse, that swell'd his anguish'd breast,
Shall never his tortures number;
Ah! little the reckless witlings know,
How keenly throbb'd and smarted
That bosom, which burn'd with a brightest glow,
Till crush'd and broken-hearted.

He long'd to love, and a frown was all
The cold and thoughtless gave him;
He sprang at Ambition's trumpet-call,
But back they rudely drave him;
He glow'd with a spirit pure and high,
They call'd the feeling madness;
And he wept for wo with a melting eye,—
'Twas weak and moody sadness.

He sought, with an ardour full and keen,
To rise to a noble station,
But repuls'd by the proud, the cold, and mean,
He sunk in desperation;
They call'd him away to Pleasure's bowers,
But gave him a poison'd chalice,
And, from her alluring wreath of flowers,
They glanc'd the grin of malice.

He felt that the charm of life was gone,
That his hopes were chill'd and blasted,

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That being wearily linger'd on
In darkness, while it lasted:
He turn'd to the picture fancy drew,
Which he thought would darken never;
It fled—to the damp, cold grave he flew,
And he sleeps with the dead forever. P.

AN EVENING IN THE GRAVE-YARD.

[American Watchman. Wilmington, Del.]

THE moon is up, the evening star
Shines lovely from its home of blue—
The fox-howl 's heard on the fell afar,
And the earth is robed in a sombre hue;
From the shores of light the beams come down,
On the river's breast, and cold grave stone.

The kindling fires o'er heaven so bright,
Look sweetly out from yon azure sea;
While the glitt'ring pearls of the dewy night,
Seem trying to mimic their brilliancy;
Yet all those charms no joy can bring
To the dead, in the cold grave slumbering.

To numbers wild, yet sweet withal,
Should the harp be struck o'er the sleepy pillow;
Soft as the murmuring breezy fall,
Of sighing winds on the foamy billow;
For who would disturb in their silent bed,
The fancied dreams of the lowly dead?

Oh! is there one in this world can say,
That the soul exists not after death!
That the powers which illumine this mould of clay,
Are but a puff of common breath!
Oh! come this night to the grave and see
The sleepy sloth of *your destiny.*

The night's soft voice, in breathings low,
Imparts a calm to the breast of the weeper:
The water's dash and murmuring flow
No more will sooth the ear of the sleeper,
Till he, who slept on Judah's plains,
Shall burst death's cold and icy chains.

I 've seen the moon gild the mountain's brow;
I 've watch'd the mist o'er the river stealing,
But ne'er did I feel in my breast till now,
So deep, so calm, and so holy a feeling:
'Tis soft as the thrill which memory throws
Athwart the soul in the hour of repose.

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Thou Father of all! in the worlds of light,
Fain would my spirit aspire to thee;
And thro' the scenes of this gentle night,
Behold the dawn of eternity:
For this is the path, which thou hast giv'n,
The only path to the bliss of Heav'n. WILLIAM.

TO EVA, WITH A ROSE.

[True American. Trenton, N. J.]

"The separation of soul and body may be likened unto a rose, which, after its life hath perished, continues to exhale a sweet odour." ST. AUGUSTINE.

I saw embalm'd in morning air,
The rose of summer, blooming fair;
Bright ruby tints its blushes drest,
And dew-drops sparkled on its breast;
Imperial flower, it seem'd as born
A jewel for the brow of morn!

I pluck'd the rose, and bade it lie
Near Eva's heart, to bloom and die;
And oh! I said, thou loveliest gem,
In summer's glowing diadem!
Thy life how bright! thy death how blest!
To perish thus on Eva's breast,
Communing in the doom of bliss,
With Eva's sigh and Eva's kiss.

And thus, mayst thou, when time is past,
On some lov'd bosom breathe thy last;
And, like the rose, whose balmy breath,
Exhales beyond its hour of death,
Thy gentle spirit, calm and even
As moon-beam melting into heaven,
From its frail clay, like perfume, rise,
And mingle with its kindred skies.

TO PLEASURE.

[Missisippi Republican.]

Oh, Pleasure! I have fondly woo'd
But never won thy fleeting favor;
My early suit was wild and rude,
And, startled, thou didst fly forever.

Awhile, I deeply sorrow'd o'er
The wreck of all that perish'd then;
But wilder, sweeter, than before,
Thy smile, tho' distant, beam'd again.

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And my sad heart, tho' deeply chill'd,
Still panting, sought thy lov'd embrace,
Trac'd every path, thy votaries fill'd
To meet thee in thy resting place.

I saw thee, mantling warm in wine,
And deeply bath'd my fever'd lip;
I saw thee pause at beauty's shrine,
And surely hop'd thy sweets to sip.

But wine and beauty both conspir'd
To fill my soul with dark regret:
For scarcely now, their sweets expir'd,
And pleasure, fleeting, 'scap'd me yet.

And now with scarce a feeling warm,
When all should bloom in hearts unwasted,
I turn me from thy lovely form,
Thy joys unknown, thy sweets untasted.

Then, fare thee well, deceitful shade!
Tho' bright the charms that still adorn thee;
Too fondly press'd, they withering fade,
And all, who follow, soon must scorn thee.

FROM THE COUNTER OF
JEREMY BROADCLOTH, SHOP-KEEPER,
CHAPEL-STREET, NEW-HAVEN.

[Connecticut Herald. New-Haven.]

MR. HERALD,

I am one of those unfortunate beings, who, having lived a certain number of years in what is called a state of single blessedness, are stigmatized with the epithet of OLD BACHELORS. It is not my wish to inquire whether the imputations attached to our fraternity, by a censorious world, are just or not; whether avarice, ill temper, or timidity, may be considered as the cause of celibacy. Perhaps this sin may sometimes be traced to one or all of these sources. Whatever be our portion of the blame, however, I believe that any candid man will agree with me, in placing some share of it to the credit of the other sex. There was a time, Mr. Herald, when an old bachelor, or an old maid, was regarded as a singular phenomenon in this land of ours. Then, every man, who could get hasty-pudding and milk, or pork and potatoes, enough to fill three or four mouths, was in a

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condition to marry. Ladies could sit on three legged stools, manufacture their own clothes, be content with a clean oak floor, and eat with a very good appetite from a bright pewter platter. Ah! those were halcyon days. Then, a wife was not only a comfort, but a *help* to her husband. Rosy-cheeked Health was the inmate of every house, and Contentment beamed from every eye. There were no notes to meet at the bank—no tradesmen's bills for kid. shoes and spangles—no milliner's bills for new head-dresses—no accounts for lace—no items for cosmetics to take the freckles out of Mrs. Dasher's face, or for the best Castile to whiten her dear little hands—no doctor's bills for curing her of the corset fever—no hack hire for carrying her to the Springs, &c. &c. In such times, who would not have married? A man was then almost certain, when he got a wife, to get a good thing. But, bless my stars, sir! how times have altered! Where shall we find the fair one now, that can sit upon a three-legged stool; can relish pork and potatoes; can put up with an oak floor; or prefer hasty-pudding and love to a drawing-room and plum-cake? Ladies now-a-days must have their elegant parlours, their Turkey carpets, their superb mirrors, their gilt chairs, their crimson damask curtains, mahogany tables and sideboards, their Cashmere shawls, their Canton-crape gowns, their gold-tipped indispensables, their gold watches, their gold chains, and their gold smelling-bottles! In short, sir, a married woman, who would move in the first circles, even in this little metropolis, must have as much in her parlour, as would purchase a cargo of rum; and carry as many valuables about her person, as would load an Arabian camel.

Such gewgaws were once deemed superfluities; but custom has rendered them necessary to the happiness of the ladies. The other evening, I called to spend a few hours with my friend captain Bowline, a plain honest jack tar. He appeared to be quite melancholy. As this was something new for Jack, after a few unsuccessful efforts to rouse him, I made bold to enquire the cause of his *ennui*. "Why, to tell you the truth, man, (said he,) I am very unhappy. Mrs. Bowline, last week,

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attended, a tea-party at Mrs. Demurrer's, the lawyer's lady. She came home with her head full of the splendour and finery she had witnessed; and I have ever since been bothered to death, with the din of new carpets, new sideboards, new dresses, floating islands, obelisks, and whip-syllabubs. The poor woman has seen more than her husband is worth, and is ready to break her heart because she cannot dash as well as Mrs. Demurrer. In vain do I plead my inability to gratify her. The answer is, 'Run in debt,—go to the bank,—and do as other people do.' Oh, Jeremy! shiver my timbers, old boy, if I would not rather be keel-hauled, than tied to a fashionable wife. Don't, my dear fellow, don't get married in these times, if you value your peace of mind."

Now, Mr. Herald, no one can admire the ladies more than your humble servant; nor can any mortal have higher ideas of the felicity, which *might be* enjoyed in the marriage state; but, sir, who, that has any reflection, and is not blessed with a large fortune, can have courage to run his head into the noose, with such examples before him as Mrs. Demurrer and Jack Bowline's wife? How can these evils be remedied? As it is idle to hope for reformation in those, who are possessed with the fashionable mania, and as the want of cash seems to be the great obstacle to matrimony, and settlements have vanished, I would beg leave to propose a plan, which may prove beneficial to both sexes. It is not a new one; but has been so long out of date, that it will, at least, possess the charm of novelty.

Let all marriageable girls, (young and old,) be assembled annually at one place. Let them be put up by the auctioneer, one after another. The rich will pay a high price for the handsomest. The money thus received, should be bestowed as a portion on the more homely, whom the auctioneer should present in *their* turns, asking if any one would accept of such an one with such a sum. This plan was practised with great success among the Assyrians, and several other nations of antiquity; and it appears to me to be founded in good policy. The rich will be able to support their bargains, of course; and the second-chop wives will bring something to sup-

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port their own extravagance; no one being obliged to accept of a damsel, unless she brings money with her.

[From the same.]

MR. PRINTER,

ABOUT two years ago, I addressed to you a letter on the extravagance of the times. You were good enough to honour it with an insertion in your useful and interesting paper; and I afterwards had the satisfaction of seeing it in several other respectable journals. It excited my vanity, and I determined to try another touch. But business, and that diffidence, which attends a beginner in every new branch, have hitherto prevented. The stagnation of commerce, however, has lately offered me some leisure, and I have concluded to devote a part of it to the communicating of such observations and information through the Herald, as my experience and acquaintance with what people call "the world," may furnish, and my judgment deem worthy of publication.

My first letter introduced you to an acquaintance with captain Bowline and his lady, and I will now give the sequel of their story.

Of all competition, that for precedence in dress and style is most ridiculous. Trifling as it is, however, more evil has resulted from it to families, than from any other source. On which sex the imputation of this folly more deservedly falls, is not now worth asking. Suffice it to say, that, of this class of competitors, was Mrs. Bowline. Mrs. Demurrer gave parties, and Mrs. Bowline was invited. Politeness requires a reciprocity of attention. Madame Bowline gave *her* parties in return. If Mrs. Demurrer had a new carpet, poor Jack Bowline had no peace of his life, until he found *credit*, to get a better one for his dulcinea. If he opposed her inclinations in any extravagant plan, the woman's ready logic was at hand. "Didn't her father give her a handsome setting out? Wasn't it necessary for her *respectability*, and that of her children, to maintain their rank in society? Wasn't it the duty of a man to *maintain his wife?* If he could not maintain her, why did he marry her? She had her choice—*that* she had; and he little knew how

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many *good offers* she had refused." Against such arguments, backed by floods of tears, what man could stand? Surely not Jack Bowline, whose heart was ever ready to run before his head. The consequence is obvious. Jack ran in debt; and soon gave the sheriff leg bail. The following letters show the result.

"MR. BROADCLOTH,

"SIR,—I hope you will pardon the liberty I take, in requesting of you a favour for myself and my wretched family. The history of my life you know. My foolish vanity has been the ruin of the best of husbands. Our last dollar has gone to pay sheriffs and lawyers. For months, I have been dependent on my family connexions for bread. They are tired of supporting me; and absolute necessity compels me, in the name of that friendship, which you had for my dear, lost Jack, to tax *your* goodness. I can say no more. Read the inclosed. Your obedient servant, BETTY BOWLINE."

"N——, Dec. 5th, 1820.

"MY DEAR BETTY,

"In a few hours I shall be no more. My life is forfeited to the violated laws of my country. Your extravagance involved me in debt, and debt in crime. I am a pirate! I have been taken. I am condemned! It was 'to *maintain your rank in society*,' that Jack Bowline has lost his honour and his life. You have a daughter. Teach her *Economy*—teach her *Industry*—above all, O teach her *Humility!* The love of fashion and the desire of *keeping up appearances*, have ruined more of your sex, than any other propensities. They are the banes of civilized life. But for these, I might now be honest and respected, and you, Betty, and my little ones, comfortable and happy. *I* forgive you—may God. Your lost husband, JACK BOWLINE."

May the fate of poor Jack and his fashionable wife prove a salutary warning to some of our *present gentry*.

[From the same.]

——"Villiam Vyx, I tell you how,
That vee must do as other people do."

THERE is no greater folly, than the desire of equalling our neighbours and acquaintances in external appearances. None is more common, nor has any been the subject of more general reprobation. Yet, few persons, even of the soundest understanding, have sufficient independence or energy, to overcome a weakness so palpable and so ridiculous. Philosophy, reason, and even

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the most imperious duty, cannot enable us to resist the force of custom. The "dull excuse for doing silly things," has more weight than any law. It justifies every extravagance, and even palliates vice. We need only observe the fashions of the day, to be convinced of this fact, and to be satisfied of the unhappy consequences resulting from the propensity to which I have alluded. But as example is more effectual than precept, I will illustrate my ideas on the subject, by submitting to the reader the following letter, which I received a few days ago.

"MR. BROADCLOTH,

"As you seem disposed to treat of the follies and vices of the times, and have taken up your pen with the good intention of correcting the errors and mending the morals of your fellows; I presume to lay a case (of some domestic importance) before you; hoping that it may meet that consideration, which it merits.

"You must know, sir, that I am married. After having lived to the age of forty-six, in a comfortable state of celibacy, and amassed a decent livelihood, I thought it a duty to enter into the more holy state of matrimony. I will not tire you with a transcript of all the various and delightful phantasies which crowded my imagination, after I had 'screwed my courage to the sticking-place,' and resolved to wed. You are too well acquainted with the town, and its commerce of every description, to doubt my veracity, when I tell you, that a man of my age, with $15,000 in his pocket, found no obstacle, other than his inclination or fancy, to hinder him in such a speculation. Money is not to be found every day; and few women, however beautiful, will object to an establishment. I soon got spliced. My wife, who is some years younger than your humble servant, was, during the honey-moon, all that I could wish. We received wedding visits, and returned them. People that I never saw before in my life, called with my friends, and drank my wine. I laughed *with* them; and possibly they laughed *at* me; but that was all well enough, because it is the custom. I knew these ceremonies would soon be over, when I hoped to sit down in quiet and happiness with my lady, unmolested by intruders and impertinent visiters. But, alas! what a thing this matrimony is! My lady was a great belle. She had numerous acquaintances! and though she did not bring me any thing but her beauty, she insists on the right of moving in respectable society. There is hardly a night, (when she is at home,) but we are honoured with a visit by some of her respectable acquaintances. About once a week, we must have a *party*. These grievances I bore for some months without complaining. At length, I ventured to

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tell her ladyship, 'that these *parties*, and their appendages, furniture, dress, servants, &c. &c. would, in a short time, not only eat up my income, but swallow down my capital; that I had married *her*, and not her society; that we could live very comfortably ourselves, but that my means were not competent to the support of her *friends and acquaintances*. I should be always glad to see them, but I was unable always to feed them.' I knew that she had the character of being an economist, and therefore expected, that after such an explanation of my views and circumstances, she would of course give some evidence, that her reputation was not unmerited. She did. But it was evidence of such economy as would kill me to practice. 'Law! my dear,' said she, 'you cannot accuse me of extravagance. If we *do* have a party now and then, what is the expense of a little cake, a few servants, a little wine, and an occasional change of old furniture for new? What are all these, I say, in comparison with the advantage you derive from moving in a respectable sphere. Do not all our *friends and acquaintances* give parties too, and have new furniture into the bargain? Would you resign your station in society, and mope for ever at home? If you *must* retrench, I can show you how, without detracting from your respectability. Curtail the expenses of your kitchen. What do we want with fresh meat every day? Live as my father did. A pound of salt pork every other day for dinner, with a little bread and cheese by way of change, will do very well, and will not cost much. This is the way in which Mrs. Demurrer lives. And what a dash her husband cuts, with half your means, my love!'

"Now, Mr. Broadcloth, imagine, if you can, what must be the feelings of a man, who has been accustomed to good living all his days, and who knows, by experience, that without it, there is no such thing as good health, on being assailed with such economy. My wife insists that I shall *starve myself*, to feed *her friends and acquaintances!* This is not all, sir. She has actually put in force her starving economy; and from being a portly, healthy man, I have become as poor as a June shad, and as weak as a kitten. It is by such *economy*, I find, that half our '*great folks*' maintain their respectability, and 'keep up appearances.' Many who live in *style*, are not fed so well as day labourers. In pity to suffering humanity, Mr. Broadcloth, I pray you apply a remedy to this evil, and lash every 'fashionable female economist' in the city. What is the gratification of 'doing as other people do,' at the expense of health and comfort?

With great respect, sir, I have the honour to be your very obedient and *half-starved* servant,

TIMOTHY BUCKRAM."

"P. S. Do have this published, that Mrs. Buckram may reap the benefit of reading it; and if she is not dead to all the

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miseries of *hunger*, feed her husband better, and her friends less. T. B."

All that I can say to Mr. Buckram, is, if he be made "to do as other people do," nothing can prevent him from suffering as other people have. It is to be hoped, that not only Madam Buckram, but other *fashionable and genteel economists*, may profit by the perusal of this letter.

[From the same.]

"A friendless man, without a single foe."

The desire of obtaining and preserving the good will of our fellow-creatures, is not only rational, but laudable. It is gratifying to live in harmony and peace with neighbours and acquaintances. Notwithstanding all that stoics and misanthropes have written on the depravity and innate wickedness of man, I could never seriously believe, that the human heart is so desperately bad as they pretend. We are all frail, and, if you please, prone to evil. But is not this tendency rather the consequence of those passions, which, from the want of a good education, or from an unhappy temperament, control our better reason; than the immediate result of original malevolence? Is it not rare to meet with a being, who would not do a kind office, even to a stranger, when uninfluenced by the operation of extrinsic and factitious causes? It is this desire which is the foundation of popularity; not of that popularity which aims at aggrandizement, and is the offspring of avarice or ambition; but that which rests contented with the *just* approbation of others.

On a slight examination of the subject, one might regret, that this quality is not more common. But on a nearer view, it will appear doubtful whether its extension would be beneficial in the end. The man of tractable disposition, who seeks to oblige all, if he maintains an opinion of his own, is indeed a valuable member of the community. In such an one, the desire of popularity is truly laudable; because it is generally well regulated. He may do much good, and will have many friends; but cannot long remain without enemies. It is not for this class, that my motto is selected. My aim is

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at a more numerous, and less useful tribe. Your 'friendless man, without a single foe,' is an animal which can every day be found in every place;—a creature, who has a ready answer for every question, and a ready bow for every man; whose humble acquiescence prevents him from pleasing, and whose insignificance secures him from enmity. If you enter into conversation upon the weather, and think that it will snow, he thinks so too. Do you prophecy a clear day? 'To be sure, it is rather cloudy, but appears to be breaking away in the west.' No matter what be the topick, he will agree with you, and will also agree with the next man he meets, however he may differ in opinion from you. It is astonishing to see with what facility these neuters slip through the world. I was somewhat entertained the other day, in noticing the manœuvres of one that I met at the 'Anacreon's Head,' where I occasionally go to read the news, and take a glass of 'Cooke's best.'

When I entered, he was engaged in a tete-a-tete with a worthy old cit, on politics. The old gentleman was extolling our state constitution; and the neuter had nothing to do, but echo him, with trifling alterations of phraseology, at the end of every sentence. I sat listening to the responses, and drinking my ale. The old gentleman, after expending his stock of words, retired, and was succeeded by one of a different persuasion. Like his predecessor, he began to pour out his ideas upon the neuter, as you may have seen public speakers, in practising, address a chair or a table. An allusion was made, by some one, to the remarks of the gentleman who had just left. This again brought up the charter of our liberties. And wherever the neuter had before responded Yes, he now with as much ease put in a No. Soon, another champion entered the lists, in vindication of the constitution. Here I began to ruminate how the neuter would escape without uttering something positive. But to my great amusement and surprise, he got off by the assistance of *ums*, and *ahs*, and *ha-has*, and shrugs and squints, without giving offence to either party; and after his exit, was honoured with the approbation of both, as 'a good-meaning sort of a clever fellow, who would never harm any body!'

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'Thinks I to myself,' if there is no other way to prevent making enemies, but to become like unto this human oyster, we had better *have them;* please ourselves, act uprightly, and remain contented with reflecting, that THE FOOL'S OR THE VILLAIN'S HATRED IS THE GOOD MAN'S PRAISE.

[From the same.]

"Money makes the mare go."

—YES;—"Money makes the mare go;" and the horse, and the cow, and every creature subject to the call of man; and man himself; and woman too. There is nothing under the sun, which money does not make go. A great poet tells us, that,

"Fortune in men has some small difference made;
One flaunts in rags;—one flutters in brocade."

Had Pope lived in these latter days, or had he viewed mankind, in his own time, through any other medium than that of fancy, or had he not feared to mar the melody of his verse, he would not have presented this difference as *small.* If we divest ourselves for a moment of the prejudices of early education, and weigh custom fairly against common sense, we shall not only be astonished, but alarmed, at the influence of money. The first lesson of childhood is, "Get money." When we arrive at years of discretion, the respect, paid to wealth by all around us, shows the necessity of adhering to this precept, if we would be respected. At this stage of life, the lesson becomes indelibly impressed upon the mind and enters into the very heart. It is never forgotten in our projects; indeed, it becomes the foundation, on which all our schemes of happiness are based. It directs the passions, controls the affections, forms the opinions, and changes the man. It is now that money becomes the arbiter of love, the guide of reason, and the dictator of talents. Without it, we see that nothing can be obtained. We look at the man, who "flaunts in rags," and see, that whatever gifts of nature he may possess, though he be wise as Solomon, learned as a sage, pious as a saint, eloquent as Paul; yet rags and respectability

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are incompatible. There is not a rich fool's word, that will not out-weigh *his* wisdom and his virtue. No wonder, then, if, on entering into the concerns of life, and engaging in business, so many become the slaves of sordid interest. Every thing, we see and hear, teaches, that, without money, we are without every thing, which renders us respected in the eyes of the world. A man of moderate capacity becomes learned as he grows rich.

Men bow down before the fool in purple, and children "point the finger" at the sage in rags. How many could be named, who were once the butts and laughing-stocks of those who knew them, that are now, from a change of fortune in the addition of a few thousands, become very intelligent men? How many, who now roll in coaches, with the spoils of widows and orphans in their pockets, are regarded as men "of the first respectability?" How many despicable wretches, born on the dunghill, and nurtured in the kennel, and whose lives would disgrace even their birth and education, have been changed to all that is good, from all that was bad, by this same money? We may look back on the career of such beings, and think of the filth and mire through which the tinselled caterpillars have crawled to light, but dare not *speak* of it.

I am not opposed to the *honest* acquisition of wealth; and, though a poor shop-keeper, envy no man for his property. I profess to be a republican, and would not encourage any distinction of *rank* in society. But there ought to be a distinction between virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, learning and ignorance. The man who, by honest industry, has grown rich, and makes proper use of his acquirements, is entitled to respect. If he possess learning, he deserves promotion. Such we may honour, without degrading ourselves. There should be an everlasting barrier between him and the animal, whose only claim to respectability is to be found in his dollars. It is in the power of the rich to make this distinction. Let *them* change the standard of respectability from money to *worth*. The poor dare not, if they would. As long as they see that property, in the higher walks, equalizes all other differences;—

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that "money makes" not only "the mare," but the ass "go;" they will not trouble their heads about shades of character, or undertake to graduate the intellects of men. The question will still be, not, what *is* he; but "what *has* he?" The solicitude of Lycurgus to banish the use of money in Sparta, undoubtedly originated in the fear, that its influence would corrupt the people; and, by raising to office the ignorant and the wicked, soon prostrate their liberties. Surely this fear was not without foundation. The experience of every day evinces it in every government. Men, who, without talents, or learning, or virtue, have become rich, are generally the first to offer themselves as candidates for places of honour; for ignorance, impudence, and vice are inseparable companions. The consequences, which must result from success in these instances, are obvious. The aristocracies and monarchies of the old world are awful beacons. We now have too great a barrier between the rich and poor. Unless we create distinctions among the rich themselves, this money-making, money-loving spirit will soon ruin us.

[From the same.]

Concordia discors.
Harmonious discord.

THE publishing of my last number has drawn a variety of complaints and petitions to my printer, with requests that they should be submitted to me for advice in the premises. They all appear to be the result of "experiences," and, as such, may be interesting, if not useful, to my readers. I give the following without further preface.

"MR. BROADCLOTH,

"On reading your observations in the last Herald, I was forcibly struck with the justice and truth of some of your remarks on the influence of money. Of its effects on governments, I pretend not to judge. I am a plain country girl, and never trouble my head about politics. But what you say of its operation, on individuals, comes home to my heart. Money, you say, is 'the arbiter of love, the guide of reason, and the dictator of talents.' Alas! sir, if you knew how this sentence still vibrates on my soul; what associations it roused; what a

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train of reflections; you would pity the condition of a poor, unhappy creature. Endowed with a sensibility, too keen for my station in life, I became the victim of love, at an age, when all impressions are at once most lively and most permanent. The object of my affection was of a grade below mine. But love knows no obstacles. My passion was reciprocated, and I determined to raise my lover to a level with myself. The few dollars in my purse, were appropriated for his education. By my own exertions, I provided him with the means of obtaining a learned profession, proudly anticipating an union, which would consummate our happiness. But when I expected the nuptial knot to be tied, and was on the point of laying him under a double obligation, by voluntarily presenting him my hand, before he should demand it,—imagine (if you can) my feelings on receiving the following letter:

'MISS CLARISSA DUNSTABLE,

'MADAM,

It grieves me to inform you, that my education and profession have given me that rank in society, which precludes me from the possibility of fulfilling my engagement with you. A connection with you would degrade me; and, by forfeiting the *respect* of that class of the community, on whose patronage professional men depend, prevent me from succeeding in business. We should live poor and despised. I have the prospect of obtaining a woman of fortune and family. If you love me, you will not hesitate to release me from an obligation, the discharge of which must prove fatal to all our hopes of success. You are yet young enough to obtain a husband of *your own standing*, and have a good trade to help him. Inclosed you will find the sums which you have advanced for me.

Your friend and well-wisher, PERFIDO.'

"I could not finish the perusal of this letter for some time. For several days, I remained in a state of derangement. Surely the wretch who can thus abandon the love and confidence of a woman, who, with the professions and semblance of an angel, can commit an act, at which devils would weep, ought to be banished from society. PERFIDO, however, has lived to meet that success with another, from which a marriage with me would have delivered him. He has got what the world calls *respect*.

"I do not send you this with a view of punishing my unprincipled lover, or in the vain hope of reforming him. The man, who is false in his youth, will remain so in his old age. Virtue will never find a place in his heart, nor can repentance enter his soul. I only wish to warn young women against reposing too easy confidence even in the most religious professions of your avaricious and perfidious sex. CLARISSA DUNSTABLE."

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"DEAR JEREMY,

"My story is short. But you must hear it, and then advise. I am married to a crusty old fellow, who torments me night and day; Mr. Savepenny Thimble, once a tailor, but now a trader. He had money; and my mother told me to catch him. I had none; but, without it, could not enjoy myself. For, to tell the truth, I always wanted to dash and be talked of. So, in compliance with my parent's request, I was joined to Mr. Thimble. My spouse is a sordid old wretch, who never had one idea beyond his trade. Instead of attending parties, and giving parties; spinning street-yarn to catch the eyes of the beaux, and frolicking at Dragon, as I used to do; I am obliged to work all day about the house. If I propose a walk in the evening, the old Hunks presents me with a pair of stockings to darn, or bids me sit down and read the Bible. This treatment alone is enough to drive any woman of spirit mad. The old fool thinks that I married *him*, and not his *money*, and is continually dinning over, "Love, cherish, and obey." But this is not the worst. All the giddy girls, with whom I formerly associated, improve every opportunity of plaguing me by congratulations on my *happy marriage!* The other evening, I accidentally ogled Jack Rattle in meeting, and my old tyrant has looked like a thunder-cloud ever since. But in spite of his vengeance and vigilance, I make out once in a while to meet Jack in the streets, and talk over my troubles. For if "money makes the mare go," it can't keep her still. I wish you would let these old fellows know, that young girls marry them only for the purpose of enjoying *the world*; and that if they would please us, the best way is to let us alone. Publish this, that I may have the satisfaction of *bawling it in old Thimble's ear.* Your obedient and uneasy servant,

PRISCILLA THIMBLE."

P. S. Can't I provoke the old cur to beat me, and then get the Legislature to grant a divorce? Would they give me a *settlement* in such a case? P. T.

[From the same.]

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise. But who infers from hence,
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

MAN is an odd compound. There is no being which may not be more easily understood. The desires, the appetites, propensities and habits, of every other animal, are uniform and consistent. Man himself is the only problem that cannot be solved by man. Claiming the highest attributes, he commits the grossest errors;

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boasting of the most exalted wisdom, he is guilty of the greatest follies; the only rational, yet most unreasonable creature. A speculative mind could not be more agreeably employed, than in contemplating this incomprehensible.

Happiness is the grand object of life. Confining our views only to the various means adopted for its attainment, we find much in our daily intercourse with the world, for instruction and entertainment. But this is a subject which falls properly within the province of the divine and the philosopher. Leaving them, therefore, to discover the reasons, which induce us to travel so many different roads in pursuit of the same thing, I seek no further than to view mankind as they are; to observe effects, and profit by them, without being too nice in assigning causes. For this purpose, I embrace every opportunity of observing the conduct and characters of those around me.

> "All the world 's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players,"

We are told. This is an apt metaphor. I have frequently thought, (perhaps through the association of ideas,) that a shop was not unlike a stage-box. It has many advantages for a critical observer. It brings him near the stage, and enables him to see, as well as hear, the actors, better than any other seat. Occasionally it affords him a peep behind the scenes. How often, in this seat, do I laugh, and cry, and sigh, at the various comedies, tragedies, and farces, that are performed on this mundane theatre! Now enters some sprightly Miss, with a face that would captivate a stoic. She laughs and prattles you into good humour. You become delighted with her wit, and charmed with her beauty. She obtains the admiration of the men, and the envy of the women; and retires satisfied. But follow her to the dressing-room. See the arching eye-brows, —under cover of which, Cupid seems to shoot his arrows,—dropped. See those teeth, which appeared like pearl within a ruby casket, laid down, to be taken up by some other Dulcinea. See the roses of her cheeks, which blushed, so lovely, now made to incarnadine the

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wash-bowl! and, alas! nothing remains to envy or admire. She is succeeded, perhaps, by some ludicrous Nipperkin, who "loves fun" and loves rum. He will make you roar like a good fellow, by playing the part of a drunken fellow; and, after obtaining his share of applause, makes his exit, happy in the assurance of having libelled nature well. Next comes some dignified tragedian, stalking in all the majesty of state. He will show you how to play the king, the hero, or the great man, in one way or another. His pace is measured; his look is wise; his words are weighed; "and all his actions dignity." He will talk of devils, and battles, and "imminent, deadly breaches;" of "tented fields," of "hair-breadth 'scapes," with such gravity and imposing earnestness, as will leave you at a loss to know if he also *acts a part.* Should you chance to peep behind the scenes, you would see his majesty, after all this parade, perhaps, a *hired* actor only, who assumes one character to hide another. Yet he too is satisfied, if not happy, in acting well his part. No matter what may be our condition, if we can only be sometimes allowed to act the part that fits us: we can be as happy as any above us. To drop my histrionic metaphors, and speak plainly;—how does the happiness of the ballad-singer differ from that of the lawyer; or the happiness of a barber, from that of a philosopher? The singer will bawl at every corner in the streets, for hours, and think that he is well paid with a groat for his trouble. Commend his song, and pleasure sparkles in his eye. What greater pleasure does the advocate derive from addressing a court or jury? When the barber has smoothed your chin, call him the best *shaver* in the city, and he is happy. What more does the doctor feel, after giving a pill or setting a bone? There may be a difference in the *quality;* but no one can believe that there is, in the *quantity* of pleasure, in these cases. Whether the part we play, be natural or assumed, is of little import, provided we act it well in the first instance, or escape without detection in the other. Falsehood wraps herself as snugly in the mantle of Truth, as if it were her own.

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The following letter is submitted for the perusal of Mrs. Thimble, and other young ladies similarly situated.

"MR. BROADCLOTH,

"I hant never been to Collige and hant got no larnin, so you mus'nt be too critical upon my letter. I seed in the last paper as how my wife Priscy is been to work to rite to you to complane becaws I dont let her do as she is a mineto. Mr. Broadclauth, had'nt wives ought to obey their husbans I would no Sir. Priscy says I am old and she young. Well now what of that. If young gals will try to ketch old men they ought not to complane if old men take care of them and keep them to home and dont let 'em go round a viziting and having boes. What's a married woman to do with boes. Priscy says I hant got no ideas beyond my trade. I wish Sir she had some ideas about any trade. I married her a poor gal, with more pride than money as they say. And I feed her and clouth her and she is a lazy jade and dont do a hanstur of work and is a dead bill of expense to me. And she is impedent as the Old Harry to. I cant speak in company but what she is something to say about my undogmaticle language and my bad denunciation. She wants me to go and see great peple, becaws I have got money. But sir I dont think I ought to go to see pholkes that are before me in larnin and breeding if I be rich. And I think Sir I ought to have wit enuff to keep Priscy to home. Twould be better for some pholkes I know if they didnt listen two much to wives. I dont think Sir the Laws of the state give a man half inuff authority over his wife. Tis wives Mr. Broadclauth that run us in dept and brake us I beleive becaws we hant got authority enuff to govern them. And hant no notion of these parties and scrapes and balls. Peple better be to home minding their own bizniss.

Yours, SAVEPENNY THIMBLE.

P. S. I want to no if a man hant no rite to whip his wife acording to law if she wont work. S. T.

[From the same.]

Oh, AMOS COTTLE!—Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame!

IN returning from a journey into the country, last week, I stopped at a tavern near the confines of the city, to dine. As the object of my jaunt was neither mineralogical, nor botanical, nor geological, there was no need of occupying the few moments which common travellers devote to rest, or recreation, in writing down the tales of my landlord, and the tittle-tattle of mine hostess; or in complimenting the assiduous attentions of

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the bar-maid. No Journal Scientific haunted me on the road. Trap rock and basaltine, fel-spar and mica, jasper and granite, gave me no uneasiness. The tower of Mount Tom, with its observatories; the pond of Monte Video; tenants of Connecticut lords, and row-boats with flags in their sterns; "the carriages passing and repassing in the streets of Hartford;" were far, far away. I had not even a friend, who was riding for health, or a coachman, who could smack a whip in "an oil great coat," and drive "in spite of a gentle shower," to plague me. I had never breakfasted in England, dined in France, nor supped in Holland; and, consequently, could not write a very edifying treatise on public houses. It was noon-day when the hoofs of my horse clattered over the bridge of the majestic Dragon; and, however strong my inclination had been, it was impossible to describe the phosphorescence of its waters. Neither eagle, nor crow, nor jackdaw, perched upon my gig;—not even a villainous chit bird overshadowed the way, and pointed me to fame. After foddering my horse, therefore, (having nothing else to do,) I seated myself at the inn door for observation.

A wagon, with two lusty inmates, a man and woman, were the first objects that presented themselves as worthy of notice. The host soon flew to their assistance. By the marked politeness which he bestowed on his new guests, and the coarse vulgarity and consequential hauteur with which it was returned, an observer could not fail to discover that they were not "common folks."

"Good morning, 'Squire Spinkum," said the host, "I am happy of your company. I guessed we should see you to-day. Won't you light, and take what the house affords?"

Reader, if you have ever seen the picture of Mr. Deputy Dumpling and his wife, you may form some faint idea, from their representation, of this well-fed couple. Had 'Squire Spinkum been a tavern-keeper, it would have been needless to hang out a sign of gin, rum, and brandy. His face was enough to convince the passenger, that a good supply of these articles could always be found in his house.

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After a little chaffering with the landlord, to beat him down in the price of dinner, the 'squire, on being assured that he could feast on baked beans and pork, and regale himself with some good old St. Croix and plenty of hard cider, rolled out of his vehicle, leaving his better half to tumble along as she could.

I soon learned the history of the 'squire and his lady. He had been a currier of some importance in his native village, and, from scraping hides, had risen in regular gradation to scraping the people in the character of town treasurer. But this could not satisfy his "vaulting ambition." Spinkum had made "a fortin," and determined to stop short of nothing but a seat in Congress. He had the credit of writing for the newspapers, and fancied himself a literary man and a great politician. His rib, like some other dames of quality, rose from "scouring a kettle to grace a diamond."

From such gentry, I could not but derive amusement. As soon as we were seated at table, therefore, no pains were wanting on my part, to obtain the good wishes of the company. The 'squire soon paid his respects to the pork. I politely offered madam a piece of fowl: but she declined in preference to a dish of long clams. In due time I solicited the honour of a glass wine with her. She never "drinked any, she thanked me, but wouldn't have no objection to a glass of gin sling, if so be as how the tavern gentleman wouldn't make no extra bill on't." Having swallowed his dinner, and washed it down with his usual quantum, the 'squire began to let out his learning. Madam retired to the kitchen, "to larn," as she said, "how to dress them are long clams, because they tasted so plaguy nice;" and she reckoned they must be cheap living. "Sir," said he, "han't you never read *Roling's* Ancient History? What do you think on't? I always *votes* my evenins to readin. And there is that are book there, called Josephus—'tis a pretty good one, I reckon. And there's the new works that comes out a most every day—they are some on 'em tolerable. Why I don't think but what a man can get larnin enough, without goin to college arter it. Them students only dissipates and degrades their time in nonsense and such

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like. Why, Sir, I never seed the inside of college in my life, and I never wanted Latin nor Greek to do my business. Why, I have been justus a peace now for matter of fifteen years, and never found no difficulty to decide no case. And then I have been school-committee-man in our town, and could always tell if the master wa'n't a good man. It an't no great matter to write a book."

Without giving me an opportunity even to comment on this learned discourse, he whipped a manuscript out of his pocket, and continued—"Now look here, Sir; I have begun one; and if you won't never tell nobody, I should like to have your opinion on it. 'Tis an account of my travels—That, you know, is the most fashionable kind of writin. There's the man, you know, what writes Letters from the South. And then there's Travels that I have read, all the way from Hartford to Quebec. That's a *poplar* work, you know; and I am goin to write mine jest like it too. And then the world must judge which is most poplar."

I remained silent while he read:

"A Tower from Quinepaug Pond, so called, to Dogman. By Medad Spinkum, Esq. A justus of peace to the state.

"One Saturday morning, some time in the month of April, I waked up and put the old grey mare in the wagon—and Mrs. Spinkum got in, and we started to go to Dogman. It was one of them misty days that prevented us from seeing the country that lies *contagious* to Quinepaug. And it soon began to rain. I hadn't no oil great coat—so I turned up my cape and drove snugly, and the old mare travelled well. When we got upon the first hill, we turned round, and could see Quinepaug Pond, and the geese swimming in it, and the 'ducks passing and repassing.' The hill commands a beautiful prospect. I should give a painting of this pond; but Mrs. Deborah Spinkum, my travelling companion, could not paint. The *site* from Quinepaug Pond to Dragon, where we stopped, is composed principally of primeval or primitive stones, and gravel, and *runs in vain* from

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North Bristol to New-Haven; and this is its general character and jology. We passed over the ground where there has been many a hard battle fought by our *four-fathers* with the Indians; and I mean to give some account of them from Trumbull's history, to fill out my journal."

Here our author stopped for want of matter, and asked my opinion of his work. What can be said for the comfort of a man, who *will* write, "whether he hath aught to say or no?" I assured him, that the specimen was good enough to entertain any body, and that, from the little acquaintance which I had with modern tourists, especially of our own country, it was of little moment whether such writers had the benefit of liberal educations or not: that the most illiterate had succeeded, as well as the most scientific;—advising him by all means to embellish the volume with engravings, not forgetting one of his grey mare, and of Madam Spinkum; of Quinepaug Pond and a boat. I made my bow, and left 'Squire Medad to feast on his literary harvest.

[From the same.]

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud e'en in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia!—O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Most of the inhabitants of our city have heard of the solitary being who dwells on East Rock. But little is known of his history. So much poverty and wretchedness is seen in our daily intercourse with the world, that the heart becomes insensible to the misery of others, and impervious to individual suffering. Scarce any thing excites our feelings, which is not intimately connected with our interests. The fall of a great man, or the misfortune of a wealthy one, may extort a word of commiseration, perhaps a sneer of envy, or a smile of malice, that passes with the momentary impulse by which it was

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created, leaving the unfortunate, and the memory of his grief, to be swept by the same current of oblivion, which has buried in its tide millions of predecessors. Man is too much wrapped in himself, to regard the miseries of man. Few "go to the house of mourning." Even Philanthropy, while extending the hand of relief to Distress, could wish to be spared the painful sight that affords her the melancholy satisfaction of doing good. It is more agreeable to pity, than to witness the object of pity.

I boast not of superior benevolence; and therefore claim no merit for indulging a propensity to witness the affliction of my fellow-men, and extending to them the limited charity which my means may permit me to confer. The first probably originates in curiosity; the latter, in mere sympathy; a sympathy too often mistaken for virtue.

I have frequently wished to see and converse with a being, who, in the midst of a numerous and civilized population, had retired from the society of his own species, to hold communion with brutes, and, renouncing the comforts and necessaries of life, embraced the solitude of a barren, uninhabited mountain. Since the days of Goff and Dixwell, no tyrannical edict has driven the victims of arbitrary power to the wilderness or caverns of our country, for safety. In this land of reason and of liberty, no spirit of fanaticism has been sufficient to force the most zealous votaries of superstition from home and friends;—no religious phrenzy has ever induced any of the faithful to forego the advantages of fortune, to do penance for their sins. Our very maniacs, from habit, have confined their wanderings to towns and villages. Misery itself clings, as by instinct, to the abodes of civilization.

Determined to gratify my curiosity, in company with a friend, I lately visited the Hermit. We found him on the top of the mountain, in the midst of a thick wood. He was seated on a stone, stirring the expiring embers of a fire, which had been kindled in the hollow of an old stump. His dress consisted of a loose farmer's frock and trowsers of the coarsest materials. A leather cap,

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which seemed a scalp, was the only covering of his head. We soon stood close by his side. But still he stirred the fire, as if unconscious of the presence of a human creature. His countenance was listless: yet there was nothing of fatuity in it. The dead calm that pervaded his face, evinced not absence, but a desolation, of mind. We accosted him with the compliments of the day; his eye still directed, with unwinking gaze, to the object of his attention. He made no answer, but muttered to himself, "A bond for a deed; they say, a bond for a deed is good." Again we attempted to lead him into conversation. My friend asked him if he was married? "O yes," was the reply; "I am going to be married; I am getting ready. A bond for a deed, you know; they say, a bond for a deed."

Believing that the poor wretch was absolutely demented, we prepared to return; when I proposed to look for some spring to quench my thirst. Without appearing to notice us, the Hermit rose, and proceeded to a small inclosure of stone work, which composed a rude cabin, and an apology for a court yard. He entered the walls, and soon held up a bottle of water, to the neck of which a long string was attached. We embraced the opportunity of drinking; convinced, that if he had abandoned the society of men, he had not lost the feelings of humanity. In the centre of this enclosure, was a small well dug with shells. At a short distance from the cabin, stands a sheep-cot, built in the form of a cone, and composed entirely of rough stone. Under a tree in front of his dwelling, we perceived a few sheep. Some yokes, fitted for them, lay on a hurdle, or sled. With these sheep, he sometimes descends from the mountain, dragging loads of light wood, which he exchanges in the neighbouring hamlets for any thing which is offered to him.

On our walk home, we received from an old gossip the following account of the Hermit of the Rock. He was bred a farmer. At an early age, he had the misfortune to fall in love. As his prospects in life were then good, no obstacle opposed a passion which was supposed to be reciprocal; and poor L—— enjoyed, in

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anticipation, the bliss of connubial felicity. The hard earnings of his industry were laid out in the purchase of a comfortable farm. But, alas! his title proved bad, and he was left destitute by the villany of a sharper. The love of his Dulcinea vanished with his property, and he was left to curse the perfidy of man, and the sordid hypocrisy of woman. Disgusted with the world and its hollowness, he fled from the presence of all that could excite unhappy associations.

In this short tale of wo there is much to attract speculation. The passion of love is treated with contempt by philosophy, and affords a subject of ridicule to the dissolute and unfeeling. Some regard it as a weakness, unworthy the dignity of thinking beings; while others view it as an animal appetite, that can be controlled by reason. Without entering into a disquisition, it may be affirmed on the testimony of experience, that such are slightly versed in the knowledge of human nature; or they would not confound an emotion of the heart with a mere corporeal impulse. The effects of disappointment in any other passion may be obviated, by supplying an equivalent to the loss sustained. The man who loses his fortune to-day, is in no danger of losing his senses, if he can be assured of obtaining another to-morrow. The lover, whose mistress is unkind, may easily find a more accommodating fair one. Others are as beautiful and less obdurate. But there is a magic in settled affection, that leaves no room in the heart for another object;—a peculiar ethereal essence, unconnected with body, everlasting, and incapable of change.

"Yes, Love indeed is light from Heaven—
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shar'd—by ALLA given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love—
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought—
A ray of Him, who form'd the whole—
A glory, circling round the soul."

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[From the same.]

"Breathes there the wretch, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land?'"

Of all natural or moral relations, that, which subsists between man and his country, is at once the most sacred, the most important, and the most lasting. The *love of country* has, in all ages, and among all people, furnished interesting themes for the poet, the orator, and the statesman. The endearing connexions of parent and child, brother and sister, husband and wife, and the nameless sympathies arising from kindred, are of short duration, and soon pass away. But the ties, which bind us to COUNTRY, seem more durable than life itself. They connect all that is dear to the heart in private with all that can attract our desires, or excite our emulation, as members of the human family. The man, who is endowed with this feeling, is, in one respect, at least, above the reach of chance. He possesses a source of satisfaction, which will not cease but with existence. Fortune may frown; friends may forsake; but what misfortune or what perfidy can rob him of the pleasure arising from a participation in the success and glory of his country?

By the LOVE OF COUNTRY, it will readily be perceived that I do not mean that local attachment entertained for the *spot* of our nativity. There is a place, a house, a garden, a room, a seat, dear to the recollection of every one. No mind is so vulgar, no heart so insensible, as not to contemplate, with lively or melancholy delight, scenes consecrated by the innocence of childhood. It excites associations common to the good and the bad, the learned and the ignorant. The saint and the sinner, though with different sensations, yet with equal emotion, may drop a tear over the cradle of infancy. The enlightened philosopher and the rude barbarian experience the same pleasure in revisiting the palace, or the hut, in which they were born. Association is inseparably connected with reason and reflection: nay, it often exists in animals, who can claim neither. A dog pre-

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fers his kennel to any other ; and a cat cannot be driven from the house in which it was nursed.

It is not with the view of depreciating local attachments, that I have considered them as universal ; but to show, that, in rational beings, they cannot be esteemed as grounds of distinction or merit. It is not so with the love of country. Patriotism implies worth. It is, (if the expression may be allowed,) a complex virtue. It embraces all that is amiable in the heart, and all that is valuable to society in the mind. The bad man cannot possess it. The weak man is incapable of receiving its impress. The selfish man must ever remain a stranger to it. He, who does not regard private obligations, can have no correct opinion of public right. He, who cannot understand a part, is incapable of comprehending a whole. He, who lives for himself alone, can love nothing, can be bound by nothing.

There is more in this virtue, than appears at first sight. On it depends the destiny of a nation. And if they whose abilities enable them, and whose duty *should* prompt them, to nurture it, would reflect for a moment on the consequences of suffering it to languish, they would soon be convinced of the importance of preserving it unsullied. It has been said, that the man, who causes two spires of grass to grow where but one grew before, deserves more of his country than he, who conquers kingdoms. With equal truth the same will apply to him, who adds to the number of patriots. Monarchical governments are sensible of the fact. Accordingly, we find, that they labour, incessantly, to maintain a NATIONAL pride among their citizens. For this purpose, the celebration of anniversaries has been established by law—on which occasions, every exertion is made to rouse the love of glory, in the meanest citizen. The effects of this system are obvious. Bonaparte could rally thousands at the name of France. For national glory, the beggar fought like an hero. The Englishman, when he views the cross of St. George, cares little for the justice of his cause ; nor does he reflect one moment on the profit of the fight. No matter if his liberties fall with his enemies ;—it is enough for

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him, that he bleeds for his king and country. Beloved England reaps the honour; and he is willing to perish on the bed of glory, if it will add but one bloody laurel to the wreath of *her* immortality.

America *alone*,—America, the love of whose sons is the *only* support of her power, has never made one exertion as a government, to rouse and cherish that *national* feeling, on which her liberties depend. It is astonishing that a people, in whom there is to be found a greater similarity of manners, habits, customs, laws, and language, than in any other; between whom there is a constant intercourse, and an *absolute dependence;* whose religion is the same, and whose interests are identified; should regard with seeming indifference, the cultivation of that spirit, on which she must rely for safety in the hour of danger. It is not owing to our political divisions of states; for patriotism is the offspring of honest pride; and no individual state can boast of any thing, *exclusively*, which is worthy a patriot's consideration; and whatever is said of local distinctions and prejudices, they exist only in the imaginations of the illiberal and ignorant portion of our citizens. When abroad, we are proud to acknowledge, that we are Americans. No man pretends to arrogate any thing for having been "rocked" on this or that side of the Hudson. Among foreigners, his state pride vanishes. Every thing is then American. Why should it not be so at home? Is it true, what Englishmen have said of us, that "we are a cold, calculating people, a nation of shop-keepers, who know no law-book but the leger, and worship on no altar but the counter?" Are war and peace but matters of commercial speculation with us? Forbid it, O my country! I love thee with filial affection. I love every spot of "the land of my birth," laved by the Mississippi, or washed by the Atlantic. And millions there are, that love her as I do,—who would not stop to balance the profit and loss of battles, in which her glory is concerned, nor question the constitutionality of repelling an invading foe. Yet could I kneel to the man, who would solve this problem, without obscuring her national honour.

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[From the same.]

"But then I *sigh!* and with a piece of *scripture*,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil.
And thus I clothe my naked *villany*
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of Holy Writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil."

Mankind are easily deceived by pretences. Few possess a knowledge of human nature; and the greater part of those who can discriminate, are generally prevented by indolence, timidity, or the love of popularity, from exposing Vice when it assumes the garb of Virtue. The rest, content with following the current, never trouble themselves about its direction. Thus we either practise frauds, or consent that they may be practised. If *we* can only avoid the flame, it is enough—we seldom venture to burn our fingers by attempting to drag *others* from it. In a world where hypocrisy is worth so much, and may be exercised with such impunity; where counterfeit virtue is more current than sterling sincerity; it is not surprising that subtlety and craft should combine successfully against independence and integrity. Man is a selfish being; and the majority will ever pursue their interest, however crooked the paths through which they must travel. How many, who pass as pious Christians in Europe, would be good Mahometans in Africa? How many, who seem to be good republicans in America, would, by proper inducements, become genuine royalists in Europe? Each has a voyage to perform. He will endeavour to render it lucrative, and will not fail to steer his barque by the chart of the sea on which he sails.

The fable of Truth and Falsehood contains an excellent moral. They are represented as going into the same bath. Falsehood came out of the water first, and, slipping on the vesture of Truth, escaped, leaving her companion in a state of nudity. The author leaves us to draw this natural inference,—that most persons would be shocked at the advances of the naked damsel; and being easily deceived by the appearance of Falsehood in her stolen dress, readily follow her counsels: so that, in the end, connecting the strongest allurements with

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greater industry and cunning, she must have the greater number of votaries.

An enumeration of the various modes of deception would be highly amusing. We can hardly conceive it possible, that credulity itself would be subject to the endless variety of trifling deceptions, which a slight reflection will convince any one, occurs daily within his own observation, and is sanctioned by his own approbation. Repetition weakens attention; and that, which at first is regarded as improper or immoral, is soon raised by custom, habit, or fashion, above censure. Look at the intercourse between acquaintances and friends, regulated by rules of politeness. The visiter, who is greeted with all the testimonials of hospitality, is often an unwelcome guest. The friend, who offers you, without being requested, all the assistance in his power, on all occasions; whose purse is always at your command, while you do not want a dollar; and whose patronage will always be ready to advance your fortunes, when you are independent; will seldom be found at home when you call to draw on the first, or solicit the latter. Such is the common law of good breeding. We are accustomed to it, and, therefore, never complain, because the language, in which it is promulgated, is not to be interpreted by its meaning. When a man subscribes his name to a note, "with great respect," as your "very humble, obedient, and devoted servant," what a fool would you be, to imagine, that he possessed the least humility; that he would obey you, on any consideration, in the most trifling matter; that he entertained one atom more of respect for you than for any other mortal; or, that he had the faintest idea of serving you in any thing? These are, indeed, venial offences against truth and sincerity, that become harmless by reciprocity. A man of the world is in no danger from them; and, if they sometimes impose on the credulous and unsuspecting, experience will soon supply weapons of politeness, with which they may be combated. It is only by pretences of a grave and serious nature, that we are injured. Of this description, the most wicked, and yet the most common, are those made in the hallowed name of Religion.

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We need not go back to the days of pagan superstition, or advert to the history of modern idolatry, to show what enormities can be practised by men, who pretend to superior sanctity of character. Adoration of the Omnipotent, and the desire of obtaining eternal happiness, are coeval with our being; and, as ninety-nine of an hundred are better able and more willing to believe than to examine, to obey than to question, there is no difficulty in convincing them, that austerity and virtue, gravity and wisdom, prayers and piety, are synonymous. The exalted ideas entertained of Deity, and the respect paid to every religion, impart an imposing and almost a resistless influence to those, who profess a knowledge of the one, or have even the appearance of conforming to the dictates of the other. No power is so great and extensive as that, which can be exercised over the mind by such professors. Consequently there is none more dangerous.

The bounty on hypocrisy in religion, is higher than can be found for any thing else. The certainty of success, the reward of talents, the love of distinction, the improbability of detection, present so many allurements to pride, avarice, and ambition. With such a prospect in view, where is the knave, or the unprincipled man, who would hesitate to adopt the means which lead to such golden ends? He has only to look grave, profess much, choose the "uppermost seats in the synagogue, and, for a pretence, make long prayers;" and he will obtain applause, have "greetings in the market-place," acquire public confidence, and—make money. Of such men beware. They are wolves in sheep's clothing, and deceive many. Against the open, bare-faced villain, we are guarded. But the class, of which I here speak, resemble the midnight assassin, or the crafty savage, who gives no notice of his design; and is never better prepared to stab you than when he smiles, or is expressing great solicitude for your welfare. They are ready, on all occasions, to minister ghostly consolation; rebuke without mercy; quote scripture in conversation; have a wonderful abhorrence for those whom they wish to represent as in the bond of iniquity; publish their chari-

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ties on the house-top; talk *loudly* about piety and grace; are overflowing with zeal; and grieve piteously for every one's sins but their own. They wear long faces, "enlarge the borders of their phylacteries," and worship as though the Almighty were better pleased with sour looks, bold pretensions, and lofty carriage, than with "an humble voice, a broken spirit, and a contrite heart." They thank God, that they pray often, give alms to be seen of men, and are not like publicans and sinners. Avoiding the company of all, whom interest, or fear, or hatred, induces them to denounce as unbelievers, they wrap themselves in the mantle of self-righteousness; and, from the throne of spiritual pride, seem to look down with sovereign contempt on sublunary things. Yet, if you will observe them closely, it will be seen, that no men are more anxious in the pursuit of worldly wealth; no men are more careful of their pence; no men make *better bargains;* no men think more of riches, and honour, and profit. They will pray for you to-day, and cheat you to-morrow. Professing a regard for your soul, they can, with greater ease, ruin your reputation. In short, they are precisely the same sort of animals, as are noticed in scripture, under the appellation of "scribes, pharisees, and hypocrites." Their professions are as hollow, their practice is the same; their hearts, their desires, and lusts, are the same;—but their numbers have multiplied a million-fold, to answer the demands of the market, and their influence has increased with their numbers.

Even fashion has contributed to establish for them a kind of temporal dominion; and language has been perverted to assimilate their names to their characters. Without being *Christians*, they emphatically style themselves, *Professors*. Mingling with the humble followers of the lowly Jesus, they deceive the public by "outward show;" blind the credulous; fleece their neighbours, and bring a lasting scandal on the church of Christ. They are the greatest enemies of the *true* religion; because they are continually *breaking down the line of distinction* between christians and infidels. Like counterfeit bills, the *vulgar* cannot easily distinguish

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them. Private life alone can evidence the sincerity of the heart, and the blessed effects of faith.

Do not believe, without trying, any man, whose professions are loud; who condemns, without scruple, all that are not as he is. THE REAL CHRISTIAN is silent, humble, meek, forbearing, *charitable*, unassuming; averse to disputation; of no *pretensions;* opposed to back-biting, railing, and scorn; of long-suffering, and of great goodness. He loves his neighbour as himself; and will not stop to inquire the creed of him, that has fallen "among thieves," before he administers oil and wine, and pours the balm of consolation into his wounded spirit. He will never "cast the first stone." But he will rather go out into the wilderness, in search of a lost sheep; and when he has found him, will place him on his shoulder, and tenderly bear him to the fold, rejoicing. His treasure is not here; for he seeks his reward in heaven!

[From the same.]

"The world is still deceived with ornament."

WHAT a propensity we have to impose on each other, in the most trifling as well as the most serious concerns! It is amusing to witness the attempts made to pass under assumed characters, and make the world believe we are *what we are not.* The boy is eager to mount a cravat, strut in a long coat, and swell his voice to the "thorough-bass" of manhood. The young miss, as soon as she enters her teens, will begin to play the woman; while the superannuated damsel of thirty will ogle, and simper, and play off her airs, with all the simplicity of fifteen, just to show that there is a mistake in her age.

How many great men are seen in public places, who shrink into insignificance upon acquaintance! How many women would be thought to grace a diamond, who have never learned any thing but to scour a kettle! Whoever will dress as a gentleman, and has money enough to keep up appearances, is easily satisfied that he is as good as the best. Every one can judge of externals; and, as few look below the surface, it is not surprising that "the world is still deceived with ornament."

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I have heard an anecdote of a quack and a physician, which may elucidate the subject. They were riding to visit some patients, when the doctor addressed his companion to this effect: "My friend, how do you manage to obtain so much practice, notwithstanding your ignorance of the profession in which you have engaged, even without the ordinary evidence of being a physician?" "I will tell you," said the impostor. "Observe the first ten men whom we shall meet; and, as a physiognomist, give me your opinion of their intelligence." The physician complied; and of the ten, found but one whom he considered as endowed with a sound, discriminating mind. "Well," said the quack, "you have found but one in ten, who is capable of judging correctly. The nine would prefer receiving things for what they are represented to the trouble of examining for themselves. By puffing and boasting, I can catch *them*. You make no pretensions, and expect that mankind will discover your talents by their own exertions. Give me the nine fools, and you shall be welcome to the tenth wise man."

The most noisy, impudent, and dashing fellow, is too often the most successful. All have not the immediate interest in assuming qualities that they do not possess, by which the quack was actuated; but the principle which directs most men, is the same,—the effect produced by externals upon the vulgar. The desire of seeming to be of some importance, is natural; and each adopts the most feasible means of accomplishing the object. The traveller will lie you into a sense of his greatness, with marvellous stories, and talk of kings and princes, and dukes and marquises, as if they were his intimate friends. The shopkeeper, (present company excepted,) will convince you of his, by conversations on the stocks, predictions about European markets, opinions on speculation in certain articles, &c. The lawyer, by a sarcastic or contemptuous smile, an insulting retort, or a pregnant frown upon a knotty case; while the sober judge, carrying more in his face than can be accommodated in his head, will leave no room for you to doubt his learning, dignity, and worth.

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But the easiest method of acquiring this importance, is, by DRESSING. Dress has a magical power. It is the real mantle of charity, which covers not only "a multitude of sins," but a vast number of follies. Who has not felt the influence of a Canton-crape gown, a Leghorn bonnet, a superfine coat, or a Russian girdle? How many hostlers have been manufactured into fine gentlemen, by the tailor! How many kitchen maids do we meet in the streets, who cannot be distinguished from their mistresses at a short distance!

It is not worth while to enquire seriously, whether this passion for finery is injurious. It is a part of luxury, and almost the only evidence of *refinement*, which has made any extensive progress among all classes. It is now even ranked among the necessaries of life. The first thing of which a girl thinks, on being married, is her wardrobe. Rich or poor, handsome or ugly, her back must be covered with crapes, silks and satins. The lady will dress, if her husband goes to jail; and the husband, if his wife starves for it. I once knew a woman to pay out forty dollars for an elegant head-dress, within five days after her husband's failure. The other day, a very good man was accosted in my presence by one of the numerous censors, who are concerned for the welfare of every one but themselves, to know why he did not go to meeting. "I can't afford to dress well enough" was the reply.

This passion has been observed to operate most violently among savages, and those who are in an incipient state of civilization, such as negroes recently emerged from servitude. If correct, the fact is not very flattering to some belles and beaux, who would shrink from a comparison with Indians or Africans in any thing.

It is strange, that men will not be content to be estimated by merit, especially where they are known; but must be continually striving to appear what they are not. The fool cannot long hide his folly with crimson; and the coarse country heroine only renders her vulgarity more conspicuous, by attempting to conceal it in silks and brocades. Yet, in spite of common sense, and often against common honesty, as by mutual consent,

The world is still deceived with ornament.

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[From the same.]

To Mr. Jeremy Broadcloth,

Sir,

Introductory to some more remarks on Economy, permit me to offer a short anecdote. Some years ago, a man crossed the Potomac eastward, below Bladensburg, being destined for that place. Coming to the main road, he turned to the right instead of the left. Having travelled about a mile, he overtook a black man, and inquired whether he was on the right road to Bladensburg. 'Yesse, massa,' was the answer, 'you are on the right road to Bladensburg, but you must turn your horse's head t' other way, or you 'll never get there.'

So, Mr. Broadcloth, we are on the high road to Economy; but we must turn our heads, and our horses' heads, and all other heads under our control, directly about, or we shall never get there.

What nonsense to talk of Economy in a country, where no living man or woman is willing to agree to be buried in any wood short of mahogany! Two hundred thousand dollars annually sent to St. Domingo and the Bay of Honduras, for mahogany to make coffins, and the wood exempted from duties, because it is so necessary for coffins! How many thousands are there among us, who, *professing* to be ready to depart for a better world, would, if they could have their own way, stay here during 'ash and oak,' rather than to be buried in pine, white-wood, maple, cherry, or any other wood of our own growth!

What nonsense to talk of Economy in a country, where it costs as much to rig out a little belle for a cotillon party, as it does to rig out a schooner for a voyage! and where, notwithstanding Lycurgan Societies, the dress of our young men is daily advancing in whim, luxury and expense. If, with the abridgement of our dancing assemblies, we might have abridged our dancing dresses, the saving would have been important; but we are allowed to wear our dancing dresses to houses of worship; and imperious Fashion requires us, even while we are hearing sermons against the vanities of the world, to assure the preacher by our dress, that while our ears are very much at his service, our hearts are far from his subject. Probably, a thousand persons in this city are, every Sabbath, absent from meeting, because they have not a dress proper for the occasion.

Some may ask, what business the correspondent of Mr. Broadcloth has with the dress of public worshippers? Let it be replied, that the redemption of our country from the tyranny of Fashion is now as important, as was once its redemption from the power of Britain. We may as well be colonies, and tributaries of Britain, as to be colonies and tributaries of Fashion. But the decencies of public worship are of great importance to all classes, ages and conditions. Our children read, that, in an-

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cient times, those, who mourned for national or individual sins, appeared in sackcloth and ashes. Shall they see their parents dressed out in the height of fashion, while they are PROFESSING to bow before the Lord their Maker, and to prostrate themselves in the dust, confessing their sins?

If we are invited to a funeral, we expect to find the relations serious and in mourning, not in their gayest attire, amusing their guests with songs and anecdotes.

Formerly, we expected some new dresses at Commencement; but now, the competition comes round every Sunday at farthest; and on Saturday night, tailors, cordwainers, milliners, and mantua-makers, are hardly pressed in the pious work of preparing their customers for the Lord's day.

Men, Brethren and Fathers! these things ought not to be so; and the day is near at hand, when you will think about it as I do. W.

CONSUMPTION.

[Connecticut Herald. New-Haven.]

THERE is a sweetness in Woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip, that vied with the sweetest flower
That ever in Pæstum's* garden blew,
Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,
When all that was bright and fair is fled,
But the loveliness lingering 'round the dead.

O! there is a sweetness in Beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly die,
Like a cloud, whereon the queen of night
Has pour'd her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones that sweetly speak
Of a spirit, which longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing its flight away.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing

* *Bifariqua rosaria Pæsti.*—VIRG.

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Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments that Pleasure hath,
Are pour'd from her full, overflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
In her lightness of heart to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment, that lies,
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fullness flowing o'er
With a few big drops that are soon repress'd,
For short is the stay of grief in her breast;
In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter pow'r;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper, that tells of early death,
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes at the hour of still repose
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose,
And the lip, that swell'd with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fall'n snow,
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,
But the hectic spot that flushes there,—
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too,
As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory, met,
To honour the sun at its golden set;—
O! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long imprinted kiss:
So fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapour cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks his nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,

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And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lip cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires
With a woman's love, and a saint's desires,
And her last fond, lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to Heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day. P.

A PLATONIC BACCHANAL SONG.

[Connecticut Journal.]

FILL high the bowl of life for me—
Let roses mantle round its brim,
While heart is warm, and thought is free,
Ere Beauty's light is waning dim—
Fill high with brightest draughts of Soul,
And let it flow with feeling o'er,
And Love, the sparkling cup, he stole
From Heav'n, to give it briskness pour.
O! fill the bowl of life for me,
And wreath its dripping brim with flow'rs,
And I will drink, as lightly flee
Our early, unreturning hours.

Fill high the bowl of life with wine,
That swell'd the grape of Eden's grove,
Ere human life, in its decline,
Had strow'd with thorns the path of Love—
Fill high, from virtue's crystal fount,
That springs beneath the throne of Heav'n,
And sparkles brightly o'er the mount,
From which our fallen souls were driven.
O! fill the bowl of life with wine,
The wine, that charm'd the gods above,
And round its brim a garland twine,
That blossom'd in the bow'r of Love.

Fill high the bowl of life with spirit,
Drawn from the living Sun of Soul;
And let the wing of Genius bear it
Deep-glowing, like a kindled coal—
Fill high, from that ethereal treasure,
And let me quaff the flowing fire,
And know awhile the boundless pleasure,
That heav'n-lit fancy can inspire.
O! fill the bowl of life with spirit,
And give it brimming o'er to me,
And, as I quaff, I seem to inherit
The glow of immortality.

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Fill high the bowl of life with thought
From that unfathomable well,
Which sages long and long have sought
To sound, but none its depths can tell—
Fill high from that dark stainless wave,
Which mounts and flows forever on,
And rising proudly o'er the grave,
There finds its noblest course begun.
O! fill the bowl of life with thought,
And I will drink the bumper up,
And find, whate'er my wish had sought,
In that, the purest, sweetest cup. P.

THE GREEK EMIGRANT'S SONG.

[From the same.]

Now launch the boat upon the wave—
The wind is blowing off the shore—
I will not live, a cow'ring slave,
In these polluted islands, more—
Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
There is a better home for me.

The wind is blowing off the shore,
And out to sea the streamers fly—
My music is the dashing roar,
My canopy the stainless sky—
It bends above so fair a blue,
That Heav'n seems opening on my view.

I will not live, a cow'ring slave,
Though all the charms of life may shine
Around me, and the land, the wave,
And sky be drawn in tints divine—
Give low'ring skies and rocks to me,
If there my spirit can be free.

Sweeter than spicy gales, that blow
From orange groves with wooing breath,
The winds may from these islands flow,—
But 'tis an atmosphere of death;
The lotus, which transform'd the brave
And haughty to a willing slave.

Softer, than Minder's winding stream,
The wave may ripple on this coast;
And brighter than the morning beam,
In golden swell, be round it tost—
Give me a rude and stormy shore,
So Pow'r can never threat me more.

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Brighter, than all the tales, they tell
Of Eastern pomp and pageantry,
Our sunset skies in glory swell,
Hung round with glowing tapestry—
The horrors of a winter storm
Swell brighter o'er a Freeman's form.

The Spring may here with Autumn twine,
And both combin'd may rule the year,
And fresh-blown flow'rs and racy wine
In frosted clusters still be near—
Dearer the wild and snowy hills,
Where hale and ruddy Freedom smiles.

Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
And ocean's stormy vastness o'er,
There is a better home for me,
A welcomer and dearer shore;
There hands and hearts and souls are twin'd,
And free the Man, and free the mind. P.

LITERARY SPARRING, No. I.

[Charleston Courier.]

The war between the United States and Great-Britain, attested by the fierce collision of arms and copious effusion of blood, has given way to a more harmless, but equally obstinate, warfare, in which ink furnishes the ammunition and the artillery are feathers. There can be no flag of truce among these gentry, for, whenever they fall in with any thing white, they proceed straightway to soil it with sable inscriptions. The victory will belong only to him, who shall have the largest paper-mill and the greatest quantity of ink-powder.

The subject of dispute is the North American continent, large enough, God knows, for a myriad of such combatants. The question is, whether so many square miles, and such a quantity of atmosphere, on this side of the Atlantic, can produce and exhibit the same intellectual vigour, as a fiftieth part of the same space produces on the other side of the Atlantic! so that each side of the question takes one side of the ocean; and the contending parties, when nearest each other, have only three thousand miles of salt water between them.

European writers began by over-rating and under-rating us. They gave the soil too much credit for what

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was below, and too little for what was above it. Underneath, it was all gold—and above, it was all barrenness. It was a country of mines and precious stones—but the inhabitants were timid, and the animals were dwarfs.

The progress of time and civilization caused America to get more into favour; and, when the colonies grew and flourished upon it, they, of course, formed exceptions to the general rule of depreciating the country. Still it was regarded as a fit asylum for broken adventurers, and a *locus penitentiæ* for the convicts of Britain. Visiters, who came not, *sua sponte*, of their own accord, were not likely to fall in love with the place of their imprisonment; while those, who remained at home, seeing the use which was made of this country, took it for granted that it was no better than it should be.

The melancholy errand of Sir Walter Raleigh quenched the ardour of the hunters after gold; and subsequent adventurers were content to speculate in rice and tobacco, at the expense of growing blind by eating the one, and being royally cursed for using the other. America was known only in the custom-house, and her name found only in a bill of lading. Nobody felt any interest in the country, but merchants and manufacturers—as Gray says, "bending over the accursed loom." As to literature, it was out of the question; and when, as late as 1761, Harvard University sent forth, in Greek, Latin, and English, its congratulations on the accession of George III, to the throne, it was called, in England, a curiosity.

A colony bears the same relation to the mother country, that a gentleman's kitchen does to his mansion-house. It is the abode and the resort of servants; living under protection, and without authority. During our colonial state, trade furnished the only inducement to intercourse. The plantations in America were superintended by agents, and the revenue spent by their owners abroad. It is obvious, that the narrow views of these were not required to extend, and certainly could not embrace, the character of this country and its inhabitants. With partial information, the Europeans misunderstood and misrepresented America.

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While Great-Britain was thus inattentive to our progress, and ignorant of our capacity and resources, opulent men among us, sent their sons to England for education. These studied the British government in the heart of the British empire—learned the boundaries of right in her courts of justice—caught the spirit of freedom from her parliamentary orators—the fever of renown from her glorious monuments—and returned to their native land with the weapons of truth—with the lights of learning—and the daring enterprize of genius, to vindicate, to defend and save it—guiding and guarding it through the perils of civil war—until, passing the *ultima thule* of British liberty, it took the place of Greece on the map of modern times.

LITERARY SPARRING, No. II.

[From the same.]

Down to the period of our revolution, the people of this country excited little interest in England. In the wars, it is true, with France and the savages, they were of essential service, and their donations to the mother country were always welcome. But beyond these no question was made; and it is observable, that, in the numerous titles of the British monarch, his dominion in North-America was altogether unnoticed.

The revolution, however, produced a new state of things; and, while it entitled us to the applause of Europe for our political wisdom and popular energy, left us in every weak, defective, or vulnerable part, liable to severe observation and scrutiny. It was, indeed, a startling phenomenon in politics, to behold the rapid change of a remote and diminutive colony into a free and great republic, guarding its liberties with wise precaution, and refreshing enslaved nations with the light and beauty of its example.

The most that envy could suggest, or patriotism fear, was, that our institutions would be short-lived, and that, broken up by dissensions, like the Grecian states, we should be severed into fragments. The extent of our territory was alleged to be incompatible with our republican form of government. And yet a compact popu-

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lation affords the strongest temptation and the easiest scope to mutiny. The number of the states, it was said, would endanger the union of the whole—and yet it is obvious that every new state becomes an additional security to the bond of alliance, and that ambitious men will find in state honours enough to restrain them from the *unhallowed* pursuit of the great offices of the nation.

As perfect at least in our form of government, and as pure in its administration, as any of our contemporaries, we listened with perfect composure to the invective and the panegyric of foreigners on this part of our character. We knew that this, at least, was not the heel of Achilles. We had been told, too, what some of us appear to have forgotten, that the city of London alone contained twelve hundred gentlemen, of such prompt resource and accommodating talents, that they would write on any given side of any subject, and sometimes on both sides, on receiving a proper recompense. That we might not doubt this, we had ocular demonstration of it in Cobbett, a fellow, who wore his conscience in his pocket, and wore them out together.

This historical fact, asserted by Johnson years ago, and never contradicted, should be always kept in view by an American, when he may feel inclined to notice the calumnies of the British press.

Passing over our political system as a fly traverses a piece of ice, too pure for him to defile, and not safe for him to dwell on, the European traveller lights upon the more accommodating topics of our manners, our morals, and our literature.

Now it is but fair, at the outset, to require of these self-constituted critics and observers, some credential of merit—some evidence of aptitude for the task, which they voluntarily assume. No man takes a cook without a character. Literature is more refined in its feasts, and should be as delicate in its selections.

Supposing the traveller to be perfectly competent to his office, the next preliminary would be, Why do you visit America? What is the inducement for publishing your travels? What time have you resided among us? What have been your opportunities of observation? In

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what society have you mingled? To what class of politicians do you belong in your own country? Have you no prejudices, political or otherwise?

Now we venture to say, that these few questions being put and answered, would rid us at once of every English book of American travels, written since our Independence. They would disappear like cobwebs; and before this fair and dispassionate inquiry would flee like culprits from the jury-box of Criticism.

LITERARY SPARRING, No. III.

[From the same.]

Satisfied that the English travel-writers in this country were almost wholly unqualified for the task, which personal interest, or political prejudice, may have induced them to assume; that not one enlightened scholar, nor, perhaps, one impartial observer, was to be found among them; that the office of an author was, with them, secondary, and subservient to some mercenary or political view;—we should regard it as misplaced time to notice, and thereby to appear to feel, the calumnies of such men. Perhaps, in their candour, they would themselves allow, that their productions were intended to affect us only where we were unknown; to check the spirit of emigration to our country; to reconcile the people of England to the loss of our territory, and the comforts of their own; to assuage wounded pride, and gratify national vanity. The books themselves contained internal evidence of these facts enough to destroy any claim to authority.

Nor were the topics of their censure such as should render us uneasy or provoke our animadversion.

Without giving us time to learn to dance, they accused us of want of grace; ere we had cleared away the forest, they called for our palaces; in our young population, struggling with the savage for life, and the soil for maintenance, they asked for the courtesy and polish of a court. In our appetites vulgar! in our manners licentious! in our language barbarous! and in our literature beneath contempt! Such were the anathemas against our new-born nation. Such were the weeds that

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strove to check and destroy our infant growth. It was required of our whole country to be in bloom in half the time that is allowed to an aloe!

In the spirit of Herod, they made war upon our childhood. We suffered, with mild and unsuspecting benevolence, nor imagined that the enlightened men of Great-Britain either believed or connived at the scandals on our name. So far as the conduct of our government, to disprove the truth and prevent the circulation of these calumnies, could avail any thing, it was illustrated by the talents, dignity, and fair fame of those, who represent us abroad, and might be regarded as pledges for their countrymen at home.

Even this would not do; and, at length, in an evil hour, the great literary journals of Scotland and of England, to bring us into contempt with the learned and powerful, adopted, recognized, and sanctioned the hireling abuse of the travellers in America; while the first scholars in the British house of peers subscribed to the caricature of the American people.

Error is a misfortune. Ignorance is pitiable. And when we saw the literary and political guides of Great-Britain yielding, with the credulity of girls, to the deceitful stories of our calumniators, we felt compassion for that weakness from which the wise are not exempt.

If, indeed, we had anticipated the hostilities, which were to ensue, and had discovered in these literary anathemas the signals and provocatives of "purple war," however reluctant the contest might be on our part, it would not have been painful to discover how much the enemy misunderstood us, his errors being inevitably destined to recoil upon himself. If either the Edinburgh or the Quarterly Review, by their publications on America, fanned, excited, or for a moment kept alive the fires of contention between this country and Great-Britain, the Muses will offer them neither sympathy nor consolation.

It is obvious, that the contempt of their scholars, and the contempt of their statesmen, came simultaneously to our share.

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Now, it so happens, that the British reviews enjoy great favour among us. We still repair to the fount, although it conveys wormwood to our lips. It is said of those, who live near Mount Ætna, that, subject as they are to occasional deluges of fire,

> "Though floods of lava desolate the plain,
> They turn, enchanted, to the spot again."

So with us easy Americans. We covet and cling to the society of scholars; all whose jests are at our expense, and whose very compliments are sarcastic.

It was at this time, when great names and authority were identified with the vulgar abuse of nameless scribblers, that Mr. Walsh, with the zeal of a patriot, the research of a scholar, and the grace of a rhetorician, published our vindication; wherein, having defended us from attack on all sides, he advanced, by the right of war, into the enemy's territory, dismounted his weapons, and made them recoil upon himself. Here the affair ought to have rested.

LITERARY SPARRING, No. IV.

[From the same.]

That it is profitable and praiseworthy in Great-Britain to deride and ridicule us, can no longer admit of a doubt. Whether it be worth our while to reply and retaliate, is quite another question. The severest rebuke is silence. The most painful commentary, neglect. "Speak," said a termagant scold, to one on whom she had vented a whole vocabulary of oaths, "speak, you devil, or I shall burst." The wiser opponent maintained her composure, and carried off the victory.

The etiquette of society requires something like equality in the combatants, and something like the same stake in the issue. But what responsibility can belong to an individual, who writes of a country, which he has never seen, from a distance of three thousand miles? None in the world, and, therefore, is he entitled to no respect. It is sheer impudence to lampoon a whole continent, and but too successful when noticed at all.

It was, therefore, with regret, after the masterly *coup-de-main* of Mr. Walsh, that we have seen in the North-

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American Review, and in the Western Review, in Kentucky, defences of this country from European calumnies. They grow professedly out of Campbell's Magazine; and the strictures in the latter arose, as he says, out of American strictures—so that the contest is likely to continue *ad infinitum*, which we thought had been buried in the tomb of the Capulets. The misfortune is, and we are sorry for it, they do not like us in England. The guilt of the revolution is upon our heads; and we imagine that we hear very often the reproof of the queen in Shakspeare, "Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended." The nation has not the magnanimity of the late king, so visible in his reception of Mr. Adams, our earliest ambassador at the court of St. James. Another reason of their dislike exists, we think, in their not knowing us; and when can they expect to know us, if they look only to the venal and prejudiced travellers, whom chance brings to our shores, for the lineaments of our character and country? Certainly they ought not to depreciate us, who are destined to survive them—to carry their language and their literature through the undefinable brilliancy of a new career, into the forests and recesses of a new world—extending their empire, not by the bloody weapons of war and carnage, but by the peaceful and laudable influence of mind.

Reviews are the paper-money of literature—with this abatement in value, that they issue on the capital of others, and never on their own, with this common attribute, that they have no intrinsic value at all. Convenience brought them into existence—speculation keeps them alive; but multiplied abuses must lead to their suppression. Like paper-money, they never give you the exact value of the article they represent; for reviewers are brokers in literature, and their trade is artifice. Like paper-money, they may cease to exist without the slightest diminution of specie capital. Where they abound, they indicate the scarcity of precious metals—being artificial means of credit, borrowed of a friend, or bought of an usurer.

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This little episode, into which we wandered without thinking of it, will apprise our readers, perhaps, that we hold reviews in no high estimation. We prefer beauty itself to the most beautiful picture, and deformity gains nothing with us from being caricatured.

It would be a puzzling question, and therefore we will not ask it, What good these reviews have done? As to invention, they do not pretend to it, being embroiderers on other men's labours—guagers of genius—and measurers of learning. They will give you the height of a pyramid, by the shade which it throws on them—and judge of gold by its malleability, proceeding to hammer it out, until it bears no marks of its original owner, and may safely be claimed by the reviewer as his own.

On the other hand, we had rather read a sprightly review, than a dull poem—have no objection to see a good essay grow, as it very often does, out of a bad one—and consult the British reviewers, if not for authority, certainly for interest and intelligence.

But it is a very different thing to tolerate, much less to admire and acquiesce in, the very comprehensive literary *coup d'œil*, with which these arrogant authors on the other side of the Atlantic embrace our whole nation. What impudent boldness of outline, to sketch, in a paragraph, twenty-four sovereign states, and the appurtenant territories! What a mighty rhetorical grasp, to hold up a whole continent with the watch-string of a reviewer, and dangle our republic about like a parcel of copper trinkets. The object is ludicrous enough, God knows, and among well disposed minds can produce only laughter.

It is really amusing, in the tranquil march of this great and growing country, up the verdant steeps of Fame, to find the little European wasps buzzing discordantly in her ear, and striving to implant their miserable stings in the muscles of her strength, and on the mantle of her beauty. For a foreign description of this country, we select with pleasure the following extract from a French poem, written in 1783, entitled 'L' Amerique Delivrée.'

"Pour un peuple aussi grand, la naissance n'est rien,
La richesse encore moins: son plus precieux bien

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C'est un merite, rare, un courage invincible,
Le respect pour le Dieu, un cœur juste et sensible,
Le plus tendre retour aux soins de ses parens,
L'amour de son pays, la haine des tyrans,
L'obeissance aux loix, le mepris de la vie,
Un ame inaccessible à l'orgueil, à l'envie,
Un esprit tolerant, et de l'humanite
Respectant les devoirs avec sincerite.
Ce tableau si frappant n'est point une chimere,
Le pretendrais en vain tromper toute la terre."

EULOGY ON DR. BARD.

[New-York American.]

To the Editor of the American.

Sir,

Entertaining a very sincere respect for the memory of the late Dr. Bard, I went yesterday to hear the Memoir of his Life, which Dr. Mitchill had been appointed, by the College of Physicians and Surgeons, to compile. I went with sad misgivings, as to the qualifications of the gentleman selected to do justice to his subject, and from the sketch which I enclose, you will readily perceive how amply these misgivings were realized. Such a farrago I never before heard, and can only call it a "Treatise about all things in general, and Dr. Mitchill in particular." The fine character, the nice taste, the kind and affectionate heart, of the late president, were, no more than his deep and varied learning, his great professional skill, and his practical good sense, to be at all inferred from this memoir—which principally signalizes him as the preceptor of Dr. Mitchill, and a contagionist in yellow fever. If the "most learned of professions" can furnish no more competent eulogists to their departed brethren, a discreet silence might at least conceal their poverty from the public eye.

A Layman.

In pursuance of his appointment, Dr. Mitchill yesterday delivered his biographical memoir of the late Dr. Bard, to which it was our fortune (good or evil) to listen. He commenced by stating that it was always agreeable, and oftentimes instructive, to trace the lives of eminent men. A species of writing which, when connected with political events, is called *History*; when confined to a recital of the good qualities of the deceased, and

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an unmixed glorification of his thoughts and deeds, it received the name of *Panegyric;* when the qualities, good and indifferent, were stated, with a leaning, however, to the good, it became *Eulogy;* and only when the whole career of a man's life was impartially traced, and his foibles and talents, virtues and vices, equally set forth, could it be dignified as *Biography*. After having established these acute distinctions, and given a list of eminent biographers, ancient and modern, among whom we were pleased to recognize our old acquaintance, Cornelius Nepos, he kindly volunteered the information that they were of no present use, as the memoir which he was about to pronounce belonged to neither of these classes—and so it soon appeared. He was expected, pursued the doctor, to make known their late president's medical career, which, in securing honour to himself, had been calculated to promote the interests and character of the College; and he was restrained, as well by the nature of his commission as by the academic hour, (which, to our cost, we found nearly two common ones,) from ranging further. He was my first preceptor, continued the doctor; I studied with him three years, and during that time enjoyed the benefit of his countenance and society, and that of the many eminent men who frequented it. Here the doctor made a long excursion out of the bounds of his commission, to tell us how he was taught, by Dr. Bard, to compound medicines and fold letters; how he learnt physic, from carrying drugs, and sometimes seeing them administered; how he learnt book-keeping, by copying the doctor's bills and collecting them; how, with this various knowledge in his head, and having previously acquired, at school, the "gymnastic" art of swimming, in a duck pond, he determined to go to Europe; and how Dr. Bard gave him letters of introduction to the professors of Edinburgh, and how he used them. Here the orator took a still wider range, and, *apropos de bottes*, gave a hasty sketch of the reformation and of the lives and doctrines of Luther and Calvin; of the enactment, by Henry IV. of the edict of Nantes, and its repeal, by Louis XIV.; and suddenly arrived at the conclusion, that if behooved young students not to disdain the mortar and the pestle, nor to look down superciliously on the skill, which provides the contents of the gallipots, and prepares and adjusts the blister plaster. From this flight, the orator returned, with vigour unimpaired, to Dr. Bard, and Edinburgh. He stated to us, that John Brown, better known as Johannes Bruno, was Dr. Bard's tutor in Latin and Medicine; whence naturally followed a short outline of the life and theories of the aforesaid Bruno, who was represented, among other things, as a great scholar, who translated the theses of less learned men into Latin; and for those, who were idle and ignorant, "would furnish lessons out of the whole stuff." An essay, by Dr. Bard, written at Edinburgh, on the power of opium, (which, for the information, doubt-

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less, of the young students in medicine, he explained to be the "inspissated juice of the poppy,") was then discussed. Opium, he said, was a narcotic:—"and by the bye, gentlemen, let me here remark to you, how greatly ichthyology and the Greek language illustrate the science of medicine: *narke* is the Greek for torpedo, which is a benumbing fish;" and hence the inference seemed irresistible, that, but for an acquaintance with Greek and the fishes, there could be no narcotics in medicine, or at least not by that name.

Having got upon Greek, and addressing the most learned of professions, the orator said, "he felt as if he must be classical," and he therefore compared opium to the caduceus of Mercury. Quoting Virgil's description of it, when Mercury was about to start on his message from Jove to Æneas,

> Tunc virgam capit: hac animas ille evocat Orco
> Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit
> Dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat.

Which may be thus roughly Anglicised—

> He takes the rod, that rod of power so fell,
> To rescue from, or plunge pale ghosts to Hell,
> That can the eyes fast closed, or sleepless, keep,
> Or seal them up in death's unstartled sleep.

"And so does opium," said the orator. A rambling view was then added of Dr. Bard's stay and studies at Edinburgh, of his return to his native country, and of the honours and success which attended him, till the breaking out of the revolution, of which, of course, it was proper to give a sketch, as well as of the process of making sea salt, or, in the learned language of the orator, "of extracting the muriate of soda from the brine of the sea," an occupation to which Dr. Bard betook himself on the shores of New-Jersey, when he fled from the city. Nothing further interrupted the narrative of Dr. Bard's progress in honour, and wealth, and usefulness, till the year '93, when, to use the expression of the orator, "a new scene unfolded itself to the admiring world—the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia. Hereupon Dr. Bard wrote an essay;" and, as he believed in contagion, and the orator does not, a brief allusion to the arguments, pro and con, became unavoidable, in the course of which quarantine establishments were called "the fortifications erected against an unrelenting and barbarous invader," and the melancholy truth laid down in emphatic words, "that if yellow fever be imported, it may be exported too;" and hence our quarantine establishments become mere warehouses, where the yellow fever is received *in bond*, (except such parts of it as are smuggled into the country,) until it can be re-exported and distributed (*gratis*, we presume,) to other parts of the world.

From this part of the subject the orator made a short turn to expatiate on the delights of rural life, as realized by Dr. Bard at

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Hyde-Park, where he had bought a farm, which he cultivated successfully, and moreover about the same time introduced the orator to President Washington. The services rendered by the deceased to the college were then recapitulated, which rendered necessary a view of the rise and progress of the college, in the course of which Dr. N. Romaine, ("a great man who had not found a biographer," said the orator,) for soliciting and obtaining, and Morgan Lewis, then governor, for *signing*, some grants to the college, are declared to be entitled to its lasting gratitude. The college had not been unkind to Dr. Bard, for, says the orator, "they have got his picture"—(quere, have they paid for it?) And finding his academic hour quite gone, the orator alluded to Dr. Bard's enthusiasm for merinos, said he could have expatiated much longer on the subject of this memoir, and concluded by applying to him the lines of Tickell on Addison;

> He taught us how to live—and, oh! too high
> The price we paid—he taught us how to die.

CITY ASSEMBLY. BIRTH NIGHT BALL.

[From the same.]

Out of respect to the memory of that great man, whom we all delight to honour, and to drive away the dull fiend that haunts a student's retirement, I resolved to attend the birth-night ball. Accordingly I set out, as I thought, at the fashionable hour of eight o'clock, but I found I was an hour too soon to be genteel; but as this generation are backward in every thing else, thinks I to myself, it would be strange if they should be punctual in their amusements. The room was empty on my entrance, but complaints were useless; there I was, and there I remained, endeavouring to find out the different nations whose flags decorated the room. A representation of a green bottle coloured dragon, with a red tongue and a red tail, puzzled me most marvellously, and I had made up my mind that it was the flag of the *evil one*, when a naval friend informed me that it was *Venetian*. The door now flew open, and the vanguard of the fashionable army made its appearance. And now, ye muses, assist me in describing in verse, or poetic prose, the heroes and nymphs, who towered above the rest. First came the gallant colonel Splendid, his face beaming with smiles; whether this happy feeling is owing to a blame-

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less life, or whether Nature denied him the sad faculty of distinguishing good from evil, I know not, but thus restoring him to the primitive innocence of our first parents,

> Admiring eyes attended where he mov'd,
> And mark'd him as the man the people lov'd;
> Before his steps the vulgar throng gave way,
> Like murky clouds before the god of day.

Next came the renowned captain Lace. This young hero had been much famed; for not only as a biped warrior had he acquired fame for his gallantry of heel, but his tongue was as long and as sharp as a Highland broadsword; and he could handle it as easily as an elephant his trunk. He knew all the feints and guards, and was perfect master of his weapon. He seemed sensible of the great occasion, which called him forth, and moved with the conscious dignity of a man, who is well satisfied with—himself.

> "On his left side his dreadful sword he wore,
> With which he trained his brave militia corps;
> In fields of blood renown'd it was of yore,
> But, now, contented with his fame, its lord
> Permits the scabbard to retain the sword.
> His manly limbs in uniform were drest,
> While ostrich feathers nodded at his crest;
> His silver lace enchants the female eyes,
> And many a belle for —— —— sighs.
> To give him way, the crowd divides in halves,
> And white silk stockings deck his handsome calves."

Neither were the females deficient in heroines, who, Amazonian in their appearance, were unlike their prototypes, who only showed half their *charms*—these, having a double portion of courage, exposed more. I thought they had borrowed their ideas from the stage, or picked out the patterns from La Belle Assemblée, or Ackerman's Repository. A dashing *belle*, who was leaning on an exquisite in uniform, and lavishing her kindest smiles, attracted my attention, and the devotion, with which she listened to the adulation of the gad flies engaged my curiosity, and set me to moralizing. It is certainly very desirable to have youth and beauty to be courted and followed, to be invited to all companies, to

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be noticed by the men and boys; and if dancing and admiration were to last for ever, this would be charming, and a belle might flutter along unconscious of the inroads that time and dissipation were making in form and complexion. But there are few instances of a belle keeping over a third Assembly year, for my friend Ned Ponder says, that if not married at twenty, they have but half their chance, and if arrived to twenty-one, they have no chance at all. Verily beauty is a fading flower, and the present time is the best market, so I advise all belles to make their calculations sure. I was really apprehensive that some of the ladies, in imitation of the Spartan virgins, meant to strip before they descended into the arena.

One of the managers now gave the signal for battle, and the trumpets, and violins, and kettle drums, brayed in tremendous concert. Every man handled his *feet* as a preparative for action. Then a gallant knight stepped forth and challenged the lively Penthesilia to combat.

"But now my muse, before this dreadful fight
Between the daring nymph and valiant knight,
Describe the fays in her defence combin'd,
Their numbers, force, and parts to each assign'd.
On each small foot a tiny god was plac'd,
To guard the shoe, which with a bow he grac'd;
Her *******, too, by fairy hands were tied,
A pleasing task, for which ten thousand sigh'd;
Of her gold watch one special charge did take,
Lest, by some adverse fate, the glass should break.
The golden lace, which clasp'd her auburn hair,
Was given to Cometa's faithful care;
But the broad belt, which bound her slender waist,
Adorn'd and form'd by Penthesilia's taste,
Was guarded by twelve brave and chosen fays,
Whose names are all unfit for earthly lays;
Six, by their strength, the sacred belt had brac'd,
Which, like a torniquet, comprest her waist;
The other six in airy squadrons wheel,
And strike their coursers with the armed heel.
A double charge had they—her heart to guard,
And on her belt to keep an anxious ward;
For if by accident this band should break,
Her clothes, per force, a downward course would take,
While the fair nymph with crimson shame would burn,
And staring coxcombs into Acteons turn;

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Imposing on the Deer the sore disgrace
Of Dandies herding with their noble race."

I must, however, do justice to some of the colonels, majors, and captains, who wore their uniforms, without appearing to suffer from belt or band, and moved either in the promenade or dance with equal grace. Two lovely ladies, attired in pure simplicity of dress, attracted unusual attention, and received the admiration justly due to worth and modesty. The fascinating Zuleika, who subdues all hearts, formed a striking contrast with the dames, who were flaunting in lace or tinsel, as well as a family party, who, by their dress and manner, seemed worthy of the pre-eminence they enjoyed, that of being surrounded by men of sense.

"With native dignity and ease they mov'd,
Subduing hearts, that ne'er before had lov'd:
Their grace and wit enchain'd the modest men,
And at their names e'en *Satire* dropp'd his pen."

In short, the scene was a grand one, and although there were some queer ones, male and female, in the crowd, they did not mar the splendour: and as there are many fools in this world, I would advise them, that when folly's cap-and-bells is thrown among them, not to be so pleased with the jingle as to put it on their own *heads*, and to ascribe remarks to individuals, which are meant to the ladies as general ones, (there being plenty of male and female subjects in the crowd,) except the hint, which I hope may be attended to before the next assembly, and that is, that the horrid corslett, bodice, cuirass, or stomacher, as it is called, may be thrown aside, as it is a vulgar provincial French fashion, not tolerated by the fashionables of the capital. MALVOLIO.

LITERATURE, FASHION, AND THE LADIES.

[From the same.]

WE have received, from a literary correspondent at Paris, the prospectus of a periodical publication, to be entitled the "Journal des Dames ou Petit Courier des Modes, de la Literature et des Arts;" to be edited by a society of *Femmes de lettres* and female artists. This

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prospectus eloquently complains that the domains of taste are now laid waste by an inundation of politics; that the empire of the Parisian graces seems tottering to its fall, while "la Mode et les Amours s'enfuient épouvantès." Those, who undertake to be the literary priests and interpreters of fashion, are *men*—grave and clumsy *men*—too little initiated into the secret mysteries of that elegantly capricious deity "pour peindre avec grace ses bizarreries, son inconstance, ses jolis colifichets." What wonder, then, that in their clumsy grasp, the fairy elegance of female taste and invention is disfigured—for is it possible that the hand of a politician should "manier la gaze et toucher les fleurs sans les faner?" No; therefore it is that they pervert and mislead the taste of the foreigner and of the provinces, by the publication and diffusion of fashions, "vieilles de six semaines à Paris," while they ought, on the contrary, "marcher avec le gout et donner le soir la mode que l'on approte le matin." All these considerations have conspired to call forth the talents of a number of ladies "connues par des services literaires" in the proposed publication. A portion of the work is to be devoted to the labours of female artists in the branch of *les Beaux Arts*, each number to be decorated with seven beautiful engravings, "colories avec le plus grand soin." We are delighted with the project; it will absolutely form an era in the annals of taste: and how delightful will be the effect, which it will produce on our own happy land. Here no dull John Bull prejudices dare to dispute the supremacy of Parisian taste. Here our imitative fair will, "in one little month, catch at each gay vicissitude of taste," which flits across the gilt saloons of Paris.

What new grace will be shed over our ball rooms! what new elegance over the promenades of Broadway! no longer to be disfigured by the parade of fashions actually and positively "vieilles de six semaines à Paris."

As for the sweet little magazine itself,

> ———With unstudied rapture o'er its page
> Will bend the brightest eyes of every age.
> While gloves the prayer-book but on Sundays cross,

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And stiff-bound bibles hardly lose their gloss,
Quick opening leaves that ready tome shall speak,
The dearest, daily ritual of the week.
Amid those leaves, as oft to be survey'd,
The lover's treasur'd rhymings shall be laid—
Those limping lines, which first reveal'd his sigh,
And all, which Love makes sense, to Beauty's eye.
When each gazette seems stupid, dry, and dull,
Brainless as B —— 's bust, and Pompey's skull—
When e'en the American its column stuffs
With Mitchill's prosings, or with H —— 's puffs—
When novels weary—or, all duly done,
The savage sire appeas'd, the daughter won—
When marriage, closing each delightful strife,
Leave the dull husband yawning with his wife,
Still with new rapture will that page succeed,
And languid eyes turn brighter as they read.

EDUCATION.

[From the same.]

To the Editor of the American.

Sir,

Do you think it advisable at the age of twenty-six to study chemistry? I am tolerably well instructed in the *obsolete* sciences, to wit, English grammar, logic, history, and have withal a very competent knowledge of the *dead* languages, trigonometry, mensuration, surveying, &c. but cannot pretend to the most distant acquaintance with the *gas* family. In consequence of my ignorance of this fashionable science, I am not at all times able to pass myself off to my own satisfaction in the society of the fair. Formerly the fashionable topics were the last novel, the springs, Walter Scott, Croaker, &c. but these have resigned in favour of Sir Humphrey Davy and Cuvier. You cannot well imagine, sir, how abashed I was yesterday when my pretty favourite, Barbara Blue-stocking, asked me how many elements there were in my composition? I answered very gallantly, as I thought, one. Think how distressed I was when, instead of a kind approving glance, that was to sanction this disclosure of my predominating quality, I received a disdainful frown, that would have sent a chevalier of the twelfth century a penitential journey

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with peas in his shoes. "Sir," said she, "there are, to my knowledge, light, carbon, caloric, the electric and magnetic fluids, oxygen, hydrogen, azote, sulphur, phosphorus, the prolific family of the radicals, (sans Cobbett,) and many others." And then, assuming several new positions, which, she observed, "were true both in concrete and abstract," she cited Rhazes, Basil Valentine, Lazarus Ercker, and Coringius, which, in my opinion, fully proved all she had advanced.

By this time there had assembled around us a great number of philosophers in petticoats, all eager for the combat. I had merely time to observe, that the *attraction* of the ladies present was a proof positive of the absence of all *caloric*, when an altercation commenced, that came near producing the effect of an overcharged battery. Miss Bell Acid "considered that all bodies were modifications of one homogeneous primary substance, whose particles were of a particular figure," and cited, as they say in the law courts, Epicurus as an authority. The matter was referred to me—the judgment *sine die*.

Now, sir, it is very plain that I must learn this fashionable science, or I must unlearn my attachment to the fair sex. I must acquaint myself perfectly with all the whys and wherefores of this redoubtable lore, and, in such event, worship Cupid on a galvanic battery, and ascertain the respective elements of my intended spouse by decomposition, or I must renounce all female society in the city, and seek the oxygen of happiness with some cherry-cheeked country girl, that can make me a dish of tea without a lecture on the properties of fire, or a quotation from the "Transactions of a learned society." It is a fact, sir, that I never had a question asked about "my elements" until the era of Mr. Griscom's *conversaziones*. But now, sir, instead of that delightful song, whose burden "was love, still love," I hear nothing but remarks as dull and dry as one of Shelly's episodes. I must either talk the ladies out of their chemical knowledge, or become a HERMIT IN NEW-YORK.

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SMOKING.

[From the same.]

"Is it not better, in these disastrous times,
To *puff* sorrow and care away,
Than by secretion of coil
Enhance the evil ?" FUNGUS.

STARE not, ye wiseacres; I do not intend to pen a theme, that will, in the least, touch any political quarter of the globe; my simple motive is to raise with my feeble pen a *taste* in my readers for that salubrious herb called *tobacco!* Some may say, "God save the mark;" this writer is certainly mad, moon-struck: what! treat upon tobacco, that filthy weed, stigmatized by the mighty and puissant James I. of England, who did say, (at least we are informed he said so,) that he would have no *base* tobacco smoked or chewed in his dominions? So far that worthy king did right. Now I am no advocate for *any* thing *base*, (even if that baseness be found in the chair of state, or in a pipe bowl;) no, I am sick of baseness, tergiversation, and an habitual grasping after what is not. Let us embrace what is real. One healthful glass of spring water, one paper of H. Reill's best Virginia; whether masticated in its crude state, or sent to the four winds of heaven in fragrant smoke, it will still tend to drive away care, that enemy of the human race, invigorate the faculties, and expel the canker, which, like the weight of an incubus, often dwells upon the mind of man. With Reill's long-cut, or any other cut, and a pipe not to extend more than six inches in length, and a bowl in proportion, seated in my chamber, aloof from care, I view this nether world with a smile of contempt. I can descant, while the vapours of my favourite herb expand around my vision, upon the instability of all sublunary enjoyments; I can, like a certain great man, say, (perhaps not his very words,) The smoke that rises from my pipe-bowl in voluminous folds puts me in mind of human grandeur; the ashes that remain remind me how unstable is the tenure by which man holds his station upon this mundane sphere; and with the last puff, when the fire becomes extinct, I exclaim with heartfelt conviction, "O man, how short is

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thy peregrination 'from time to eternity.'" Thus I philosophize upon my pipe—I mean the end of its contents; for while the pipe is well filled, I smoke away reckless as to its termination. Then while I have my pipe and my friend, where is the use of grief? Why should I exert every nerve to elevate a man, who, perhaps, would not know me to-morrow, or succumb to a time-serving demagogue, who, forgetting the virtues of his forefathers, would not care, in order to aggrandize himself, if the hallowed fabric of his country's constitution was enveloped in one common anarchy and confusion. No, no, said I, John, (speaking to my boy, who was looking anxiously in my face,) those things will never do; step down to Mr. Reill's, No. 85, Front-street, and get me a pound of his best Virginia. And let me assure you, Mr. Editor, (if you are not already tired of this dry subject,) before *that* pound is half consumed, you shall hear again from your friend, an

OLD SMOKER.

MUSIC.

[From the same.]

SIR,

IT is my misfortune to be a severe sufferer under an evil in which few of my fellow-citizens partake, and which some of the partakers consider as no evil at all; which is of a nature hardly to admit of serious remonstrance, or to afford ground of serious offence; and which yet annoys and injures me in a very sensible manner. I have thought it better, therefore, to address myself to the generosity of the gentlemen, and, (I am afraid,) ladies, who are the cause of my sufferings; and to look for redress rather from their good nature, than to seek it in a peevish application to the fathers of the city.

My complaint is of serenades, which, as Milton tells,

"The starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain."

Though the serenades which afflict me, are not merely vocal, but abound in all the diversities of instrumental bass and treble.

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My occupation is one, which requires activity both of mind and body. This, and the cares of a family, call me up at sunrise; and, except at meal times, I am, from seven o'clock in the morning until dusk, steadily engaged in writing, or performing the different errands of my business. After toiling through the sunny streets at burning noontide, and spending the hours of bodily inactivity in a close and pent up office, I feel happy to return home at the close of the *live long day light*, and, after enjoying the communion of my family, to retire, at eleven o'clock, for the purpose of catching all the repose to be hoped for in the dead calmness of a sultry night, undisturbed by the gentlest breeze. My rest I find not more than sufficient to recruit me for the labours of the succeeding day. But it is my misfortune to reside in the neighbourhood of some fashionable, or would-be fashionable, families, and, at twelve o'clock, I am frequently waked from a sound sleep by the crash of jarring instruments and the *counter-alt* of some enamoured swain. In vain I turn, and roll, and compose myself for sleep; the unpitying sounds pierce my ears; and it is not until long after midnight that the street is left to its natural and becoming quiet. At my usual hour I arise, with a head-ache, the consequence of disturbed slumbers. My faculties, already clouded, are overwhelmed with drowsiness in the course of the day: and thus I lose the time of business. This, to a man, whose daily bread, and that of his family, depend upon his daily exertions, is no trifling matter.

I have no objection to serenades at proper hours. From ten to eleven o'clock, I should think it churlish to object to them. But the hours of midnight, (those hours in which physicians say that sleep is soundest,) at a time of the year when the period of repose is short, should not suffer intrusion. In most parts of the city, a great majority of the families in a neighbourhood are, from their situations in life, early risers; and require all the sleep, which they can obtain. It is necessary for the support of their strength and activity the ensuing day; and it is probable that, on a serenading night, to please one young man and one young woman, fifty fathers and mothers are disturbed and incommoded.

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Let me, therefore, intreat the ladies and gentlemen concerned to grant the only request with which I am likely ever to trouble them. It is, so to arrange their hours of amusement, as to let a poor, plain man take his necessary rest, without disturbance.

This request may be a proof of the asinine quality of my ears; but I am past the age when life is all sensation. I am afraid the song of Orpheus himself would not possess charms enough to make me forget that I must work for my family's support; and that I cannot work unless I sleep at night. I may be considered an enemy to "*all that fine flower of youthfulness and gentility, which, if not among the virtues, is, at least, among the ornaments of life.*" But I have had my days of love and rapture as well as the gayest and most joyous of my persecutors; and, although my excellent wife is no longer Saccharissa, but plain Joan, I still look back with pleasure to former times. I, however, wooed and won the mother of my children without a serenade, and I do not believe she is any-wise the worse wife or mother for the want of it. If I might venture to quote by memory from a book, which I have not seen for more than twenty years, I should say, that the *lenes sub noctem susurri* of Horace pierce more deeply than the trombone and bugle.

But I may be told, that the right of serenading is a *private right;* that it would be an infringement of the liberty of citizens to debar them of disturbing a neighbourhood. This might be said with a *possible* appearance of plausibility, if I were asking for a law to restrain the custom; though, even then, it might well be doubted whether serenading were more than one of those indifferent things, which are permitted or prohibited according to the general convenience of society. But as I merely ask a favour of the serenaders and their *caras*, I would suggest to them the higher rule of conduct, "*Do unto others as you would be done by.*" Should my neighbour cart away all his stock of brass kettles and hollow ware at midnight, he would be thought a bad neighbour, for his noise is horrible to *ears polite* in the day time. Now if a labouring man's sleep is broken, it matters little whether it be broken by Apollo and the

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Muses, by all the noise of an iron-monger's goods, or by that horrible concord of discord, which, last New-Year's eve, disturbed our late Mayor.

Let me add one more suggestion to the youth of our city. The present taste for music is fictitious and exotic. Were this country Italy, where every breeze is music, every syllable melody, every word harmony—where man is mere sensation, and where sensation is rapture, all this might be tolerated; but among our grave business-like people, the republican descendants of puritans and Hollanders, this taste should not exist. We have graver employments and more exalted amusements. Little would it flatter our pride to have our country called

"A land of singing and of dancing slaves,
Love whispering woods, and lute resounding waves."

Though even, if we desired it, I fear we should never attain to our desire. Of our many musicians, few have arrived even to the commendation of mediocrity; and of the serenaders whom it has been my misfortune to hear, most are rather calculated to make *night hideous*, than to charm spirits from their spheres. No art of pleasure can ever deserve praise for mere absence of fault. Whatever is not necessary, can only claim applause for the exquisite pleasure which it affords. To go back to my old school book, Horace tells us, that music, as well as poetry,

Si paulo *e summo* decessit, vergit ad *imum*.

I am, &c. A PLAIN MECHANIC.

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

[From the same.]

IT has often been said, figuratively, that marriage is a lottery; but we do not recollect to have met with a practical illustration of the truth of the simile before the following, which is a free translation of an advertisement in the Louisiana Gazette:

"A young man, of good figure and disposition, unable, though desirous, to procure a wife, without the preliminary trouble of amassing a fortune, proposes the following expedient to attain

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the object of his wishes. He offers himself as the prize of a lottery to all widows and virgins under thirty-two. The number of tickets to be six hundred, at fifty dollars each. But one number to be drawn from the wheel, the fortunate proprietor of which is to be entitled to himself and the thirty thousand dollars."

The plan is ingenious, and, if adopted generally, without the limitation of age, might be productive of the happiest effects on society, inasmuch as it would tend to diminish the number of those, "who pine in single wretchedness," and, by keeping alive that hope of a helpmate, the want of which is the chief source of the ill temper, which is said to characterize a certain class of a certain sex, it would add much to the comfort of many domestic circles. We doubt, too, whether of the matches formed in this way, an equal proportion would not prove as happy as of those made in the usual manner. The prize being known, no lady would enter for it without, at least, as much reflection as precedes ordinary marriages;—and, although the gentleman would run the risk of an unpleasant helpmate, he would be certain of one of the objects, which is supposed to be essential to connubial happiness.

FEELING.

[From the same.]

A GENTLEMAN, who liked gardening, was one day pruning a branch, and, by his awkwardness, pruned his leg also, by a gash from which the blood ran abundantly. The gardener looking on, raised his eyes, and in a melancholy tone exclaimed, "Oh, sir! what a pity to spoil so fine a stocking!"

DREAMS.

[Morning Chronicle. Baltimore.]

"THERE is nothing, perhaps, that bewilders philosophic speculation more to account for than dreams. When we say that reason slumbers, and that fancy is awakened, we, in fact, say nothing, for the question still occurs, what do we mean by the sleep of reason and the vigilance of fancy? Mere metaphoric expressions—mere words without meaning, for we know that neither reason

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nor fancy can possibly sleep; and it is astonishing to consider how much of figurative phraseology in this world passes for philosophy. There is one peculiar situation of the mind, in our dreamy moments, that excites much astonishment. A man, for instance, dreams that he is conversing with a friend, he propounds a question, and he pauses for an answer. The reply strikes the enquirer with amazement, with hope or fear, joy or sorrow. Who is it that answers this question, that occasions such conflicting emotions? who is this shadowy being, called a friend, or, perhaps, an enemy? He is the production of the slumberer's own mind, a slumbering fancy, that the first beam of the sun dissipates. Here, then, is a mind unacquainted with its own movements, asking questions and receiving answers from itself—intelligence exciting the hopes or fears, joy or grief, as if two distinct souls resided in the same human body. We have so little control or command over our own minds in our dreaming moments, that we know not our own thoughts, and are astonished at their development. While on this subject, it may not be improper to introduce a dream, which actually did happen, although we can produce no other evidence of the fact, than our own declaration. Methought, we were standing, in company with a few select friends, on the margin of the ocean, and the moon-bespangled billow was rolling its golden surges at our feet. There was nothing seen before us, but an immeasurable expanse of waters, on which we could observe the track of the rising sun in a path of flamy brightness. While we were all gazing on the grandeur and magnificence of the spectacle, a small and indistinct appearance of something resembling a cloud was seen in the opposite horizon. It gradually swelled upon the vision, and assumed a more definite form at every glance. It was first mistaken for a cloud, but, at length, it proved to be a floating island, approaching every moment the margin of the ocean on which we stood. Nearer and nearer it still gained upon the view, until we were at last favoured with a distinct glance of the object, that had, for so long a space of time, arrested our attention. Glorious spirits, adorned with robes of shining whiteness,

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were seen, with harps in their hands, passing by the side of murmuring fountains; the air was bespangled by every beautiful variety of plume, and gales loaded with fragrance, with melody, and with song, came over our enraptured senses with all the magic of enchantment. Small was the space—narrow the interval that divided us from a region of so much lustre. We embarked in a boat, every heart was buoyant with spirits—every hand was upon the oar, and we tugged for the possession of this island. Just as the bow was touching the consecrated soil, it appeared to recede; we redoubled our strokes with the oar, but all our labour was lost—the island itself vanished into the distant horizon. The sky was suddenly blackened by a rising tempest, the ocean rolled its liquid mountains, and our feeble bark was made the sport of the surges. We were driven violently on an unknown shore, and our bark was dashed into a thousand fragments; but what was our astonishment and rapture to behold the dispersion of the clouds—the return of the solar beams, and ourselves in the possession of that very island by a shipwreck, that we could not gain by all our exertions. We beheld a rosy cloud descending, that finally overshadowed us, and from which our features seemed to catch the glow of immortal youth, and a voice distinctly whispered, although the lips were invisible, that complete happiness was not to be enjoyed until after death.

TO THE DYING YEAR.

[Commercial Advertiser. New-York.]

Thou desolate and dying year!
Emblem of transitory man,
Whose wearisome and wild career,
Like thine, is bounded to a span:
It seems but as a little day
Since Nature smil'd upon thy birth,
And Spring came forth, in fair array,
To dance upon the joyous earth.

Sad alteration—now, how lone,
How verdureless, is Nature's breast,
Where Ruin makes his empire known,
In Autumn's yellow vesture drest:

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The sprightly bird, whose carol sweet,
Broke on the breath of early day;
The Summer flowers she lov'd to greet;
The bird, the flowers, oh, where are they!

Thou desolate and dying year!
Yet lovely, in thy lifelessness,
As Beauty, stretch'd upon the bier,
In Death's clay-cold and dark caress;
There 's loveliness in thy decay,
Which breathes, which lingers round thee still,
Like Memory's mild and cheering ray
Beaming upon the night of ill.

Yet, yet, the radiance is not gone,
Which shed a richness o'er the scene,
Which smil'd upon the golden dawn
When skies were brilliant and serene—
Oh! still a melancholy smile
Gleams upon Nature's aspect fair,
To charm the eye a little while
Ere Ruin spreads his mantle there!

Thou desolate and dying year!
Since Time entwin'd thy vernal wreath,
How often Love hath shed the tear,
And knelt beside the bed of death:
How many hearts, that lightly sprung
When Joy was blooming but to die,
Their finest chords by death unstrung,
Have yielded life 's expiring sigh.

And pillow'd low beneath the clay,
Have ceas'd to melt, to breathe, to burn,
The proud, the gentle, and the gay,
Gathered unto the mouldering urn—
Whilst freshly flow'd the frequent tear
For love bereft, affection fled,
For all that were our blessings here,
The lov'd, the lost, the sainted dead!

Thou desolate and dying year!
The musing spirit finds in thee
Lessons impressive and severe,
Of deep and stern morality;
Thou teachest how the germ of youth,
Which blooms in being's dawning day,
Planted by Nature, rear'd by Truth,
Withers like thee in dark decay.

Promise of youth! fair as the form
Of heaven's benign and golden bow,

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Thy smiling arch begirds the storm,
And sheds a light on every wo;
Hope wakes for thee, and to her tongue,
A tone of melody is given;
As if her magic voice were strung
With the empyreal fire of heaven.

And Love, which never can expire,
Whose origin is from on high,
Throws o'er thy morn a ray of fire
From the pure fountains of the sky,
That ray, which glows and brightens still,
Unchang'd, eternal, and divine,
Where seraphs own its holy thrill,
And bow before its gleaming shrine.

Thou desolate and dying year!
Prophetic of our final fall,
Thy buds are gone, thy leaves are sear,
Thy beauties shrouded in the pall,
And all thy garniture, that shed
A brilliancy upon thy prime,
Hath, like a morning vision, fled
Unto the expanded grave of Time.

Time! time! in thy triumphal flight,
How all life's phantoms fleet away!
The smile of hope, and young delight,
Fame's meteor beam, and fancy's ray;
They fade, and, on thy heaving tide,
Rolling its stormy waves afar,
Are borne the wrecks of human pride,
The broken wrecks of fortune's war.

There in disorder dark and wild
Are seen the fabrics once so high,
Which mortal vanity had pil'd
As emblems of eternity!
And deem'd the stately piles, whose forms
Frown'd in their majesty sublime,
Would stand, unshaken by the storms,
That gathered round the brow of time.

Thou desolate and dying year!
Earth's brightest pleasures fade like thine,
Like evening shadows disappear,
And leave the spirit to repine;
The stream of life, that us'd to pour
Its fresh and sparkling waters on,
While fate stood watching on the shore,
And number'd all the moments gone—

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Where hath the morning splendor flown,
Which danc'd upon that crystal stream?
Where are the joys to childhood known
When life is an enchanted dream?
Envelop'd in the starless night,
Which destiny hath overspread;
Enroll'd upon that trackless flight
Where the dark wing of time hath sped.

Oh! thus hath life its eventide
Of sorrow, loneliness, and grief;
And thus, divested of its pride,
It withers like the yellow leaf:
Oh! such is life's autumnal bower
When plunder'd of its summer bloom—
And such is life's autumnal hour,
Which heralds man unto the tomb. FLORIO.

THE OLD-YEAR'S ADDRESS TO THE NEW-YEAR.

[New-Hampshire Patriot. Concord.]

'Twas midnight, when the aged year,
Pip'd all, his dying speech to hear—
The Seasons gather'd round his bed,
E'en gloomy Winter hung her head;
Young Spring threw all her flowers by,
And wet was Summer's glowing eye;
Pale Autumn tore her yellow hair,
And beat her bosom in despair,
While eighteen hundred twenty-one
With feeble voice addressed his son.

"My son! a few short moments o'er,
And I, alas! shall be no more;
But ere my race of life is run
Hear something that I 've seen or done.
'Tis true, no man of war I 've been,
Of blood, thank God! my hands are clean.
I have not, like some other years,
Built up my fame on widows' tears,
And mothers' moans, and orphans' sighs—
For e'en the Spanish battle-cries,
Though harmless as the smoke they rise,
Are things not pleasing in my eyes.
But yet I 've done, and lightly, too,
What other years have tried to do:
I 've laid proud Bonaparte low,—
Pale is that haughty warrior's brow!
Often he dash'd through fire and smoke,
And ranks, as firm as Atlas, broke;

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Escap'd, unhurt, 'mid thickest strife—
But I have clos'd the monarch's life!
Not this great man alone—the queen,
What I can do, has felt and seen;
Has seen the king, her father, die,
And heard the mighty regent cry;
Seen liars 'round her swearing stand
Gather'd from every foreign land,
And felt, at last, that she was blest
When I laid all her cares to rest.
But haste, I may not stay to tell,
Though I should like to do it well,
How many a noble soul has fled—
How many a worthless wight is dead,
Who once was flush with hope of joy,
When I was young, like thee, my boy.
Let these things pass—but hear a few
Great things I 've done, or seen folks do.

"And first, as worthiest observation,
I 've seen king George's coronation,
A thing deferred—the time oft gone
Appointed, and no crown put on—
Because, (as I 've heard people say,)
His worship's horns were in the way;
For, (though the king but ill could bear 'em,)
The house of lords would make him wear 'em!
However, when some months were past,
The day expected came at last;
And such a universal meeting
Of folks carousing, drinking, eating,
Trick'd out in caps and scarlet breeches,
Bowing and scraping, making speeches;
Such raree-shows of lords and ladies;
The object of all which parade, is,—
Though it may seem a trifling thing,—
To get the crown upon the king.
I 've seen said king, in Ireland, frisky,
Wagging his head, and drinking whiskey;
The very bogs move out to meet him,
And folks all glad enough to eat him!
But 'twas not that they lov'd the king—
Oh! no, my son, 'twas no such thing;
But 'twas *for lack of other meat*,
That they would wish the king to eat!
For this same costly coronation,
With other causes of taxation,
Which serv'd to drain the people's purses,
Fill'd not their mouths with bread, but curses.

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Of Austria, Germany, and Prussia,
Of Sweden, Switzerland, and Russia,
I 'll say—just nothing—it 's my way
To say *that*, when I 've nought to say.
In France, that wise and happy nation,
I 've made but little alteration—
Kept the old king upon his throne,
And let the other folks alone.
The Holy League I just would mention
As something worthy your attention.
I 've instituted some warm works
Between the Grecians and the Turks.
They 've burnt some powder, lost some lives,
And strangely sold each other's wives
For twenty dollars—cheap, I think,
If one should wish to buy a pink!
In Spain a kind of revolution
Has taken place—the constitution
And king live peaceably together,
Like two cross dogs in stormy weather.
I 've heard some politicians say
That things in South America
Went ill, created some displeasure,
And caus'd, at length, this foolish measure.

"America! thou land that 's free,
My heart beats warm to mention thee!
Rul'd by no kings, no holy leagues,
No secret plans, no court intrigues,
No taxes, that the poor oppress,
And help to make their little less,
No costly shows, no coronations,
Such as prevail in other nations,
In thee have place—thou, blest by me,
Hast Plenty, Peace, and Liberty.
And, O! my hopeful heir, my son,
Do by this land as I have done;
Make it more wide; more brave, or free,
Or lovelier, it cannot be.
The canaass, mill-dam, great canal,
And several states, O! bless them all!
Their several legislatures bless,
The bar, the pulpit, and the press;
But chiefly bless the bold and free,
NEW-HAMPSHIRE'S HARDY YEOMANRY!
Theirs is the blood, that run of yore
In conquering heroes, now no more;
Their's are the hearts and hands, prepar'd
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

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Through all this land, in every meeting,
Whether for casting votes, or eating,
Suffer no foolish wrangling noise
To interrupt their heartfelt joys;
But give them wine, and corn, and meat,
And all that 's good to drink and eat—
Bless thou their basket and their store,
Till they have hearts to ask no more.
And, lastly, as my dying charge,
Deal kindly with the world at large—
In England let no coronation
Give trouble to the population;
Give to the Spanish patriots freedom,
And—halters to all rogues that need 'em!
Strike the sea-serpent dead, but spare
Good Doctor Mitchill many a year,
And, if the learned doctor wish,
Give him this strange Atlantic fish,
That he may, at his leisure, skin him,
And tell the world what things are in him!
And"—

—Here, Eighteen hundred twenty-one
Died, as a thousand years have done!
Straight the young monarch seiz'd the crown,
Rejoicing as he put it on.
Belov'd by all—all hail'd, caress'd—
Cold Winter clasp'd him to her breast,
Spring promis'd all her fairest flowers,
And Summer all her brightest showers,
And Autumn all her golden grain.
O! happy, happy be his reign—
And may we all live long, to tell
How righteously he rul'd, and well!

JOHN BROWN'S VARIETY STORE.

[New-England Galaxy.]

Know ye:—John Brown, of Natick* town,
In Middlesex, *scilicit*,
Doth make this call on one and all,
In language most explicit,—

Man, woman, maid, in way of trade,
Who are to him indebted,
Must call and pay, or their delay
Will be by them regretted;

* Natick—a town of Middlesex county, Massachusetts.

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And by him, too, for he must sue,
And that will cause him trouble,
That unto them the cost and shame
Shall make their debts quite double.

With much delight, he doth invite
All those, who have him trusted,
To call with speed, as was agreed,
And have their claims adjusted.

His TAVERN, still, with all his skill,
He keeps for entertaining,
Well stor'd with food, and drink, that 's good
Enough to drown to complaining.

His parlour 's neat, his chambers sweet,
Adorn'd with beds, and bedding;
Rug, blanket, sheet, all things complete,
Fit even for a wedding.

His STORE, beside, is well supplied
With goods, (worth close attention
Of candid minds,) of various kinds,
Too numerous here to mention.

Among the rest, he keeps the best
Of brandy, rum, and whiskey,
And wine, and gin, and bitter sling,
To make his guests feel frisky.

Best indigo, and mustard, too,
And copperas, and candles;
Nails, brads, and spikes, and boarding-pikes,
And coblers' awls with handles.

Dry beans and peas; old and new cheese;
Flax, spectacles, and razors;
Pork, and molasses; neat looking-glasses,
And window-glass for glaziers.

Some fine chest locks; wood and brass cocks;
Fine salt, and salts of Glauber;
Brushes and paint, fit for a saint—
Or for a sign-post dauber.

Best shaving soaps, and razor strops;
Inkstands, by groce, or dozen;
Paper, and quills; good coffee mills;
Brimstone, cigars, and rosin.

Ice, nutmegs, rice; all kinds of spice;
Fish-lines, and hooks, and poles, too,

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And earthen jugs, and chamber mugs;
Wooden and earthen bowls, too.

Souchong, Bohea—all kinds of tea;
Sugars, socks, stockings, gaters;
White crockery ware, and books of prayer;
Kegs, hogsheads, and potatoes.

Case knives and forks; staples, and corks;
Tobacco, ginger, pepper;
Pipes, dogfish skins; and fiddle strings
To suit th' expertest scraper.

Threads, good and new, black, white, red, blue;
Buns, ginger-bread, and biscuits;
Baskets, and brooms; two weaving looms;
Hones, whetstones, whips, and whipsticks.

Strip'd cloths, and check'd; shawls flower-bedeck'd;
Coatings both broad and narrow;
A coal-black hog; a spaniel dog;
A fine milch cow, that 's farrow.

Powder, and shot, which he will not
Sell, till the fourth of July,
That, till that day, the game-law may
Be well observ'd, and truly.

Those goods in store, with many more,
He 'll sell for ready money;
When thus you pay, he 's bold to say,
You need not fear he 'll dun ye.

And, now, my hearties, who 're fond of parties,
Since laws prohibit bowling,
Why not come hither, in pleasant weather,
For fishing and for fowling?

The air is pure, the game is sure,—
Fine ponds, and groves, and tillage;
And would you view a picture true,
Read "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

JOHN BROWN'S BOOK-STORE.

[From the same.]

JOHN BROWN, once more, doth puff his store,
And tavern-house right pleasant;
And thank the friends, on whom he tends,
From general, down to peasant.

He, hitherto, hath brought to view
Goods for the body suited;

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With goods for mind, all now may find,
He lately hath reoruited.

Great store of books, from *mental cooks*,
Are now for sale presented,
Well bound, and nice, at such a price
As must make all contented.

The Tutor's Guide; a Cure for Pride;
Blank books, and Dictionaries;
Parkhurst's in Greek, and Hebrew, *eke*,
Cole's, Johnson's, Walker's, Perry's.

Monroe's fam'd Tour; Poems by Moore;
Numbers of Art of Reading;
The Sinner's Shield; Lord Chesterfield
On Manners and Good Breeding.

All Murray's works, on Grammar quirks;
Murray, the famous teacher;
Not who, ere while, caught some with guile,
As Universal preacher.

Lessons by Scott; (Walter's meant not;)
Clarkson's Essay on Slavery;
The Recent War, just publish'd for
Displaying Yankee bravery.

The Young Man's Guide; Poor Man's, beside;
The Plague and Fire of London;
Edwards on Grace, proves, to your face,
Unless you 're good, you 're undone.

Song books abound, by which 'tis found,
Much to John Bull's confusion,
That Yankee's write, as well as fight,
To cure him of delusion.

Of School books, too, he 's not a few,
And those, who may want any,
May bargain strike, just as they like,
From eagle down to penny.

For Hymns and Psalms, without the qualms
Of conscience in his bosom,
He 'll bet a cent, they 'll be content,
Who 'll buy of him and use 'em.

But last and best, 'mong all the rest,
The Bible, you may find it;
Buy it, and pay, then go your way,
Peruse, believe, and mind it.

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THE BEAR. AN ADVENTURE.

[Providence Gazette.]

———"Well fought. We are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire." SHAKESPEARE.

In that soft region,* where descending shewers
Sink the poor traveller chin-deep in mud;
Through pathless forests, hung with grape-vine bowers,
The poet roam'd to where a cottage stood.

I then was young; my sweetest moments ran
In deep seclusion from the haunts of man.
In silence here I musing stood,
To view the hovel and the wood;
So dark the place, so wild, so dread,
Suspicion was well warranted
That *guilty* wight had hither fled,
And hid him in this lonely shed,
In hope to save his wretched head,
By some foul trespass forfeited.
For, save the garden where it stood,
'Twas one immense, extensive wood,
Where none but men of savage mood
Might dare mistake the solitude.

Reader! I see thy wide-mouth'd stare—
Exclaim, I hear thee now,—
"Why, how the dickens cam'st *thou* there?"
Poh, poh! no matter how.

Fast by the door, beneath the hill,
Through the dark wood, a bubbling rill
Meander'd to the glade;
But, O! it seem'd a dismal stream,
For never had the sun's bright beam
Upon its surface play'd;
No noise was there—the door was shut—
I saw no child about the hut—
No smoke from chimney pour—
I paus'd awhile, then op'd the gate,
Advancing to the door:
When, like a messenger of fate,
A BEAR of most enormous weight
Display'd himself before.

With watering jaws he dropt his bone,
And slow advanc'd to meet me;

* Kentucky.

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And I, poor object, all alone,
Was petrified—*almost to stone*,
For fear that he would eat me.

"Cowards die many times," indeed; but *I*
Am of that sort that is not apt to die;
My blood at *first* retreated—but, what then!
My heart indignant sent it forth again.

Poh! what 's a bear!—whoso would shun a bear,
How far soe'er remov'd from all beholders,
And whatsoever his excuses were,
I 'd "hang a calf-skin on his recreant shoulders."

In sooth—I fac'd the monster, and defied his worst,
And most undauntedly my post maintain'd;
Though, (don't you tell on't,) I discover'd first,
The animal was—*chain'd*. LAURENCE.

THE GENIUS OF SMOKING.

[Portsmouth Journal.]

"I HAD a dream—it was not all a dream"—
Methought I sat beneath the silver beam
Of the sweet moon, and you were with me there;
And every thing around was green and fair,
And from our mouths up-curl'd the fragrant smoke,
Whose light blue wreaths can all our pleasures yoke,
In sweetest union, to young Fancy's car,
And waft the soul out through a good cigar.
There as we sate and puff'd the hours away,
And talk'd and laugh'd about life's little day,
And built our golden castles in the air,
And sigh'd to think what transient things they were,
As the light smoke around our heads was thrown,
Amidst its folds a little figure shone,
An elfin sprite, who held within her hand
A small cigar, her sceptre of command.
Her hair, above her brow, was twisted tight off,
Like a cigar's end, which you have to bite off;
Her eyes were red and twinkling, like the light
Of a cigar, that brightens in the night.
A green tobacco leaf her shoulders grac'd,
And dried tobacco hung around her waist.
Her voice breath'd softly, like the easy puffing
Of an old smoker, after he 's been stuffing.
Thus, (as she roll'd aside the wanton smoke,)
To us, her awe-struck votaries, she spoke.

"Hail, faithful slaves! my choicest joys descend
On him, who joins the smoker to the friend!

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Yours is a pleasure that shall never vanish,
Provided that you smoke the best of Spanish:
Those are my fav'rites, and their incense mine;
To meaner fays belongs the black long-nine.
Puff forth your clouds, (with that we puff'd amain,)
Sweet is their fragrance, (then we puff'd again.)
How have I hung, with most intense delight,
Over your heads when you have smok'd by night,
And gratefully imparted all my powers
To bless and consecrate those happy hours;
Live on," she said. I started, and awoke,
And with my dream she vanish'd into smoke.

SPIRIT OF MAN.

[Religious Intelligencer.]

"*Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward?*"
ECCLE. III. 21

SAY'ST thou, that when this light has fled,
The spring of mental life is dead?
Say'st thou, that, when this cheek is pale,
The spirit's ardent glow shall fail?
Say'st thou, the soul returns to clay,
When these poor pulses cease to play?

Then let us mourn, if hope expires
When this frail lamp resigns its fires;
If man, so fashion'd like a God,
Must never burst the prisoning sod,
With maniac sorrow let us rave,
And, shrinking, rend his marble grave.

Dash then away the fruitless tear,
And rush in Pleasure's mad career;
To mirth devote this niggard span
This little dateless life of man;
Mock self-control, grave wisdom spurn,
And, heedless, seek the destin'd urn.

Ah, sceptic! why wilt thou essay
To rend the balm of life away?
To plant with goads the path of toil,
To strew with thorns a barren soil,
To shroud with cold and rayless gloom,
Our weary journey to the tomb?

Think'st thou the Power that spread the skies,
So just, beneficent, and wise,
Hath man's unbounded powers bestow'd,
Merely for earth's fallacious good?

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Oh, pause! a Spirit answers, No,
For boundless joy, or boundless wo.

Look up, and let thy doubtful eye
Sparkle at immortality;
Rend from thy soul its abject chain,
Thy "Maker in thy mind retain,"
And bid it love that hope sublime,
Which soars o'er mists and wrecks of time.

MOI-MEME.

[Republican Sentinel. New-York.]

THOUGH health, and fortune, too, are gone,
And faithless friends have fled,
I still possess a tender one,
Who shares my humble shed.

In every sad reverse I 've known,
This friend was ever near,
Felt all my sorrows, as his own,
And answer'd tear for tear.

When but a boy, he ne'er would let
My rights insulted be,
And if nice dainties he could get,
Would give them all to me.

I never had a friend like him,
He all my frailties hid;
Would gratify each childish whim,
Nor e'en my errors chid.

This was his failing, he had been
More merciful to me,
Had he the first desire to sin,
Check'd with severity.

Our love increas'd with length of years,
Nor was it but in name;
Our morals, manners, hopes, and fears,
Had ever been the same.

When fortune smil'd, he was my all,
Though others sought my heart;
And, now, when they deride my fall,
Seeks comfort to impart.

Beside my couch, from morn to eve,
His prayers for me arise—
Nor can repose till I receive
The rest the wretched flies.

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But with my life, his cares shall end,
And all his love for me;
O'er my pale corpse he ne'er shall bend,
In speechless agony.

Nor e'er upon my grave will strew,
The earliest flow'rs of spring—
Nor water it with that kind dew,
Which friendship loves to bring.

For Heaven 's decreed, that when I die,
He shall no longer live;
The power that bids my sorrows fly,
Repose to him will give.

One shroud, one coffin, and one grave,
To shield us shall be sent—
And the rank weeds that o'er us wave,
Our only monument.

This friend of friends, dear as my life,
Dearer than worthless pelf;
Is neither parent, child, nor wife,
But is, in brief—MYSELF. ALLY CROKER.

TENDERNESS OF HEART.

[New-England Galaxy.]

THERE is a little fragile flower
That, low depending on its stem,
Is scarcely known beyond the bower,
Where, all unconscious of its power,
It ever glows in dewy gem.

It once arose in tow'ring pride,
And courted every passing gale,
Exulting threw its odours wide,
Alluring to its gaudy side
The dwellers of its native vale.

But while it show'd its tinsel glare,
At early dawn, or pensive even,
Not thinking that the world could bear
Another flower so sweet and fair—
'Twas wither'd by the "Breath of Heaven."

Now, from its root this flow'ret grows,
But, trembling at the gentlest breeze,
It scarce around a fragrance throws,
Unlike the lily, or the rose,
With not a tint to charm, or please.

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Yet when by tempests, gath'ring gloom,
Its leaflets from its stalk are riven,
O! then it shows a varied bloom,
And breathes abroad a rich perfume—
'Tis nourish'd by the "Breath of Heaven."

For then it feels, with grateful glow,
The same Almighty Power,
That sunk its earlier beauties low,—
But suffer'd from its root to grow
A humbler, sweeter flower.

And oft it droops its lowly head,
And breathes a fragrance to the sky,
When those its former beauties led
To gaze upon its tints of red,
Pass now neglectful by.

But what 's this renovated flower,
That heavenward can its sweets impart?
And yet confin'd in lonely bower,
Is sweetest in the darkest hour?
Oh! it is TENDERNESS OF HEART. Z.

MICHAEL BURN.

[Independent Statesman. Portland.]

AMONG the numerous islands in Casco Bay, there are few, indeed, which, at present, contain more than a single dwelling; yet a century ago the traveller would have been cheered with the mingled hum of business and of pleasure; and could have rested beneath many a hospitable roof, the ruins of which are now scarcely visible. They were formerly inhabited by fishermen, but, on account of the frequent attacks of Indians, these were abandoned; and, being of slight materials, soon sunk into decay. Near one of these ruins, and not far from Diamond Cove, is the grave of MICHAEL BURN. An occurrence, while he resided there, should rescue his name from oblivion.

One evening, as he sat at the door of his hut, listening to the waves, which broke on the rocks that surrounded him, his dog, who was lying at his feet, suddenly sprang up, and, darting towards a projecting cliff, plunged into the water. The fisherman, presuming from his earnest manner that something had attracted his atten-

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tion, hastened to the spot, from which his animal had leaped, but the night was too dark to discover either the dog or the object of his pursuit, and the murmur of the waves prevented ascertaining even his direction. Having for some time awaited his return in vain, and supposing at last he was in the fruitless chase of some seals, which frequently made their appearance, he retired. Scarcely, however, had he sought his pillow, when the well-known bark and scratching at the door announced not only his return, but anxiety for his master's presence. He opened the door; the dog whined, pulled him gently as if wishing him to follow, and suddenly left him.

Having lighted his lantern he left the hut, the dog, by his barking, directing the path; but, on approaching the shore, judge his surprise to find by his faithful animal a human being, to all appearance a corpse. It was evident, that the dog had just drawn him from the water, but there were no marks of violence on his person. He opened his waistcoat; the body was yet warm; and, filled with the hope of restoring animation, he bore it to his hut. In a short time the stranger gave signs of returning life, and, by the next morning, he was able to converse with his generous preserver.

"You probably recollect," said the stranger, "of seeing yesterday a vessel near your harbor. In that vessel it was my misfortune to have been a passenger; heaven grant that the loved being I have left there has not fallen a victim to perfidy and ingratitude. I am a native of America, but have resided in France, where I acquired a considerable fortune. Desirous of spending my last days in the land of my fathers, I converted my property into specie, and, with a young and adored wife, embarked in this vessel. The master and crew I loaded with presents, but this only served to increase their rapacity. I had no fears either for my life or property. Last night their diabolical plans for the destruction of both were put into execution. I was alone on the quarter deck when, a deep groan causing me to turn, I beheld one of the passengers struck down with an axe as he was approaching to join me. The ruffians, with her-

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rid yells, rushed forward to secure a second victim; but, though nearly overpowered by my sensations, I was enabled to reach the taffel and dropped into the sea.

"The darkness of the night, the presumption that I could not reach land, and, above all, the work of death, which was still unfinished, prevented pursuit, and I made an effort to float, trusting in Providence for my guide. But what was my life? The being for whom I wished to live was deserted at the moment she most needed my assistance. The shrieks of the dying broke upon my ear, and I fancied I could distinguish the voice of my wife imploring mercy. The thought was agony. Three times I attempted to gain the ship, but in vain, she was fast receding; at last, regardless of my fate, I murmured at the being that upheld me. I desired death, and ceased my exertions in order to hasten its approach. From that moment, till I revived in your dwelling, reason left me."

The humane fisherman did all he could to comfort the hapless sufferer. The consolations of religion were freely offered, and he taught him submission to the divine will, to Him from whom he had already received such manifold mercies. "I have no doubt," he continued, "but they will soon land in the vicinity to divide their plunder, and let us indulge the hope that these outcasts of society will be brought to justice, and you restored to the partner of your bosom."

Animated with this idea, the fisherman rose and approached the window; and, as he anticipated, the vessel was distinctly seen standing in for the shore. Not a moment was to be lost. Raising the stranger in his arms he carried him to his skiff, and rowing round a steep bluff, which screened them from observation, he placed him in a cove retired and secure. He then hastened to some huts a few miles distant, informed the inhabitants of the bloody transactions of the past night, and conjured them, if they were not destitute of courage and humanity, to aid him in boarding the vessel, which was now at anchor. A small but determined band was immediately collected; and, under the direction of the

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fisherman, they advanced with caution towards his humble dwelling. Providence smiled on their endeavours. They crept to the brow of a crag, beneath which the pirates were seated, dividing the money of the stranger, and, watching their opportunity, sprang upon them. The confusion of guilt, and, above all, the intoxicating draught, rendered them an easy conquest, and they were carefully secured to await the punishment due to their crimes. The fisherman and his comrades then rowed off for the vessel, and tears of joy bedewed his weather-beaten face, on finding that the wife of his guest had escaped uninjured. When he descended into the cabin, she, at first, seemed unconscious of his approach, so much had her senses been overpowered by the late scenes of horror. When, at length, she aroused from the stupor in which he had found her, she informed him that she remained the only surviver of those, who had taken passage in the vessel; and, "O!" she exclaimed, "that I could share their fate. To me far more welcome the watery grave of my husband, than, what I hourly fear, the embrace of his murderer." For some moments the tears of the fair and disconsolate mourner unmanned our generous fisherman; but, at length, collecting himself, he bid her not despair, that the objects of her terror were beyond the power of injury, and that, though separated from the one whom she loved, she should never want a protector while he had a single arm to raise in her defence. "But," he continued, "perhaps your husband may be still alive. Some of the passengers have been picked up, severely wounded, indeed, but not beyond recovery." At last he gradually unfolded to her the happiness that was in store. But, with all his caution, nature sunk under excess of emotion; and he trembled lest all his labours should have been bestowed in vain. Their joy at meeting no pen can adequately describe. Suffice it to say, that after kneeling to that Being, who had restored them as it were to life, their first care was the welfare of the fisherman. A sum sufficient to render him independent was immediately bestowed, and the only return they requested was that they might retain the dog, who had

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been so instrumental in producing this joyous meeting. But here the fisherman pleaded in turn. He said that his reward had been greater than his labours deserved, or his heart desired. He hoped they would not charge him with ingratitude; but the dog, he said, patting him on the face, had been his only companion during the long and dreary winters he had passed among those rocks—that there was no other living creature whom he could call friend,—and, in fine, rather than part with one so faithful, he would return their bounty; preferring his hut, his poverty, and his dog, to wealth and solitude. "You shall not part," said the stranger, "and sorry I am to have given a moment's pain to a heart so feeling. Take this," said he, presenting a large addition to his former donation; "and, if it be more than sufficient for your own wants, I know it will be employed,—as all wealth ought to be—in alleviating the distresses of your fellow beings."

MAJOR ANDRE.

[National Gazette. Philadelphia.]

From the New-York papers, which we quote this day, it appears that the bones of Major André were disinterred on the tenth instant, at Tappan, by the British consul, "with several gentlemen," "*amidst a considerable concourse of ladies and gentlemen that assembled to witness this interesting ceremony*"—"that great caution was observed in taking up a small peach tree, which was growing out of the grave, *as the consul intended to send it to his majesty, to be placed in one of the royal gardens*" —that the lid of the coffin being raised, the skeleton of the *brave* André appeared entire"—that the remains were carefully removed into a magnificent sarcophagus made for the purpose—"a superb depository, in imitation of those used in Europe for the remains of the *illustrious* dead"—that the said superb depository, with the remains, have been removed on board his majesty's packet, where, as soon as some repairs can be completed, *an opportunity of viewing the whole will be afforded to the public.*

By the New-York papers received on Friday, we perceive that the British consul has issued "a Notice,"

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in which he announces that he had changed his original plan of operations, in consequence of an intimation that "*some low unprincipled men* had determined to interrupt the removal of the remains;" but that "the sympathy and feeling, which the inhabitants of Tappan, one and all, manifested towards the brave but unfortunate Major André, claims for them praise beyond what the consul could set forth in his notice. He will take another opportunity of making known their merits."

The following inferences are fairly, indeed, necessarily, to be drawn from the facts thus stated—that a number of American native citizens were present at the removal of the bones, to give honour and indulge sympathy on the occasion—that the removal, with the concomitant pageantry, is not an act of family affection, or private friendship, or of the consul as a simple individual, but is the work of political, national sentiment, either prompted or sanctioned by the commander in chief of the British army, or the British government; that it is a political reminiscence and solemnity, not, at least, unacceptable to the latter, since the immediate agent is a functionary of that government, and it was not arrested by the British ambassador in this country, though announced in all our newspapers sometime before it took place. We are to presume, that the expense of the sarcophagus, and of the whole translation of the relics from this to the other side of the Atlantic, is to be national; defrayed by the British military chest, or the royal exchequer.

There is another still more striking conclusion—that the particular enterprise in which André perished, and the great contest of the day in which he served, are viewed with especial favour, and meant to be especially honoured, by the principals in this affair.

It is notorious that André had performed no brilliant or important exploit; had gained no title to particular distinction from his country, before he played the part of instigator, and coadjutor, in the treason of Arnold—and that, though he possessed some shewy accomplishments, and amiable qualities, and had a gallant bearing, he was not more remarkable, or meritorious, in these

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respects than thousands of British officers, who lost their lives in the same war, and in the subsequent distant wars, on the field, and by the stroke, of bloody battle. The bones of thousands of such, which lie buried, or bleaching, in America, Asia, and Africa, of numbers, who won by skill and conduct genuine and imperishable laurels for their memories, and unequivocal trophies for the British name—the bones of these, forgotten or overlooked, remain untouched,—the bones of the "heroes of Waterloo" are suffered to moulder, or to be converted into a powder for manuring the British soil, or enriching British bread,—while the remains of André, at this distance of time since his ignominious execution, are collected with the utmost care, and translated in much pomp, to be deposited, no doubt, in the magnificent cenotaph, which was erected to him in Westminster Abbey upon the same principles of political preference.

With these circumstances before us, it is well to enquire—notwithstanding the occasional paragraphs, which several of the newspapers have already presented on the subject—*First*, How far Americans could, with propriety, assist in the proceeding, and ratify it with a display of sympathy and feeling worthy of the public praise of the British consul, and of his further commendation to be bestowed at "another opportunity," that is, we presume, in his official report to his principals—and, *secondly*, in what light the American people ought to consider this revived and emphatic approbation of the war of Lord North's administration upon them, and of the feature of it to them the most justly odious and dangerous. The subject, as it involves the soundness and activity of national sentiment, the cause of national dignity and sincerity, and the dispositions of a power, which is more capable of injuring us than any other—cannot be dwelt upon too earnestly. If a portion of our citizens signally betray the character, which they bear, by countenancing what is done in a spirit of enmity and insult to the revolutionary efforts of their own country—if they are wanting in historical patriotism, one of the most fruitful sources of present attachment—if they lend themselves to a bold and contemptuous trial of the

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national sensibility—their conduct should be scanned, the nature of it exposed, and the national affront in which they co-operate, explained and illustrated at the same time. They and the country should be roused to such a sense of their rights and duties as may prevent a recurrence of the case, or counteract its evil tendencies.

The atrocious character, and the iniquitous purpose, on the side of the mother country, of what is properly styled the Revolutionary War, are so established in history that no controversy can ever exist on these heads. Whigs and Tories, at the present time, must hold the same language in relation to them, and have, in fact, often borne the same testimony. The Bishop of Winchester, in his recent life of the younger Pitt, reports a speech of the great statesman, in which, after mentioning the abhorrence, which his father, the eloquent Chatham, always felt for the origin, course, and drift of the American war, he proceeded to communicate his own opinions, in these words:—

"With respect to himself, in whatever point of view he considered the American War, he was the more confirmed in the opinions he had early formed concerning its origin and tendency. *It was conceived in injustice; it was brought forth and nurtured in folly; its footsteps were marked with blood, persecution and devastation.* It was productive of misery of every kind. The mischiefs, however, recoiled on this unhappy country, (England) which was thus drained of its vital resources of men and treasure. And what had the British nation received in return? Nothing but a series of ineffective victories or severe defeats; victories celebrated only by a temporary triumph over our brethren, *whom we were endeavouring to trample down and destroy;* which filled the land with mourning for the loss of dear and valuable relations, slain in the vain attempt of enforcing unconditional submission, or with narratives of the glorious exertions of men, *struggling under every difficulty and disadvantage, in the sacred cause of liberty.*"

Within two years of the triumphant termination of this war so justly characterized,—when most of the glorious exertions and struggles thus celebrated, had been made,—when the main difficulties and disadvantages "in the sacred cause of liberty," had been overcome—when the foreign aid, so long sought, had been obtained—after persecution and devastation had committed their

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worst ravages, and American blood had flowed profusely for years, and patriot zeal had undergone every risk and toil, so as to have won the immortal wreath of invincible and inexhaustible public virtue—at this period was it that the British commander in chief, unable to conquer by arms "the brethren whom Britain was endeavouring to trample down and destroy," engaged with Arnold, the only recreant member of the American army, in that scheme of black treason, wherein André acted as the chief agent on the British side, with the keenest alacrity, and a train of the most dishonourable expedients of deception. Of these we shall speak in the proper place, but at present our object is to note, for the New-York mourners at the grave of the British officer, the objects and probable effects of the conspiracy. Joshua Smith, who appears to us to have been fully enlisted in it by Arnold, states in his Narrative, that "had it succeeded, the consequence would have been the termination of the war; for on the loss of West Point, the troops under General Washington would have been exposed, with the remainder of the army, to the united attack of the royal forces by land and water, and general ruin to the American cause must have been the result, as Washington would have been taken with the garrison." We shall quote, besides, the opinion of a foreigner, Botta, the Italian historian of our Revolution.

"Arnold and Andre corresponded together under the assumed names of Gustavus and Anderson. The American General was promised a corresponding rank in the British army, and considerable sums of gold. He, on his part, engaged to render the king some signal service. The consequence of this understanding was a demand that West Point should be given up to the royal troops. That fortress, situated upon the western bank of the Hudson, is of extreme importance, in that it defends the passage of the mountains in the upper part of the river. Accordingly, the Americans had been at such pains and expense to render it impregnable, that it was called with reason *the Gibralter of America*. Into this all-important citadel Arnold formally pledged himself to introduce the English. Hence, pretending to have taken an aversion to the residence of Philadelphia, and that he wished to resume an active service in the army, he requested and obtained the command of West Point,

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and of all the American troops cantoned in that quarter. But his plan embraced more than the mere delivery of the fortress: he purposed so to scatter his forces in the environs, that Clinton might easily fall upon them by surprise, and cut them off at the same stroke. Masters of West Point, and having no more enemies before them, the English would then have marched rapidly against Washington, who had distributed his troops upon the two banks of the Hudson; their destruction must have been total and inevitable. Thus, therefore, besides West Point, and those passes, which had been so often disputed, and for which the British government had undertaken the fatal expedition of Burgoyne, the Americans would have lost their whole army, their artillery, their munitions of war, and their best officers. May it not even be conjectured that, if the English should have profited of the confusion and consternation, which could not fail to have resulted from so sudden a catastrophe, the United States would have found themselves necessitated to receive the law of the conqueror?"

We ourselves would hesitate to admit that *general* ruin to the American cause would have ensued, or that the United States would have found themselves necessitated to receive the law of the conqueror: but certainly the ruin would have been great, and the crisis awful beyond any other that had occurred; the whole effort, toil, risk, and cost of the Revolution, so far, would have been, as it were, to be renewed—many additional thousands of the defenders of liberty would have perished, and Washington might have paid the penalty of his heroism on the block. If we admit the idea—which several of the most acute military observers, who were not wanting in admiration for the energy of the American character, have expressed, as well as the Italian historian—that the British ministry would have completely triumphed; that such chains would have been so twisted and rivetted about the colonies, that another struggle could not be attempted or prove successful for a long period of time; then have we, before our imaginations, a hideous picture indeed;—instead of this flourishing Republic, rejoicing and honoured in its Independence, civil liberty, political security, universal vigour and well-being—a scene not unlike that which the muse of Akenside paints—

"Where, sunk by many a wound, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown

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Of hard ambition: where the gen'rous band
Of youths, who fought for freedom and their sires,
Lie side by side in blood: where brutal force
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of guardian power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To poor dishonest pageants, to adorn
A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee."

In addition to this glance at the probable effects, let us cast one on the character, of this transaction of the British commander. We have seen that the war on the part of England was corrupt and unjust. What, in such case, is the opinion to be entertained of the studied and secret arrangement of a treasonable plot, by the aggressor, with the venal and villanous of the injured party? "The seducing a subject to turn spy, a governor to deliver up his fortress, is," says Vattel, "practised in modern wars. But is it just and compatible with the laws of a pure conscience? Certainly not. And of this the generals themselves are sensible, as they are never heard to boast of having practised them. Seducing a subject to betray his country, suborning a traitor to set fire to a magazine, practising on the fidelity of a governor, enticing him, persuading him to deliver up a place, is prompting such persons to commit detestable crimes. Is it honest to incite our most inveterate enemy to be guilty of a crime? *If such practices are at all excusable, it can only be in a very just war, and for saving our country when threatened with ruin by a lawless conqueror.*" Such is the doctrine of Vattel, in which most of the modern authorities fully concur. They cite the example of the Romans, who ever professed their detestation of any advantages offered them by any treacherous individuals of the enemy. We need not remind our readers of the conduct of the Roman generals towards the physician of Pyrrhus, and the schoolmaster, who would have delivered up the children of an invader; of the Senate "making no account" of an important victory *because it had been purchased;* of their declaration, in answer to a proposal of treason, even in the corrupt times of the Republic, that the Roman people chas-

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n force, *not by fraud, or secret*
raude, *neque occultis, sed palam*
Romanum *hostes suos ulcisci.*"
ng Roman *magnanimity could be*
use as the war *described by Mr.*
elaborate tampering and plotting
ued, the Americans could have
were called, for some degree of
commanders and officers, for prin-
particular manner in the code of
he oracles of that code exacted
and rules in a civil contest as in a
act nations, and they placed the
ion of a flag upon the same foot-
signals of distress, or of poisoned
zed it as, in any case, an odious
, tantamount to the revival of the
tive doctrine that no faith was to
. Yet this, as we have shewn
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complexion and probable results
ch André acted as the chief agent,
erness for its success, in order that
ens, whom the British consul has
graciously commended, for "the
" which they manifested for the
pening of his grave, may ask them-
not become them rather to shud-
ow with indignation, at the aspect
ediately and cordially connected
d attempted ruin of their country!
udiously aloof, that the function of
s of the willing instrument of so
ief to their own land, might be
l, exclusively to foreign eyes and
rld applauds, justly," says a great
ing from a national spirit, what it
s the effect of a private dislike."
are of British honour, we shall not

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do more than intimate how impolitic and unworthy, under all the historical circumstances, which we have specified, is the act by which Britain revives the recollection of the nefarious war, and the disgraceful plot, and seems to treat them as objects of affection and reverence.

A TRUE STORY.

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

[From the same.]

One of the most imposing and interesting, though not the largest, of the private *chateaux*, which I found in France, stands near to the banks of the rapid Rhone, a few miles distant from the town of *Pont-Saint-Esprit*. It is built in the Gothic style of the seventeenth century, but has an air of greater antiquity. From the aspect of its towers seen at a distance as you enter a forest of primæval oaks connected with the domain; from its insulated situation, and the images rudely carved on its exterior in imitation of

"The brawny Prophets, who, in robes so rich,
At distance due possess the crisped niche,"

—it might be supposed to be a structure of the middle ages. I wandered for a whole day through stately woods traversed by glittering streamlets, and over spacious halls and long corridors, and an intricate maze of apartments, hung with Flemish tapestry—all nearly a perfect solitude:—and I may truly say that I realized delights similar to those with which Thomson invests his Castle of Indolence. But enough of description for the present. It is time for me to deal in incident, and I shall, therefore, proceed at once to relate an adventure, which befel a friend of mine at this chateau, and which I heard from his own mouth.

In the year 1799, M. N——l, a colonel in the French army, and a man of a lively, as well as generous and intrepid, disposition, when on his way to visit a sick parent at Avignon, being fatigued with the *Diligence*, or public stage, which he had chosen as his conveyance, hired a horse within thirty miles of Pont-Saint-Esprit, with the intention of proceeding so far on horseback, and there resuming his seat in the lumbering vehicle. After

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pursuing the proper route at a very leisurely pace, for the greater part of the day, he unwittingly suffered his Rozinante to select his own path. He found himself, at length, as the sun descended below the horizon, on the borders of a thick grove, and in a broken region, which exhibited no traces of a high road. He here paused for some minutes, shook off his reverie, examined his situation with an anxious eye, and then galloped forward at random, until, discovering neither house nor individual in the open country, he plunged into the wood.

It was now twilight, and he began to entertain fears of being obliged to remain until morning, under a canopy more suitable to the aims and tastes of an astrologer than to those of a hungry traveller, whose experience, as a soldier, of "lying out," had not endeared the practice to his fancy. He had not proceeded far in the entangled copse, when he descried through the waving boughs of the forest trees, the towers of the chateau of which I have spoken. In that direction he pushed vigorously on, so as speedily to reach the great lawn, which stretches before the western front of the edifice, and to have as full a view of this side as the thickening shadows of the night would allow. No light appeared at any of the windows, and nothing remained to be done but to dismount, fasten his horse in the shrubbery, and knock with his utmost strength at the massy portal, which was just perceptible in the gloom of the scene. He had not hammered long before he distinguished the sound of footsteps and voices, and enjoyed the satisfaction of hearing from an elderly man in the dress of a labourer, who carried a taper in his hand, and cautiously opened the smaller door in the middle of the archway, the enquiry, What was wanted by the person without? When our traveller explained his case, he was admitted at once, and saw himself in the midst of a group, consisting of several females, and two or three men, of different ages, none of whom appeared to be above the condition of the upper peasantry. The oldest of the women invited him, with a countenance of good-humoured civility, to enter the first apartment on the right, where, she trusted, he would do them the honour to

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partake of a family-supper. The whole party then followed her with the stranger, who had not long to wait before he was seated at a board covered with a plain but palatable fare, and rendered doubly grateful by that easy, unaffected, alert hospitality, which characterizes, in every part of France, the class to which his hosts belonged. They were the rustic tenants of a small part of the chateau, who were suffered, as is usual, to inhabit it free of rent, as a compensation for protecting it from depredation. It was then in litigation between two families, (neither of them the lawful proprietors,) whose chiefs were at Paris, and who had not, for years, either occupied or visited the estate.

Our traveller, though all his questions were answered readily and fully, could not but perceive a general gravity unusual at such repasts; and, at intervals, indications of strong distress, in the faces of some of the assemblage. As they conversed about the ravages committed on the property in the course of the revolution; the depopulation of some of the neighbouring villages; and the butchery of numbers of the gentry, whom they had been accustomed to regard with reverence and love, and remembered as their guardians and benefactors, he ascribed to their melancholy recollections, the appearances just mentioned. The weariness produced by the exercise of the day, united to an oppression of spirits arising from the scene of horrors thus brought to his own memory, induced him to express, early, a wish to retire to the chamber, which they might be pleased to allot him. His hostess, immediately, and as if relieved by his suggestion, put a candle into the hands of one of the young men present, and directed that the gentleman should be shown to a room prepared for him in the other wing of the extensive edifice. He followed the man,—whose physiognomy was too sluggish and unmeaning to invite any questions,—through long-drawn passages and ample saloons of high-pitched roofs and lined with fretted-wood work, until they reached a wide oaken staircase leading to a gallery with several chambers of the same exterior. Into one of these he was led, and in it he found a crackling fire and a large bedstead with clos-

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ed-curtains made of the thick, coarser damask, which was commonly so employed in the mansions of the *seigneurs* of the old *régime*. As soon as the guide had set down the candle and left him, he closed the door, without pushing the bolt, however; and undressing himself with all despatch, covering the blaze in the hearth, and putting out the candle, he drew back the curtains only enough to admit his body, and took at once a fixed posture on his side towards the door. In the course of about twenty minutes, when his ideas began to cross each other, and all the images before his mind to mingle in confusion,—a delightful state after a long journey and a good supper,—the deepening slumber was broken by a gentle noise like the cautious opening of the door. He retained his position, and dividing the curtains merely so far as to allow himself to see what passed, without being seen, he observed two young women enter the room, in the neat, quaint attire of the female peasantry of the Rhone; one with a small basket, and the other with needle work and a light in her hand. Curiosity and surprise kept him motionless and silent, while they drew out the table, put upon it what they carried, seated themselves near it, and stirred up the fire. This being done, one of the fair intruders took a part of the needle work, and the other emptied softly a portion of the contents of the basket, which consisted of a couple of platters, knives and forks, a cold fowl, and some fruit. Then followed a smart conversation in an under tone, of which the astonished traveller could catch enough to learn that they were far from suspecting any attentive ear to be by, and had made arrangements to perform a long, though very comfortable vigil. His own eye-lids were too importunate to admit of this interruption, for more than a quarter of an hour after the regular dialogue had commenced. He began to stir in his place so as to cause a rustling of the damask. One of the nymphs started, and stammered to the other, with a face of alarm, what had happened. He remained quiet as soon as he remarked this effect. They both gazed earnestly and fearfully at the bed, but observing all to be still, they seemed to recover their confidence,

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and returned to their chat in a more subdued accent. Resolved upon making a further experiment, and ascertaining the intent of the untimely visit, he moved again, and when their eyes were again directed, with an expression of dismay, to the curtains, he opened them hastily and exhibited himself seated in the bed, in his undress, with his long white night-cap on his head.

In an instant the women precipitated themselves from the chamber and down the stair-case, overturning the the table and its contents, in their flight, and making the vaulted gallery re-echo with their screams. His own astonishment was almost equal to what theirs might be supposed to be, and did not suffer him to fall back upon his pillow. He rose, lighted the candle, which had been extinguished in the disaster of the table, collected the scattered provision, and went to the chamber door in order to know whether any thing more could be heard. All was now silent. Sensible of the difficulty of finding his way to the inhabited part of the castle, should he undertake to enquire further, and ascribing the affair to some mistake, which the affrighted damsels would discover as soon as they reached the other wing, he bolted the door, determined to prevent the recurrence of the evil, and was about to retrace his steps to the bed, when he heard distinctly the noise of various persons tumultuously gaining the landing, and approaching the chamber. He turned; advanced to the door, and opened it, with the candle in his hand, and in the dishabille in which he had lain down.

As he presented himself, he saw the whole family group, with an addition to their number, struggling with each other, who should be, not foremost, but hindmost, in the march, the two alarmists far in the back-ground, and all in evident consternation. No sooner was the figure of my wonder-struck friend full in their view, than an universal cry of horror was put forth, and the whole party made a headlong retreat down the stair-way. One only of the number pressed forward; this was a female of strikingly handsome features, with a general cast that spoke the operation of the strongest mingled emotions of terror, recent grief, and joyful

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ed on to catch him in her arms, crying
ir ;—*Je veux l'embrasser ;—Il est revenu*
avec lui—"I will see him"—"I will
' he has come back to take me away
he moment she had got near enough to
y his person and visage, she uttered a
with the exclamation, *Ah, non, ce n'est*
is not he !" tottered, and fell swoon-
of two of the fugitives, whose concern
n them courage to return, and who
ngaged in extricating her from her po-
iemselves, the common object of the
sting and extraordinary was her whole
mien so wild and ardent; the transi-
, elated expectation, to profound de-
l marked in her eye and accent, and so
ire expression—that the colonel, as he
ransfixed and absorbed by this inci-
ompanions had disappeared with her,
again in complete silence and solitude.
able to rally his thoughts, he resolved
hamber, imagining that he might dis-
which would serve as a clue to the
ich he was playing in the enigmatical
it. The taper being still in his grasp,
ly into the corners and closets of the
the bedstead, and, at length, broadly
s, and there witnessed, what solved, at
e mystery. It was a *corpse ;* the dead
a cap and shirt resembling his own, and
wall on the bed. The position which
going to rest, and the quick approach
ted him from touching, or noticing in
maginable partner; and when he was
women—whose business will now be
d to have been that of watching by the
ttention was engrossed by them and

me that, familiar as his profession had
h this exhibition of mortality, the spec-
circumstances, startled and even af-

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frighted him for a moment. The cause of the alarm of the household, on seeing him, was then apparent. His candle bearer had conducted him to the wrong chamber, and he had been taken either for the ghost or the re-animated frame of the defunct. It occurred to him, after he had meditated a little, and began to comprehend, also, the conduct of the distressed female, that he would throw on his clothes and endeavour to find the right course to the lodging of the family, for the purpose of mutual explanation. He had scarcely dressed himself before the old peasant and his wife, followed by two or three men, ascended the stairs, and, though still quaking with fear, had no difficulty in recognizing him. They at first eagerly demanded his assistance in the awful emergency; but, contriving to obtain silence, he quickly opened their eyes to the true state of the matter. In the reciprocal eclaircissement, which ensued, he learned that the unfortunate girl, who had so strongly excited his sympathy, and so much increased his perplexity, was the niece of the old pair, and the corpse the remains of a young soldier to whom she was betrothed, and who had died that morning in the castle, of a sudden illness. The blundering rustic commissioned to lead the stranger to the chamber designed for him, had elected the first apartment in the same gallery, in which he saw the glare of a fire, and which happened to be the one where the body was deposited.

Our traveller retired, as quickly as possible, from the earnest apologies of his worthy hosts, to indulge his returning drowsiness on the right bed. He slept soundly, notwithstanding his double adventure; rose early, and lost no time in mounting his horse, and regaining, under their instructions, the turnpike of Pont-Saint-Esprit. Before his departure, however, he enquired after the bereaved niece, and suffered real affliction in being informed that she had passed the night in alternate stupor and phrenzy. On his return from Avignon, he was told by the master of the inn at which he stopped, that the poor creature, whom he could not fail to remember, as well as the whole night scene, had survived her lover only a very short time. She had become so disordered

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in her fancy as to be unable to comprehend the explanations given, and to imbibe the strange and horrible impression that his spirit had, indeed, moved from the bed, but being offended with her, had, on her approach, taken an unknown form, in order to escape her embrace and her fellowship.

LITERATURE.

[From the same.]

The English journals recently received here, give an account of a "New Royal Society" instituted by the king of England "for the encouragement of indigent merit, and the promotion of general literature." It is to consist of honorary members, subscribing members, and associates. The list of honorary members comprises some of the most eminent literary men of the three kingdoms, and the most eminent female writers of the present day. The class of associates is to be composed of *twenty* men of distinguished learning, authors of some creditable work of literature, and men of good moral character. *Ten* of these are to be considered as special *proteges* of his Majesty, who allots, to each of the ten, an annuity of one hundred guineas, payable out of the privy purse. He grants, besides, an annual premium of one hundred guineas for the best dissertation on some interesting subject. A volume of memoirs is to be occasionally published by the society, and each associate is to furnish, on his admission, a contingent to this volume.

It may be doubted whether an institution of the kind is wanted in Great-Britain. The booksellers of that country, possessed as they are of ample capital, keep constantly on the alert to discover literary performances of merit; they seize with avidity upon whatever has the mark or semblance of genius or learning; they usher their vesture into the world with arts adapted to give it attraction and eclat; should it "take," they are able and willing to pay largely for other fruits of the same pen; they occupy themselves much with devising literary enterprises; they combine, where these are very expensive, to administer all the pecuniary means

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requisite to full success; they concur in giving every facility to the circulation of new works of every description.

The literary public is there completely formed, and extensive beyond all example in any single country; it is ample for every branch of liberal science and art; it is eager for novelty; lavish in expense; capable of immediately distinguishing merit, and, when it does, prone to deal out extravagant panegyric, and afford plentiful emolument, to the admired author. An hundred, or more, professed reviews and literary journals, some of which exert the utmost authority over the public judgement, await, or seek out, a new production, as their vital aliment; if it be condemned in one, it may or will be applauded in another, whether from diversity of taste or the spirit of rivalry; their criticisms, of whatever purport, give it notoriety, and provoke attention from the innumerable class of general readers; if it be decidedly approved by one of the higher tribunals, the propitious sentence is repeated by most of the heralds of fame, in the daily sheet, as well as the monthly magazine; there is no end to the note of praise, which swells, too, without bounds, and rings through every part of the world where the the English tongue predominates.

Great personal consideration, at the same time, attends the popular writer; in short, literature is one of the most fruitful sources of fame, social rank, and fortune. We do not think that, on the whole, a condition of society ever has existed, or, perhaps, could exist, more favourable to the developement of literary genius and the success of literary capacity; the remark might be extended to real talent and proficiency in any department of strict science, and art, either liberal or mechanical. We cannot imagine a combination of circumstances under which institutions specially devoted to the purposes for which the "New Royal Society" is designed, could be foregone with less prejudice, or, at all events, might be held less important.

Not only may a native Briton, or the fixed resident, ascend from the lowest stations of life, from the employments of the shoemaker and the peasant, to the heights

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of literary distinction and favour, and succeed in filling with his name, we know not how many trumpets of renown, and in ultimately obtaining for his manuscript, elaborate or careless, we know not how many thousand pounds, but the mere stranger, a casual sojourner, has open to him, with little if any more obstruction, a similar career.

The instances of our countrymen, Mr. Washington Irving, and Mr. Perkins, are striking as illustrations. Mr. Irving seems to have caught the trade winds, if we may be allowed the figure, of the sea so accessible to all adventurers. His writings—the greater or less merit of which does not enter necessarily into our subject—having been commended by the British reviewers, to whom personal intimacies, the circumstance of their being particularly relished in America, or that of their having fallen, by the common chance, into the drag-net of British periodical criticism, had made them known, the booksellers have, in the course of professional speculation adopted them, and put them into the most attractive dress; curiosity has been piqued; vogue has followed, and the author of the Sketches has now all the scope and incitement, which he could desire, sure, for some time, at least, of public attention, and the patronage of the trade, for whatever he may produce.

The recent celebration and republication, in London, of the novels of Charles B. Brown, after they had fallen into utter and unmerited neglect in his own country, where they first appeared, exemplify, also, that peculiar disposition of things in regard to literature, in Great-Britain, upon which we have dwelt, and which appears to us worthy of being signalized among the distinguishing traits of the present age.

We scarcely need add that an order of affairs approaching very nearly to the *reverse*, prevails on this side of the Atlantic; and that, in consequence, while Royal Societies for the advancement of indigent or obscure merit in intellectual pursuits, or generally for the promotion of literature, may be deemed unnecessary, and fit for little else than the object—now, perhaps, chiefly in view—of binding a company of writers to the service of roy-

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alty; analogous institutions would be highly beneficial, or, rather, are indispensable, in the United States.

COMMODORE MURRAY.

[From the same.]

Commodore Alexander Murray, was born in Chestertown, Maryland, in the year 1755, of the most respectable parentage. His grandfather, a relative of the distinguished Murray family, of Elginshire, Scotland, was banished, and his estates confiscated, in consequence of his adherence to the cause of the Pretender, during the rebellion of 1715. Pursued by the relentless spirit of the age in which he lived, and depressed by a numerous train of misfortunes, he settled, in comparative obscurity, on the island of Barbadoes. When he died, which was at advanced age, he had a son and daughter, to whom he bequeathed little else than the example of his virtues, and good name.

After his son had studied medicine, he emigrated with his only sister, (the grandmother of the present Benjamin Chew, of Philadelphia,) to Chestertown, where he practised in his profession with great reputation. Doctor Murray had a numerous progeny, of whom our Naval Hero was the youngest. Endowed with a daring and enterprising spirit, young Murray selected the watery element, as the theatre of his future usefulness. Such was his early promise and exemplary deportment, that, at the age of eighteen, he was honoured with the command of a vessel, engaged in the European trade.

Professing a zealous attachment to the interests of his country, and desirous to afford a practical evidence of his sincerity, he took a decided and active part in our glorious revolution.

At the age of twenty-one, he was appointed a lieutenant in the Navy; but, as there was no vessel in readiness to receive him, and as his ardent spirit could not bear inaction at so trying a period, he solicited an appointment of the same grade in the first Maryland regiment, under the command of Colonel Smallwood. His conduct in the battles of Whiteplains, Flatbush, and New-

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York, was such, as to secure the hearty approbation of the commanding colonel.

The bursting and explosion of several pieces of cannon, on the New-York battery, did such injury to his sense of hearing, as to impair it through life. He was now promoted to a captaincy, and served, with constanstancy and self devotion, to the close of the campaign of 1777.

As his health became affected by the exposure, and privations of the field, he was reluctantly obliged to retire, for a time, to the comforts of his father's house. As soon as his health was restored, he resumed his station in the navy, but as there was still no national vessel ready for service, he took command, at different periods, of several well-appointed letters of marque.

Whilst in command of these vessels he fought many unsuccessful and desperate engagements. The particulars of these actions are detailed in an interesting biography of Commodore Murray, published in the Port Folio of 1814.

After he had taken an English letter of marque of his own force, and had prisoners on board, equal in number to his own crew, he was, unfortunately, captured by an English fleet, and carried into New-York, which was then in possession of the enemy. He had permission to return to his friends in Philadelphia, and was, soon afterwards, regularly exchanged.

About this time, his gallant friend and relative, Captain James Nicholson, was about to sail on a cruize in the government frigate Trumbull. Captain Murray volunteered his services as one of the lieutenants of this vessel. She had scarcely cleared the capes of the Delaware, when she was assailed by a violent gale accompanied by thunder and lightning, which did great injury to the Trumbull's spars and rigging. The night being dark and tempestuous they did not discover that their ship was close on board an English frigate, and sloop of war, until the storm had somewhat abated. All hands were promptly at their quarters, and an action ensued, which could only be equalled, in terrible effect, by the horrors and howlings of the dreadful night. At

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length the enemy's fire slackened, and her battle lanterns were extinguished ; but at this cheering moment of apparent triumph the sloop of war ran under the stern of the Trumbull, and poured in several raking broadsides, which obliged her to surrender.

Lieutenants Murray and Dale, (the present distinguished Commodore Dale,) were severely wounded, and one third of the crew either killed or disabled. The next day the Trumbull was towed, a useless wreck, into the harbor of New-York.

So soon as Lieutenant Murray had recovered from his wounds, and had been duly exchanged, he was selected as the first lieutenant of the Alliance frigate, then under the command of the gallant Commodore Barry. The period of peace found him in this honourable post.

It was thus that he was zealously, actively, and constantly engaged throughout the whole revolutionary struggle. Lieutenant Murray could now proudly reflect that he had fought bravely, and bled freely for his country's glory—that he had *participated in thirteen battles in the army and navy*, and in all had sustained the reputation of a skilful and spirited officer.

When our government deemed it necessary to organize the navy, Captain Murray was one of the first officers recalled into service. This appointment was unexpected and unsolicited.

As our disputes with France had now reached a crisis, he was directed to take command of the United States corvette Montezume, and cruize in the West-Indies for the purpose of giving protection to our commerce. So completely did he fulfil the duties assigned him, that on his return to the Delaware he received the public thanks of the President of the United States, and was promoted to the command of the Insurgent frigate.

He shortly afterwards took command of the frigate Constellation, and, while cruising in this vessel among the leeward Islands, he incidentally met, in the night, the British frigate Magnamié of forty eight guns, from which a gun was fired without showing the ordinary signals that custom had rendered necessary on such occasions. As this insult was as unexpected as it was un-

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provoked, Captain Murray prudently made all sail, for the purpose of gaining sufficient time to place his ship in a situation for action. After his preparations were completed, he put his vessel in stays, passed on an opposite tack, close under the lee of the offending frigate, and gave her a tremendous and well directed broadside. The American fire was sufficiently destructive to convince the English commander that he had made some *mistake*, and he, therefore, asked an explanation.

As our difficulties with France were now adjusted, Congress passed an act for the reduction of the navy. Captain Murray was one of the thirteen Captains retained in service.

He received orders to take command of a small squadron, destined to protect our commerce in the Mediterranean, which was at that time greatly annoyed and interrupted by the Barbary powers. Whilst becalmed, and alone, near the bay of Tripoli, he was attacked by a squadron of Tripoline gun-boats, with which a spirited action was maintained, that lasted a full hour.

A sea breeze springing up, he was enabled to dash in among the enemy's boats, and to deal out his broadsides with such effect, as to compel them to seek protection in their own harbor.

About this juncture he was relieved by Commodore Morris, and returned in the Constellation to his native country.

This, I believe, is the last active command of importance with which Commodore Murray was honoured.

It is due to his reputation to state, however, that from the period of the outrage on the Chesapeake, to the close of the late war, he repeatedly and warmly solicited such a command, as was suitable to his elevated rank in the service. I am not prepared to give the reasons, which prevented the government from yielding to his wishes. It has been suggested, indeed, that it arose from his advanced age, from his difficulty of hearing, and from an unwillingness to remove him from a command, in which, by his prudent management, he was rendering the most important services.

Many official letters are now in possession of Commo-

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dore Murray's friends, which afford abundant evidence of the high estimation in which his services, as commander of the Philadelphia navy-yard, were held by the government. Thousands of dollars were annually saved by his well-arranged economy and management. Through his honest exertions, united to the skill and unwearied industry of our distinguished naval architect, Mr. Humphreys, ships have been built on this station, not only better, but so much cheaper, than at other navy-yards, that a letter of thanks from the naval commissioners, was received by him but a short time previous to his death. In every situation, therefore, in which he has been placed, he has proved himself a discreet, vigilant, and determined officer.

Such have been the public services, and such the fame of Commodore Murray. His virtues now demand the tribute of our praise, for he was good as well as eminent. In the familiar character of a gentleman, he was amiable and instructive, and in the more endearing one of husband and father, he was obliging and affectionate.

The source of both his public and private virtues may be justly traced to his high sense of moral obligation, founded on a well grounded belief in the principles of our holy religion. Every morning before his worldly labours commenced, on bended knee he devoutly solicited support and instruction from his heavenly Father.

His extreme mildness and equanimity of temper, while it secured the attachment of those under his command, afforded an encouraging evidence that he was governed by the protecting spirit, which he had so piously invoked.

He died on the 6th instant, at his residence near Germantown, with the prevailing fever, and though his sufferings were acutely painful, he bore them with his characteristic patience and firmness. When his death was announced in the navy-yard, all labour was instantly arrested, and a silent gloom clouded the countenance of all, from the highest to the lowest. They felt that they had lost a kind protector—a just and generous commander.

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His funeral was solemn and imposing, and altogether corresponding with his rank, character, and services. Flags were displayed at half mast at the navy-yard, and by the merchant shipping of the port. The corpse was conducted from the house of Benjamin Chew, Esquire, in Philadelphia, by a numerous military escort, and a large concourse of respectable citizens, to the burying-ground in Market-street.

THE SEA SERPENT.

[From the same.]

If we remember right, in one of Machiavel's lighter compositions, he has represented his Satanic Majesty as allowing a Devil of the Patrician order, to visit the earth on a tour of observation; and the inquisitive fiend, Belphegor—the name of the Tartarean noble—returns with a long report of what he had seen and heard. It has occurred to us that the Sea Serpent might be deemed a visiter or emissary of this description, and that a copy of his report or journal made by that truly legitimate and witty poetical firm, Croaker & Co. of New-York, would be a document acceptable and valuable to the public. We should then know the reasons of the monster for frequenting particularly the coasts of Scotland and New-England, and for throwing himself into Lake Ontario, in so horrible a guise—the source of his especial predilection for the neighbourhood of Boston—the jealousy which he felt at finding Mr. Monroe, the State Convention, and the Cadets, absorb attention nearly in the same degree with himself; and how much he was amused with the Yankee devices to catch him, and how pleasantly he tricked his pursuers by taking the despised shape of a Horse Mackerel at the moment he was thought to be secured *in propria persona*—just such as his picture had exhibited him. We should learn, too, how he felt and what he remarked when his likeness was taken by the limners of the learned societies—whether he had got a peep at the New-York battery; watched an opportunity of catching a glimpse of the great ichthyologist, and contrived to send his good wishes to his natural friend and ally the new sheriff. There

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would be something curious in the disclosure of the impressions, received by this distinguished personage of the nether regions, as he lay snug near the steam boats of the sound, from the conversations, which he must have overheard concerning Mr. Kean—the New-York election—the Albany Convention, with General Root—the Saratoga Springs—the British consul and André's bones—the theatre, and the prize poems, &c.

A NEW-HAMPSHIRE REVIEW.

[New-Hampshire Gazette. Portsmouth.]

"That's Hector, that, that, look you, that."

It is not known to all the world how important an event a "training day" is, particularly in most of our country towns, to the men, women, and children of New-Hampshire. It is a fact, that certainly augurs well to the military reputation of our state, that there is hardly a person in it, who has not on that day something to do or to suffer. There are but few individuals in our community, who may congratulate themselves upon an entire exemption from the duties and burthens of the day: whether voluntary or not, we all participate in some of the associations common to the occasion. We cannot, for instance, be insensible to the sweet concord of the dulcet notes of the spirit-stirring drum and fife; neither is it in the heart of man to be quite unmoved by the hum and bustle, "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," which mark the preparations for the martial day. Long before its arrival every thing denotes the approach of the day "big with the fate of Cato and of Rome;" fancy, with its magic pencil, paints upon the imagination of the lisping sons of Mars, feats of arms and love; and the breasts of many "captains bold" wax hot with unwonted fire, when they first survey themselves arrayed in the fearful habiliments of war, and look upon themselves as sustaining the post of honour in the tented field.

Swords, that have quietly reposed in their scabbards, ever since the landing of the pilgrims, are now forced from their beds of rust, and, like the sword of Ajax,

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made to flash "intolerable day." Uniform dresses, that were cut and trimmed in the homely and puritanic style of our plain ancestors, are disenthralled from their ignominious obscurity, and exposed to the "garish eye of day," bedecked in all the finery of modern taste. Military hats, which, in the days of our forefathers, stood the buffetings and peltings of no drizzling showers, are now extricated from the cobwebs and dust of spiders and time, replumed with spreading feathers, to grace the heads of youthful "thunder bolts of war" withal.

When the all-important day has come, how does the gallant heart of the martial corporal beat time with the music, when he finds himself dressed in the insignia of office! with what anxiety does he hope, that, in this auspicious moment, peradventure the eye of his Phillis may be cast upon his military figure, sparkling with broad metal buttons, and graced with comely worsted epaulettes! Lo, the fair one, too, how she does stand upon the extremest toe of expectation, throwing wistful glances upon the military train, till, at last, her eye rests upon him, the favored son of "all the gods at once," marching in measured and majestic strides—while enthusiasm beams from his eye, and his face is red with uncommon fire. His nodding plume, like Hector's, points the path to glory, and he presses on to the field of action, without a fear—while her heart is agitated by love's and war's alarms.

For weeks previous to the event, the din of arms seems to threaten the sack of another Troy. The awkward apprentice, the louty plough boy, and the spruce beau (blessings on his larded locks!) are now summoned to exchange the plough and the peaceful implements of industry for the tools of war:

> "Ah, me! what evils do environ
> The man that meddles with cold iron."

The business of the drill sergeant is now to discipline and break these "wild asses' colts" into the military gears: and, courteous reader, if you have no idea of the iron boot and wedge, described by Walter Scott, in the tale of Old Mortality, at the trial of Macbrier, before the English court; then, you can have but an imperfect

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understanding of the agony endured, and obstinacy exhibited, by these hardy rebels against tactical science.

Neither is the interest of a parade day confined to those, who "fardels bear;" but fiddlers, innkeepers, bakers, cake-women, herb-women, (not Miss Fellowes,) dancers and mountebanks, all groan and sweat under the heat and burthen of the day. I do, as a republican, and in the simplicity of my heart, believe, that the coronation of the king of England, the entry of the same into his loyal city of Dublin, together with the presentation of the keys of the city on a silver salver, are, as objects of curiosity, contemptible, compared to the real "double reel," and "single jig," of our own swains and lasses on a training day.

Though, in the judgement of the fastidious, they may occasionally overstep the modesty of nature, in their "lavoltas *high*, and swift courantos;" yet they, good souls, never dream of saying, singing, or dancing, only the most orthodox words, songs, and figures in the world.

To all constitutional hypochondriacs, all *ennuied* and wo-begone valetudinarians, I would recommend, not the Saratoga springs, nor the tour of Europe, but the tour of our fall reviews; where they shall obtain enjoyment and good humour sufficient to keep off, for some time, "the winter of their discontent," besides saving the doctor's fees.

DALGETTY.

THE MILITIA.

\[Rhode-Island American. Providence.]

IT is a popular doctrine that the militia are the bulwark of the country. Though I do not assent to this notion, it is not my present intention to question it. But I would ask whether any benefits adequate to the expense and trouble are derived from the present militia system of the United States? Every able-bodied free white male, (with few exceptions,) from the age of eighteen to forty-five is compelled to do military duty, as it is called, for several days in every year. I say nothing of the enormous aggregate of time, which is thus consumed; of the subtraction thus made from the country; or of the expense incurred by those, who are

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enrolled as soldiers. I simply inquire, in this place, what preparations are made, by all this training, which promise useful results in the event of war? With the exception of a few independent companies in each state, what discipline is taught, or learned, that can give efficiency in the hour of battle? What courage is imparted by sham fights and blank cartridges? What practical skill is gained by all the evolutions of a parade day? Are those, who belong to the militia, any better fitted than others for the defence of our coasts, or the protection of our towns? They themselves could scarcely pretend it. I do not mean that the militia in New-England are inferior to other militia; on the contrary, I believe them far superior. Nor do I mean that they make poor proficiency in proportion to their opportunities. But I do mean, that the system, under which they are trained, does not prepare them, and never can prepare any men, for the active and perilous duties of warfare. The business of a soldier must be learned like other business. A sailor would be but a bungling architect, though he were compelled to handle the saw, the mallet, and the chisel, without reward, for three days in every year of his life. The farmer would but lose his time, were he to attempt to learn the smith's art, by blowing his bellows, and swinging his sledge, three afternoons in a year for twenty-seven years together. He would hardly be competent to forge the thunderbolts of war, at the end of his novitiate.

I inquire again, Do not the militia, under the existing system, learn some things, which they must unlearn, before they can become efficient defenders of our country against the invasion of enemies? Will any military force be very powerful, if the commander must halt his men, and put a vote to them on the expediency of engaging in battle? Will any martial discipline ever be found in troops that elect their officers? Would our navy ever succeed under an elective government?

Again, What does experience teach us? Did the militia in the war of our Revolution ever fight any regular battle? Did Washington place any reliance upon them? Read his letters to Congress, and learn for what,

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and what alone, the militia are useful *in flagrante bello*. The single, simple truth about it, is merely this—men cannot, usefully, do any business until they have first learned how to do it, and the business of a soldier in actual service is not taught by our militia system.

Besides, the burden of the system is a heavy one, and it falls on those, who, generally speaking, are the least able to endure it—upon young labourers, and that class of elder men, whose exertions in their own behalf are most needed by themselves and their families. Most of the exempts are such as might well be called on to contribute to the expense of the system, if the system must exist. At forty-five, if ever, men have usually gained property. But at this age they are exempted from the charges attending military duty. Magistrates are exempt, not only from personal service, but from contribution. Why should these things be so in a country boasting of equal laws?

It is an unquestionable fact, that raw recruits learn more, in a very few days, under the pupilage of a drill-sergeant, than our militia learn from eighteen to forty-five. And I verily believe that, in three weeks, a regiment of hardy men, who never saw a musket, might be rendered more useful in the defence of their country, than nine-tenths of the regiments of militia now enrolled in New-England. Nor is this any reproach. Men cannot be expected to have an intuitive knowledge of military science. The militia know as much, and are competent to do as much, as any reasonable being could expect from them. The constant change of their officers retards proficiency. As soon as an officer has learned his duty, (often times sooner,) he obtains his discharge, and a successor, who is rather a learner, than a teacher, is elected to improve the discipline, and augment the force, of the national defence. We have, in New-England, generals, and colonels, and majors, and captains enough, who are out of commission, to marshal the army of Xerxes. I should, notwithstanding, be more afraid of the little band of Leonidas.

I would not speak in derogation of the New-England cavalry, but I ask any athletic man, of common stature,

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if he should fear any battalion of it that he has ever seen, if they were denied the use of pistols, and he could be allowed a stiff hickory bean-pole eight feet long for his own defence? If he answers negatively, it must be because he has feeble nerves, or has seen what never has come under my eye. A horse that is gentle for a woman to drive, and that will draw a plough among corn with a boy eight years old on his back, may be caparisoned for an afternoon; and by the help of spurs and cutlass may be made to gallop at the rate of five miles an hour, and keep small boys out of the road; but he will not leap a four rail fence, nor save a nation if he did.

I say nothing of a hundred other fooleries, which even military men confess and ridicule. I say nothing of the *spirit*, which the militia system fosters among those, who are raised to the dignity of a cocked hat and long boots. I leave to others the task of attempting to correct the public sentiment in regard to war; but I inquire earnestly, whether there is not a vast expense for very trifling objects—a heavy burden on those least able to bear it, and all to no good purpose of national defence?

Let no man accuse me of indifference to my country's safety, or of an attempt to reproach the defenders of the soil. No man more highly values the blessings of freedom, or would more readily perish in defence of them, than myself. But I should esteem it a sorry death, to be trodden down by a militia company in their retreat from the charge of an enemy. And of such a death I should sensibly feel the danger, were I attached to any corps of raw militia, and drawn up to meet a disciplined foe in the open field. L. O.

THANKSGIVING.

[Charleston Courier.]

It is a wise and venerable custom, in New-England, to set apart one day in the year for the voluntary commemoration of the divine favour, and goodness, and it is pleasing to see so correct a custom gaining ground in our country. Not that in New-England, or any where else, it requires a year to roll over our heads to con-

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vince us of the everlasting mercies of Heaven. The sublime structure of the universe; this beautiful landscape, the earth; the magnificent ocean, now assailing the clouds with its foam, and then nestling the little birds on its billows; the glorious sun, and those sweet sentinels of light, the stars; the voice of the thunder, and the song of the linnet; who knows any thing of these, and can, for a moment, doubt the supreme benevolence of the Almighty! Yet, although every instant be fruitful in blessings, we are inattentive, and do not regard; we are ignorant, and do not appreciate; we are ungrateful, and do not consider; we are selfish, and will not understand them. The best require to be reminded of their duty, and the thoughtless must be told of it always. It is wise, therefore, to select the season of gladness, and point to the source of good. When the husbandman rejoices for the harvest is ripe, and the poor go into the field to glean

> The sheafs, which God ordains to bless
> The widow, and the fatherless,

it becomes man to acknowledge the reward of his labours, the blessing of his hopes, and the goodness of the giver of all things. Then, especially, should he pour forth the grateful incense of his praise, and his devotion.

The Almighty deserves the praise of his creatures. The flower pays its worship in fragrant exhalation, and the lark when he carols at the gate of heaven, in praise of their glorious Maker. The sun burns incense daily, and the virgin stars keep nightly vigils; the mysterious anthem of the forest proclaims its devotion, and the sea declares its obedience as it murmurs into repose. Every moment of time bears an errand of mercy, and should not be allowed to pass without an acknowledgment of gratitude.

> "Ye chiefs, for whom the whole creation smiles,
> Crown the great hymn."

CHEERFULNESS.

[From the same.]

CHEERFULNESS is of much more easy attainment than is generally imagined. It merely implies mental con-

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trol, which every man, with a little study, may acquire. Now, it is a very pleasing study, because it pursues happiness; and happiness not in one sphere, or for one occasion, or of one kind, or in one spot only; but happiness every where; happiness always, and happiness alone. Men err in this way, that they will not be happy, except on their own terms. One determines to be rich; one sets his heart upon being learned; the poet must have celebrity; the despotic must have power; the coquette must have admirers; and the military must have renown. Now, what is happiness? It is not wealth, nor wisdom, nor fame, nor power, nor admiration, nor applause. And if it be neither of these, but something different from them all, why, it follows, that all the classes, here enumerated, must fail of their object, which, they will all tell you, is happiness. Happiness is the buoyancy of the heart. When the heart is languid we droop; when it is corroded we suffer; when it is torpid we die.

Now, to preserve the charming elasticity of the affections, requires only a good memory; not, as it is generally understood, a memory, which, like a porter, carries indiscriminately enormous burdens; but, like a milliner, who selects with the taste of a fairy, and arranges with the grace of a zephyr; a memory, which shall bring pleasure out of oblivion, and carry pain into it; a memory, which shall cull and preserve roses without condescending to look at a thorn or a nettle; a memory that shall look at beauty always, never at its shadow, and shine, like the sun, only on the day, because it has nothing to do with darkness.

Now, memory may easily be trained to this, or to any thing, for it is entirely artificial. It is not possible, in our physical organization, to see what is behind us; nor is it necessary that we should see what is before us—having a convenient ability to see only what we please, by shutting up our eyes. And it is just as right, and ought to be as easy, to shut up our memory, or not allow it to assail us in the exploded tactics of Parthian warfare, from behind. Now, as life is but a series of successive events, reflections, and emotions, and as we

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use the phrase, "passing in our mind," to denote the constancy of these changes, any emotion of pain, the moment after it is past, depends on the memory to bring it back. Now, one has only to choose to forget it, and it is gone forever.

And, if we consult happiness, we cannot but choose to forget pain, which is an unwelcome guest, always coming without invitation, never clad in a wedding garment, and entitled to no ceremony, but an immediate dismissal. A lady finds no difficulty in denying that she is at home, nor a porter in locking a gate to exclude unwished-for visiters. Now, why should sorrow have better claim to admission into the residence of the affections? It is not, therefore, to be tolerated, but kept in the portico, and, as soon as possible, discarded and forgotten; and if there be any difficulties, rally all the household of joy, and mirth, and hours with rosy fingers, and scarlet lips, and banish the intruder, and be happy.

DUKE HAMILTON.

[From the same.]

Duke Hamilton, from a child, was remarkably serious, and took delight in reading his bible. When he was about nine years old, and playing about the room, the duchess told lady C. E., a relation, that she said to him, "Come, write me a few verses, and I will give you a crown." He sat down, took pen and paper, and, in a few minutes, produced the following lines:

As o'er the sea-beat shore, I took my way,
I met an aged man, who bade me stay:
"Be wise," said he, "mark well the path you go;
This leads to Heaven, and that to Hell below;
The way to life is difficult and steep;
The broad and easy leads you to the deep."

MILTON—GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

[From the same.]

If all marginal writing in books was as just and delicate as the following, there would be less to complain of.

Milton, in his History of Great-Britain, describes the daughter of Earl Godwin as commended much for beau-

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ty, modesty, and, *beyond what is requisite in a woman*, learning: upon which Gilbert Wakefield, writing in the margin with his pencil, makes this apostrophe—"John, John, I blush for thee."

THE PRESS.

[From the same.]

THE radical hostility of tyrants to the circulation of thought, is strongly depicted in the reply of Sir William Berkley, governor of Virginia, to certain questions relating to that colony, propounded from abroad in 1670.

"I thank God *there are no free schools, nor printing*, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years: for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!"

What an admirable text for the Holy Alliance!

What a consoling reflection for the editor of a free paper to know, that monarchs, at the head of mighty armies, dread the combination and array of the simple letters of the alphabet, subsisting on bloodless ink, and quartered on virgin paper!

There is something military in the art of printing. The *line*, the *column*, and the *square*, do they not belong alike to the nomenclature of printing and of war? On the other hand, how did the army of France, and the navy of England prosper until they resorted to the *press?*

MISTAKE OF POPE.

[From the same.]

WE have always thought Pope wrong, in saying,

"An honest *man* 's the noblest work of God."

For ourselves, we give a decided preference to an honest *woman*; women are preferable in every thing.

CONCILIATION.

[From the same.]

CONCILIATION is the great art of debate. In a deliberative assembly, where the majority of wills is to be obtained, it is astonishing that any man, having the re-

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putation of talents, should so far mistake his aim, and his object, as to be deficient in courtesy to his associates.

The authority of intellect is difficult enough to be sustained, even with all the blandishments of rhetoric. It is not, like personal strength and majesty, palpable to the eye; nor like the soul-subduing fascination of beauty, thrilling through the fibres; it is *an authority founded on opinion*, on the opinion of your associates, as impalpable as the thoughts, which cherish and support it; an ideal supremacy, which men readily deny when they choose, and always acknowledge with reluctance. Therefore is it an authority, which can only permanently and happily rest upon the affections of discerning men, who are your contemporaries. You can gain the affection of no man by insulting him; you impress no idea of your superiority by rudeness. Frowns are the arguments, and threats are the persuasives, of bullies. The brave despise, and the wise rejoice, in them. They are, inevitably, symptoms of surrender and defeat.

An angry, supercilious speaker, on a legislative floor, is a positive injury to his own constituents. Invest him with what great renown you please, let his praise for mind be trumpeted from the forest to the sea shore, it avails nothing; place him in a situation where, like Lord Thurlow, or Judge Chase, he may be rude without the danger of impeachment, but do not send him to a deliberative assembly, to mar the beautiful art of persuasion with the very weapons of rhetoric.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

[From the same.]

Among some, who have read Blackstone, and more, who have not, the erroneous and ungallant opinion prevails, that a husband may chastise his wife, provided the weapon be not thicker than his little finger. For the benefit of the ladies, the information of the gentlemen, and the honour of our state, it should be known that this is not the law of South Carolina. There was a decision of our constitutional [supreme] court about thirteen

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years since, pronounced by the late Judge Wilds, in the dignified sweetness of his noble spirit, in which he proclaimed the law of South Carolina on this subject, in the following graceful extract from the Honey Moon:

"The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom 't were gross flattery to name *a coward*."

EXTRAVAGANCE IN SPEECH.

[From the same.]

How annoying it is to encounter one of that class of persons, who, having no measure in their minds, use none in their discourse; with whom nothing is indifferent, nor simply bad, nor purely good, but every thing is in the superlative degree, speaking after this fashion: "He is the best preacher I ever heard in the whole course of my life!" "This is the finest piece of mutton I ever sat down to!" "Well, such a hot day as this I never saw since I was born!" "That is the prettiest girl I ever set my eyes on!" "Of all the speakers, I ever heard, he is the poorest!" &c. It is in vain to suggest any exception or modification of these absolute propositions, or for a moment to question their entire truth. And yet they cannot possibly be true, unless the speaker can rally in his mind's eye all the preachers, legs of mutton, warm days, pretty girls, and poor speakers, which he has met with in the course of his life, compare them all at a glance, decide their merits, and declare the result. Now these people pretend to nothing like this. Instead of their memory embracing all the past, their mind is competent only to the present, and one object at a time fills it "chock full." Hence the disproportionate size, which it assumes in their sight, and obtains in their descriptions. Associate with them only a day or two, and you will find they attach no importance whatever to their own gratuitous decrees; having, for every preacher, every leg of mutton, and every pretty girl, the same commendation, which you would suppose was confined to one of each.

The correct rule is, to pay no attention to these *comprehensive* speakers, except, perhaps, when there is

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something of selfishness in their remarks. As when you hear one of them say, I have the best pointer in the state; my horse is the best horse, &c. and then you may venture to set him down, having on your side every other man in the state, who owns a horse or a pointer.

CORONATION OF GEORGE IV.

[National Advocate. New-York.]

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Sir Geoffry Squint claimed to look awry upon his majesty's liege subjects, at the banquet; Sir G. to be fasting. *Allowed.*

Sir Nimbleton Legges claimed to cut three capers for his majesty's divertisement in Westminster Hall, and to do the same by deputy. *Allowed.* The said Sir N. being an alderman.

Terence Swigall, Esquire, of Dublin, presented a petition to be allowed to drink for his majesty, when his majesty should be laid under the table. *Rejected.* His majesty having the strongest head in Europe.

Giles Grumbleton, Esquire, claimed to grunt three times, after the banquet, and to have three pigs' tails, and a ram's horn, in a tin box, from the city of London. *Allowed.*

The Lord Mayor of London claimed, on behalf of the city, to taste his majesty's turtle soup, and to have all that remained in the pots. *Allowed.*

His majesty was also pleased to order that a place in the procession should be provided for Sir Hans Snickerenstough, of his majesty's kingdom of Hanover; the said Sir Hans to be dressed in fifteen pair of breeches, three coats, and seven waistcoats, each garment to be half orange, and half scarlet, and to carry the grand standard of Hanover, a large cheese, surmounted by a dried rat, and two onions.

Knowles Growlton, Esquire, claimed a place at the banquet, to eat out of a wooden trencher, and swear at the cookery, and to have the trencher. *Allowed.* But to find the trencher himself. It was also declared to be a prescriptive right of all the good people of these realms to grumble at their dinners.

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The master of the horse claimed to cut two somersets and a half over his majesty's saddle, on the ground, and to have three hairs from the tail of his majesty's horse. *Allowed.* The said hairs to be plucked under the inspection of a committee of the commons, and the judges of the court of exchequer. *Allowed.*

The honourable company of brewers, by their president, claimed to drink two pots of ale with his majesty. The right hands of his majesty, and the president, to be joined, and their right legs resting on the back of a chair; and to have the pots. *Allowed.* But his majesty to drink by deputy; his temperate habits allowing him to drink nothing stronger than fourth proof whiskey.

The Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, by their chancellors, claimed to send two wranglers, to wrangle, and chop logic, on London bridge, with all the good people of the realm. *Allowed.*

Mr. Toupee, his majesty's barber general, claimed to walk in the procession, with all the varieties of wigs on his head, for the last two hundred years, surmounted by a barber's basin; and to shave all the pigs in England, for forty days. *Allowed.*

The societies of the Inns of Court claimed to walk in the procession, attended by their clients. *Allowed.* But recommended the clients to stay at home, his majesty not wishing to have poverty and rags in the procession.

The Royal College of Surgeons, by their president, as the true and legal successors of the ancient and right venerable company of barbers and surgeons, claimed to extract two teeth, and draw a horn spoonful of blood from his majesty, by leeches, immediately before the pouring out of the holy oil. This case presented some nice points; the court adjourned to take counsel. In this case, previous to the next meeting of the court, there will be a solemn argument before the twelve judges, on two points. *First*, That inasmuch as his majesty's teeth have all decayed, whether the extracting of two false teeth, is within the meaning of the charter of the college: and, *second*, that inasmuch as whiskey has been substituted in his majesty for blood, whether the drawing of a fluid from his majesty's veins, is, by the com-

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mon law of England, in all cases, a drawing of blood. We have it from good authority, that a cabinet council was called, on Sunday last, to decide how long it will be necessary to postpone the "august and sacred ceremony," in order to train leeches to hard drinking, in order to go through the operation without flinching, should the question be decided for the college.

Our readers by this time have had enough, in the descriptive way, of the preparations for the coronation of George the Fourth, "Defender of the Faith," *et cetera, et cetera;* a gentleman, a little declined in the vale of years; a gay gallant dandy; fond of women and wine; above all reproof, and above all law; in short, a king, not of "shreds and patches," but of splendid robes, glittering crowns, and large whiskers. We, poor degenerate Yankee Doodles, can have but a faint idea of this most awful and august ceremony of putting a golden rim, studded with jewels, and stuffed with velvet and woollen, on the powdered and pomatumed head of a fat old gentleman with a red nose: then to hear the trumpets, and kettle drums, and see the lords and ladies on their knees, in homage to the power, the virtues, and the worth of this hereditary great man. However, we must set our imagination at work; we must fancy we see the whole ceremony:—First, the lord chamberlain carrying the king his shirt and pair of drawers on the morning of his coronation, and receiving in return forty yards of velvet for a robe, for which the poor of Manchester must pay; a most important and indispensable ceremony; for if his majesty had no drawers, he would cut but a sorry figure in Westminster Abbey. He would have to sing with King Arthur, in Tom Thumb—

> "For when the husband once gives way
> To the wife's capricious sway,
> For his breeches, the next day,
> He may go whoop and hollow."

Then we see Miss Fellows, the king's herb woman, whom, for aught we know, may be a very pretty girl, strewing rosemary, rue, fennel, catnip, sage, and other medicinal and culinary plants, before his most gracious majesty; making a savoury and strong concoction to per-

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fume the air. Anon, follows the big wigs and the little wigs; the lords spiritual and temporal; the chancellor, the judges, high sheriffs, bum bailiffs, tipstaffs, beef-eaters; together with the pursuivant at arms, bishops, maids of honor, sword of state, silver sticks, and gold sticks; and, last, not least, comes uncle George himself, under a splendid canopy, long robes, buff shoes, red roses, big belly, false calves, and painted eyebrows. Then follow the guards of honour, and of personal safety; the nobility, gentry, and canaille. Such shouting and throwing up of caps, that even the champion of England trembles within his iron armour. While the imagination is afloat, let it sail into Westminster Abbey, and observe the chair of state, the gloves, the spurs, the globe, and sceptre; the holy unction, purchased at his majesty's oil shop, Picadilly, No. 43; the kneeling down to be crowned; the washing of hands; the ceremony of the banquet; the golden cup, out of which the king drinks "to the general joy of the table, and his good queen Caroline, whom he misses:" then, the champion of England proclaiming, by a herald and the sound of trumpet, that he is ready to maintain, by force of arms, *et cetera*, the right of his most gracious majesty to the throne of England, knowing, full well, that no person would question that right before supper; then, the king drinking the very good health of the champion; then, the champion, riding up to the table on his white horse, seizes the golden cup, drinks the punch, and puts the cup in his pocket; then, backs his horse from the banquet *a posteriori*; then, the chorus from Handel, *non nobis domine*, "Molly put the kettle on," and "God save the king." Thus end the amusements of the day, and thus are the poor of England taxed one penny more a pound for tea; with additional items on sugar, candles, coal, beer, and window glass; and the good king jogs on as usual, drinks whiskey, and apple toddy, and visits the marchioness of Hertford; not an inch amended, or reformed, by all this costly ceremony. At all events, one thing is certain, George will go through this pantomime with infinite grace; he has rehearsed his part, no doubt, thoroughly; he is fit for nothing else.

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To a reflecting mind, how powerful are the considerations, which this ceremony awakens. Here we have an instance of the entailed curses of hereditary power. A legitimate successor to the throne orders himself to be crowned, which costs the people not less than *five millions of dollars!* The "round and top of sovereignty" is placed on a head, which never conceived a useful or glorious project; the golden sceptre is grasped by a hand that never wielded a sword, or struck a blow for liberty and law; the royal robes encircle a person, who never "set a squadron in the field," nor exposed himself for the benefit of his fellow men. Are the people to be envied, or commiserated, in their vassalage?

How provoking it must be to George the Fourth, in all his pageantry, and glory, to see grim death making a snap at him in the shape of gout or apoplexy, and actually carrying him off, in spite of the champion of England, the gold sticks, silver sticks, and Miss Fellows, the herb woman, into the bargain.

MATRIMONY.

[From the same.]

We frequently read, in English papers, the annunciation of marriages in high life, as thus:

"Married, yesterday morning, at eleven o'clock, at St. George's Chapel, Hanover-square, the Right Honourable C. F. D. to the accomplished and amiable Lady Mary E. daughter of the Earl of S. The happy couple *immediately set off for the country in a barouche and four.*"

The annals of this country, we believe, have only been distinguished by one marriage of corresponding pomp and ceremony, and that did not please the million. But there is a part of this English ceremonial, which is too frequently imitated here. We allude to a visit to the country immediately after the solemnization of the nuptials. Scarcely is the knot tied—the parson had his fee, his kiss, and his cake, when the damsel, so coy and distant before marriage, jumps into a hack, or barouche, a steam-boat, or a sloop, as the case may be, and, surrounded by strangers, passes the first hours after the wedding. In many instances, this elopement after mar-

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riage is the result of delicacy—a false delicacy, to be sure; to avoid the throng of congratulations; the eager and joyous press of friends; the nods, winks, and "ambiguous givings out" of wags, and roguish damsels. These, we admit, are sometimes perplexing, but they are only the scattered thorns on the rose bush; the pain is light, and transient, which hilarity banishes, and pure affection renders evanescent. Far different are the impressions, to a delicate mind, which these matrimonial visits produce. A couple, just united, are, necessarily, as strange to each other as before marriage. It is only time, and affection, that can cement the bonds of union, and of confidence; and, yet, as this fashion prevails, the lady trusts herself to her new made husband; leaves the city in which she was born; the parents, who reared her; the friends, who love her; the companions, who rejoice in her change of condition, and sets off to the country; arrives, at the close of the day, at the village inn; is stared at by the clowns; takes a cup of souchong tea; eats some quince sweetmeats. Her bride maid is a strapping wench in a linsey-woolsey petticoat, and she is put to bed in cotton sheets on a mattress of moss, and all night is disturbed with the trampling of horses, the lowing of cows, the village fiddler, or the jingling cart of a tin pedlar. This rural felicity is not confined to a single day. The blushing bride is led out by her blushing husband, and takes another diurnal journey; visits another village; and, after the lady is thus dragged about the country, jolted, pounded, bruised, stared at, and half starved, she returns, in a fortnight, to the city, and sets up for company, in great state, the marriage being then an old affair. Now we do protest against this unsocial and indelicate practice. The parent, or guardian, who consents to the marriage of a ward, or daughter, should afford his countenance to the couple, and claim the right of entertaining them while yet the parties are novitiates. A young lady should celebrate her marriage under her parent's roof, and surrounded by her household gods, and not run off into the woods, and hide behind hay ricks, as if to shun the face of day, and avoid the gaze of fellow mortals.

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The ancients celebrated their marriages with votive offerings; and with all the native simplicity, which truth and innocence inspire. We should not depart from early and sound examples, but rather perpetuate them. The more the world sees of young married people, the more fashionable and customary will matrimony become.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

[Portsmouth Journal.]

Mr. Editor,

Some legislatures make statutes that no civil officer shall arrest any person on Sunday. I have sometimes thought that the same law ought to extend to officers of the church, forbidding them to keep their congregation in duress on that day. I live in a small country village, and belong to a small congregation, the members of which are very well contented with each other, and their clergyman. We are always glad to meet, and greet, one another, on Sunday, when we contrive to be informed of what has been doing during the week, in our parish, as well as the rest of the world. Some, accordingly, collect, for this purpose, about the meeting-house steps, before the service begins, and the bell frequently ceases tolling before their conversation is ended. In a fair bright day, the minister generally seats himself in the pulpit, where he remains some time, turning over the leaves of his books, and his sermon, and then looks about the congregation, and, now and then, turns his eye to the door, by way of inquiring whether the news is told, and the groups broken up, and ready to join the worship. On the other hand, the talkers look in, at every pause in the conversation, to observe whether the minister has commenced reading the psalm. Mean time, the fans are all in motion, and the dames are overseeing the demeanor of the damsels, while the damsels are spying out all the new dresses, and covertly prinking themselves. Now a new silk gown rustles up the aisle; presently a new pair of shoes creak through the gallery; the singers, one after another, give a hem, to clear their pipes, while the president of the bass-viol touches the strings softly, and

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screws his instrument into tune. If any stranger happens to be present he is critically noted, and every one meditates the questions to be put, and remarks to be made, relating to him, after the service. Lovers' eyes are searching out each other, and exchanging glances. By and by, little Billy, in crossing the pew to whisper to his mother, treads upon Fowler's tail, whereat he raises his voice in a lamentable expostulation. Madame Betty's Cupid is scratching at the pew door for admittance —and a child utters a shrill squall by way of demanding its mother's breast. At length all is hushed except the indistinct echo of the conversation at the door, where the talkers are waiting to hear the minister say, "Let us begin the worship of God by singing" such a psalm or hymn. The minister is waiting, at the same time, for them to come in. But when he and the whole congregation begin to be a little out of countenance, he breaks silence, the talkers pour in, and the service proceeds. Now, as I have passed the age of boyhood, when the spirits are always alive, and the fertile mind supplies amusement on all occasions, by wondering at what occupies the senses at the moment, or devising and executing trivial mischief, and as I do not find myself much interested in the news of the week, and can find opportunity in the intervals of the service to reconnoitre the assembly, this long prelude begins to be tedious to me. I do not believe our good minister will tire out the talkers, and I hope he will no longer keep the rest of the congregation in duress a quarter of an hour before every service, in making the experiment. I find the practice of a neighboring clergyman, who is not to be compared to ours in any other thing, contributes much more to the orderly and convenient conducting of public worship. He begins as soon as he conveniently can, after ascending the pulpit stairs, whether the day be rainy or fair; and all the congregation, knowing precisely when he will commence, are generally in their places in time.

By putting this into your paper you will entitle yourself to the high consideration of your's, &c.

JEDIDIAH PARISHIONER.

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DREAMS.

[Delaware Gazette.]

To explain the phenomena of dreaming, different theories have been adopted by different persons. The learned and pious Mr. Baxter, in his treatise on the immateriality of the human soul, advances the idea that dreams are the effect of the agency of spiritual beings on our souls during sleep.

Wolfius supposed, that dreams are never originated in the mind, except when some one of the organs of sensation is excited by some external object. M. Formy is of the same opinion.

Many physiologists say, that the mind, in dreaming, is thrown into a *delirium;* that sleep is attended with a *collapse* of the brain, during which time the nerves cannot carry on their usual intercourse between the soul and the organs of sensation. They say, "When the whole of the brain is in a state of *collapsation*, we sink into a deep sleep, entirely unconscious of an existence—but that, when a part *only* of the brain is *collapsed*, the phenomenon of dreaming is the result."

Others have conjectured, that in sleep there is not a free circulation of the nervous fluid—that very frequently there is a deficiency of this fluid, and that even though this fluid may be excited in the external organs of sensation, yet it may, by some cause yet unknown, be prevented from entering the sensorium—and that all the phenomena of dreaming may be resolved into some one of these causes, or into a union of all the three causes together, in different ratios not to be explained.

I leave my reader to judge which of the above theories is the most correct. For my own part, I cannot say that I believe any of them. Neither do I feel myself able to give the public one more satisfactory.

Our dreams are much influenced by the state of the weather, the healthiness or debility of our bodies, our situation and calling in life, and the ardour with which we engage in any particular business. The divine frequently dreams of preaching, the lawyer of pleading for his client, the physician of attending his sick patient, the merchant of trading and casting up his accounts, and

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the lover never fails to feast his soul, in the visions of the night, on the charms of his *beloved*.

But though our dreams are, in general, characteristic of the state of our minds while awake, yet there are some very wide deviations. Sometimes the mind, during sleep, is engaged in the sublime contemplation of God, and the magnificence, beauty, and order, of His works. Sometimes the pious man dreams of putting off mortality, and joining with Cherubim and Seraphim, in all the sweetness of heavenly worship.

A RECEIPT FOR PRODUCING GOOD DREAMS.

1. A good conscience. 2. Good health. 3. A freedom from evil passions, such as envy, malice, and covetousness. 4. Out of debt. 5. A constant attention to business.

I would advise the vulgar not to be frighted at their dreams, as though something dreadfully portentous was signified. A light supper will generally keep off the night mare, and prevent *dreadful dreams*.

ANECDOTE.

MANY years ago, in Cincinnati, a certain justice was called to gaol to liberate a worthless debtor, by taking his oath that he was not worth five pounds. "Well! Johnny," said the justice, as he entered, "can you swear you are not worth five pounds, and never will be?" "Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear I am not worth that sum at present." "Well, well," replied the justice, "I can swear the rest; so step forward, Johnny."

NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

NOT many years ago a gentleman, lately from Scotland, called on Mr. H. at his seat, near Wilmington, Delaware, for whom he had some letters. While walking in his garden, abounding in excellent fruit, the latter observed, that, show him what he would, his guest insisted he had seen muckle better in Scotland. Determined, however, to surprise him, he privately ordered his servant to tie some gourds on a pear tree, whilst

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they were at dinner. When the cloth was removed. "Now, sir," said Mr. H. "I think I can show you something you never saw in Scotland," and, taking him to the tree, he asked the astonished Scotchman what he thought of that. "In truth, sar," quoth he, "they are varra fine piers, indeed; but I think I have seen full as large in the Duke of Argyle's gardens, though I must e'en confess that *they had na quite sic lang nacks.*"

UPS AND DOWNS.

[New-England Galaxy.]

Mr. Painter,

I am a Dutchman of some little consequence; but being lame of one leg, have had many ups and downs in life. From my earliest remembrance, when my mother used to toss me up and down, to the present time, I have been going up or down continually; and never, till my arrival in this country, had any doubt of the meaning of those words. The ups and downs, which I suffered under the up and down star of Napoleon, made me heartily tired of my own country, and I came to this in a vessel, which kept throwing me up and down continually, while my food was no sooner down my throat, than it began to make preparation to come up again. When I first came ashore, the land went up and down, as had the vessel, so that I verily thought I had made a poor exchange of countries. My limping faculty was sadly disturbed, and ran hastily up one leg, and down the other, in search of its last and usual abode; while my legs themselves, like hens in an argument, kept hopping up and down in a very untimely manner, and, as if doubting which was which, seemed to be puzzling themselves about the doctrine of identity. I will not be positive that it was so, but it seemed so to me. To return. All these ups and downs were perfectly intelligible, corresponding entirely with an early impression of mine, that "up is up, and down is down,"—two fundamentals, which no astronomical notions have ever been able to disturb. But the ups and downs of the English language, of which I am now compelled to speak, have confused my venerable ideas; and which is up, and

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which is down, I know no more than a toad in a sling. You eat your food up, and you swallow it down. You put up beef, and you put down butter. You follow game up, and you run game down. You dress a man up, and you dress a horse down. You are right down mad, and you are right up about it. You trip a man up, and you knock a man down. You cut corn up, and you cut corn down. You pay up, and you pay down. You are taken down with a fever, and you are laid up with a cold; and while you allow that a man is quite down, you still insist that he is fairly done up.

I mean to be right up and down with you, Mr. Printer; and I tell you plainly, if you do not make a better language, you may talk it yourself; for I can talk high and low Dutch, a word for each alternately, and have less ups and downs in a whole volume, than in a single page of your zigzag lingo.

THE MANUAL EXERCISE.

[Daily Advertiser. Boston.]

My lads! the first thing you have to do is to answer to your names; when you hear the word "attention," you must bring both the starboard and larboard heels to bear together, keeping your jib stays taut bowsed up, and square your shoulders by the lifts and braces, clapping both your fists against your bends, one and all the same moment, till the words "stand at ease," when the hollow of your starboard foot must be smartly backed astern of the heel of the larboard one—you must also clap an over hand knot upon your fist athwart your bread bag: after coming to attention, at the word "shoulder arms," rouse Brown Bess by the middle, and bowse her up from the lower tier of the starboard side, to the larboard bow, keeping a good look out that she does not make a lee lurch, and capsize, otherwise you will be apt to knock out your shipmate's top lights. At the word "secure arms," the starboard arm, which is now fast to the starboard bends, must go athwart your bread bag, in order to receive Brown Bess by the breech, clapping your larboard fist to her midships—be sure to have her muzzle a-head, so that her breech will come

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right under your larboard wing, so as to secure the fireworks from squalls, no tarpaulin being allowed. After shouldering, at the word "present arms," you slew Bess half round and seize her with the starboard fist, then fetch her up betwixt your top-lights, so that your flying jit-boom will be two inches from her midships: be sure to back the hollow of the starboard foot astern of the heel of the larboard one, during this motion: after bringing Bess from the larboard bow, the next is "advance arms," both of the two first motions of which are the same as "present," but at the third, you heave her alongside of the starboard bends, seizing the guard with the starboard fist, so as to secure her along-side. So much for one lesson. OAKUM.

JOHN AND THOMAS.

[Connecticut Mirror.]

THE following anecdote is matter of fact. Two persons, who had been brought up in the same neighbourhood in a country village, and whose early days had been spent in the greatest intimacy and friendship, lately met, after an absence from each other of many years. For distinction's sake we shall call them John and Thomas. The latter, during this separation, had, from a rude, jocose, frolicksome young man, been converted into an austere Christian. The change was not outward and apparent merely, but pervaded the whole man. In him a holy life adorned the profession of godliness. But from one extreme he had gone to another. To mortify his pride, and guard against the sinful propensities of his younger years, he assumed a garb, which was forbidding and ridiculous. He literally put on sackcloth; and, for singularity and slovenliness of appearance, exceeded the famous Lorenzo Dow. The former appeared in the style of a gentleman. He had seen much of the world, been successful in business, and moved in the higher walks of life. The mutual surprise, which was felt by these two old comrades at their first interview, may easily be imagined. After staring at each other for some time, John thus broke silence, "I am astonished at you, Tom; why you look like a monk of the four-

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teenth century." "John," said the other, very deliberately taking him by the foretop, and without contracting a muscle of his lengthened visage, "John, *you* look like a *monkey* of the *nineteenth* century."

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

[Emporium. Trenton, N. J.]

When I was a boy, I one day walked out with an old friend of my father's; and, while engaged in conversation, we came to a wide ditch. The old gentleman paused; "Oliver," said he, (seeing I was about springing for the other side,) "*look before you leap*;" but before the sentence was finished, I had made my leap. The other side was, as it happened, extremely slippery, and my feet had scarce touched it, before I found myself laid at full length at the bottom, covered completely with mud and water. The consequence was, my new clothes were utterly spoiled, and although my mother had a company of lively young friends to tea that very evening, I was obliged to keep my room; and, what was worse, received a severe scolding, and the promise of no more new dresses, until I learned to take better care.

This misfortune made a deep impression on my mind —the lesson it gave me will never be forgotten. Since that hour, I have always looked before I leaped, and many a heart-ach it has saved me. Yet I have never looked round me in the world without seeing many that were as thoughtless and foolish as I had been. I have seen young men take a social glass for friendship's sake; and I have known such, often, to be verily laid in the ditch before they had done with social glasses. I have seen old men build castles in the air, and known those castles to fall and push their builders into the ditch in the end. I have seen young men marry wives before they were able to support themselves genteelly; and I have known them to drag their wretched and helpless families down with them into the ditch. I have seen old and middle aged men indulge foolish wives and spoiled children in every finery, and known such families to wind up their concerns in a ditch at last.

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It is no matter, Messrs. Editors, what kind of a ditch it is—and those of drunkenness, crime, and poverty, are the very worst in the whole world, and are all easily avoided if men will *look before they leap.*

When I see a mechanic about to leave his shop and go to keeping tavern, I think, good man, you had better *look before you leap.* The ground on the other side is slippery, and may, by chance, give you a fall.

When I hear a young man resolving not to learn a trade, but to get a gig, and a dandy suit, and set himself up for a rich wife; I would fain whisper to him, Friend, *look before you leap.* And when I see a poor but pretty bowing and scraping gentleman putting his neck into the yoke with a cross old maid, her pocket full of bank notes, and her head as empty as a kettle-drum; I remember the boy and the grindstone, and think how often people put their noses to it.

When I see a farmer adding acre after acre to his plantation, though it is larger already than he can cultivate, and mortgaging the old homestead for payment, I would say to him, Beware, lest you and your farm go into the ditch together.

When I see an honest cultivator of the soil, who, by hard labour, has laid up a few hundreds, getting a carriage and horses, buying broadcloths and canton crapes, and striving to imitate the fashionables; from my soul I wish he had a little of the spirit of the poor cobbler, who, when a friend called to him to come out from his stall and see the procession passing to the coronation of George the Third, innocently replied, "God sent me into the world to make shoes, and I have nothing to do with those fine shows and ceremonies."

But again; when I see men or women, old or young, great or small, living as if they were to live forever, without one thought of, or preparation for, death, I would thunder in their ears, if I could,—*look before you leap;* for leap you must, perhaps when least you expect it; and if you slip then, it will be for an—eternity!

OAKWOOD.

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GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

[National Advocate. New-York.]

About eighteen months ago, as I was walking up Chatham-street, I observed a light pleasure wagon, in which were two gentlemen, with hunting apparatus, apparently just returned from the chase; another gentleman on horseback appeared to belong to the party. The wagon turned up Pearl-street, followed furiously by a heavy brewer's dray, laden with beer in kegs. The drayman, to my utter astonishment, made several desperate attempts to upset the wagon, by driving his wheels against it with the most determined hostility, and in one instance the wheels were locked, and the gentlemen were nearly thrown on the pavement among a heap of rubbish, old barrels and boxes, bricks, glass, &c. &c. an event, which would, probably, have killed, or, at least, severely bruised or wounded them. Aware that accidents of the most serious nature had resulted from the carelessness of carmen and draymen, I could not behold with indifference this ruffian-like attempt, and felt it my duty to interfere.

The drayman drove on, and I advised the gentlemen to pursue him, and have him carried before the Police; and, to aid them, I jumped into the wagon, and the pursuit commenced. After following him up several streets, he finally stopped, and was seized by the gentlemen. Making a severe resistance, and, with the aid of a large dog, he at length extricated himself; said that his name was Hugh Wallace, and that he was son-in-law to Benham, a brewer in this city. The gentlemen left him, probably considering it useless to pursue the affair. Wallace goes to a lawyer, and tells his story; the lawyer, whose business is to bring suits when required, right or wrong, issues writs against the three gentlemen and myself for an assault and battery. Finding that Wallace, far from being satisfied at his easy escape, was bent on mischief, he was considered an unfit person to shew any lenity to. Accordingly, he was indicted at the court of sessions, tried, convicted, and was sentenced to pay fifty dollars, with costs. In the mean time, Wallace, urged by his father-in-law, Benham, continues his

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suits, which are put off from time to time; and, finally, at the last court of common pleas, the case was tried.

Lawyers are fond of trying me, for "something, or for nothing," particularly if they happen, by chance, to be political opponents. They improve the opportunity to give a wide latitude to their fancy, and generally pay off old scores, and more than balance accounts. I do not complain, for I some times take great liberties with them in my way, and yet we agree very cordially *in propria persona*. Well, my friend general Bogardus, and counsellor Sampson, were against me in this case; and, considering that I only interfered to prevent a serious injury being committed upon my fellow citizens, I thought that I really was entitled to praise, rather than censure. General Bogardus, as in duty bound, gave me a political dressing, in plain English, and with good grammar. Counsellor Sampson was more excursive, and equally severe; he took me under the arm, walked over the Barbary states with me, and said some complimentary, but more ugly, things of me, until one of the jury fairly complained to the court that the lawyers wagged their tongues too saucily. To make a long story short, the jury gave *six pence damages* against us, amounting to a total defeat, and I walked away, well satisfied with the verdict.

Now comes the git of the story. A few days afterwards, the attornies presented me with a bill of costs, as long as my arm, amounting to *one hundred and thirty dollars*, a fourth of which fell to my share to pay! Gentlemen, sweet gentlemen, said I, it is a mistake; I have only to pay the fourth part of sixpence, according to the verdict. Very true, said they, but your lawyer, not having put in a plea of justification, you are compelled to pay the costs. So, here we have another instance of the "glorious uncertainty of the law." I am acquitted by a jury, but very heavily condemned by the lawyers. *Sixpence* damages, and *one hundred and thirty dollars costs!* So, with a rueful face, I had to pay my fourth, and what is the result? If the operations of law and equity will not hold harmless a citizen, who interferes to preserve the public peace, and the lives of

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his fellow creatures, *who* will venture to step forth as the protector of the injured, at the call of the unfortunate? Who is safe, when arresting even the uplifted arm of the assassin? I could moralize for an hour, but it would not bring me back my money.

HERMETIC PHILOSOPHERS.

[New-England Galaxy.]

——"Uno avulso non deficit alter
Aurens, et simili frondescit virga metallo." VIRGIL.

THOUGH I have studied the ways of men for many years, I must ingenuously confess my inability to dive into the secrets of one particular society, the members of which have hitherto enveloped themselves in an impenetrable cloud of mystery. Every body must have observed that in all public places there are crowds of adventurers, who neither derive any possessions from provident ancestors, nor are of any profession, yet figure splendidly, to the amazement of all, who know them. The only answer I could ever obtain, when I have inquired how Mr. Such-a-one, a member of this society, lived, was, "The Lord knows." Which answer, one would think, should imply, that he, who feedeth the ravens, and clotheth the lilies of the field, had thus plentifully prepared for them, imperceptibly to the eyes of other mortals. But as the lives of the gentlemen seem to claim no such indulgence from Heaven, I should have entertained a complaisant opinion of them, if the legislature, by the repeal of the witch act, had not taught me to believe, that our intercourse with the devil was at an end. About a century since, a very fanciful performance was ushered into existence, entitled "Hermippus Redivivus, or the sage's triumph over old age and the grave." Though the author of this work, modestly sets out with shewing merely the possibility of a man's extending the span of life to a longer space than he generally now enjoys—yet, by degrees, almost imperceptible to the reader, he slides into the Hermetic philosophy, of which he is an enthusiastic admirer, and becomes, before the conclusion of his book, as thorough a believer in the power of the philosopher's stone, and

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universal elixir, as if he had been personally present when an adept had made the projection. He introduces several most surprising stories concerning philosophers, who, being skilled in the arcanum, lived three or four centuries, in the most unimpaired vigour, both of mind and body. But as the most enviable state of human felicity is imperfect—though these sages were masters of that omnipotent metal, which can make knaves honest, blockheads wits, and cowards heroes—which yield, in the established commerce of the world, all the necessaries, endowments, and luxuries of life, and almost deifies its possessors, they were frequently necessitated to lead the lives of vagabonds, and to skulk from the observation of mankind in the darkest shades of obscurity.

Among many other surprising stories, he gives an account of a stranger, who resided at Venice. It was very remarkable, he says, that this man, though he lived in the utmost affluence and splendour, was unacquainted with any person belonging to the city before he came thither; that he followed no trade or merchandize; that he had no property in the common funds of the state; nor ever received any remittance from abroad; yet abounded in wealth, till an accident, which he relates, drove him from Italy, from whence he suddenly disappeared, and no mortal ever learned from what place he came, or whither he went.

If this man was an Hermetic philosopher, in possession of the great secret, as the author intimates, I am inclined to think, from a similarity of circumstances, that we have, at this very time, a great number of that sect in this metropolis, who, for the good of the nation, make gold at their pleasure. I have had the happiness of an acquaintance with several of these persons, who, without any visible means of livelihood, have shone forth for a time, and then, to the regret of the tailors, boarding-house-keepers, &c. have suddenly disappeared, and nobody ever knew the place of their retirement. This speedy retreat I attribute to their fears, lest the state should discover from what source their wealth arose, and force them to prostitute this sacred and inestimable science.

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It has been observed of several of these philosophers, that they have pretended to be of some profession, or employment, in order, as it is supposed, to shelter themselves from the prying eyes of certain individuals, who are apt, from I know not what old-fashioned notion, to regard with coolness, those persons, who are not in possession of lands, chattels, or stocks, or some other ostensible source from which to derive their subsistence. Many of them insinuate that they have property somewhere, and so feign that they live (as honest people term it,) by their means. But before inquiry could be made into these means, "they went hence, and were no more seen."

Every one must have observed that no people live so well, as those, whom the world pronounces ruined. I have known many of these ruined persons, riot in luxury and extravagance, while their poor creditors were suffering great privations. In short, such has been my association of ideas, of late, that when I hear any man pronounced ruined, I immediately conclude, by that expression, that he has been admitted, by the fraternity, into the inestimable secret of the Hermetic philosophy.

But here let me stop, and not endeavour to reveal more of that science, which is destined by fate to remain concealed from all but the truly initiated—lest, by farther profane babbling, the present sons of Hermes should take umbrage, and transfer the unspeakable advantages that accrue to society from their presence, to towns of more faith and less curiosity.

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING THE BEAUTIFUL BURYING GROUND AT NEW-HAVEN.

[From the same.]

O! WHERE are they, whose all that earth could give,
Beneath these senseless marbles disappear'd?
Where even they, who taught these stones to grieve;
The hands that hew'd them, and the hearts that rear'd:
Such the poor bounds of all that 's hop'd or fear'd,
Within the griefs and smiles of this short day,
Here sunk the honour'd, vanish'd the endear'd,
This the last tribute love to love could pay,
An idle pageant pile to graces pass'd away.

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Why deck these sculptur'd trophies of the tomb?
Why, victims, garland thus the spoiler's fane?
Hope ye by these t' avert oblivion's doom;
In grief ambitious, and in ashes vain?
Go, rather, bid the sand the trace retain,
Of all that parted virtue felt and did!
Yet powerless man revolts at ruin's reign;
Hence blazon'd flattery mocks pride's coffin lid;
Hence tower'd on Egypt's plains the giant pyramid.

Sink, mean memorials of what cannot die!
Be lowly as the relics ye o'erspread!
Nor lift your funeral forms so gorgeously,
To tell who slumbers in each narrow bed,
I would not honour thus the sainted dead;
Nor to each stranger's careless ear declare
My sacred griefs for joy and friendship fled.
O, let me hide the names of those that were,
Deep in my stricken heart, and shrine them only there!

ODE TO GLORY.

[From the same.]

QUEEN of the dazzling face and laurell'd brow,
Hail Glory! powerful goddess of the human mind,
To whom all ages and all nations bow,
And seek around their heads thy wreath to bind.
Each varied art to thee its tribute pays,
And seeks from thee the meed of fame,
The votary's trophy on thy shrine to raise,
And in thy temple to inscribe his name.

Thine is the statesman's vow, the poet's dream;
Proud chieftains suppliant worship in thy splendid fane,
Thy bright reward is still each sage's theme,
And music wakes for thee her sweetest strain.
Illustrious names thy records bright unfold,
That makes the soul of man desire
Conspicuous there to see his name enroll'd,
Circled around with unconsuming fire.

Virtue is ever found with thee to hide,
Thy temple's guardian, keeper of its hallow'd bound;
And none can enter through the portals wide
'Till they permission from her voice have found.
Though power and kindred lend their mighty aid,
The base and wicked vainly strive

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Her radiant eye to shun, her search evade,
And find an entrance which she does not give.

Wide wasting Conquest earns no meed from thee;
Ambition glorying stern in Freedom's trampled cause,
And dark browed Tyranny's despotic deed,
Repulse awaits, and shame from virtue's laws.
A heavier lot, a worse disgrace is theirs;
Their names are written on the fatal scroll,
Which withering Ignominy ever bears,
Till circling ages shall have ceas'd to roll.

YANKEE WIT.

[From the same.]

THE YANKEE CHARCOAL MAN;
OR, DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GREATEST PART AND BEST PART.

Yankees, who trade, must be surveyed,
And watch'd their words and phizes;
Or, ten to one, they'll make a pun,
Or banter you with quizzes.

A Yankee smart, with charcoal cart,
Being ready at a joke, sir,
Was ask'd what kind, one there might find?
And says, "*best part* on't 's oak, sir."

"That must be true," quoth one in view,
"But though it looks so fine, sir,
Your price is high; I cannot buy;
The *greatest part* is pine, sir."

THE GOOD-NATURED BULLY.

Two teamsters, with their teams, one day,
Chanc'd on the road to meet;
And neither, as the sailors say,
Would start a tack or sheet.

But soon, to end the tedious jest,
The stouter and the taller,
In threatening posture, thus addrest
The shorter and the smaller.

"By sturdy Hercules, I vow,"
And gave his whip a smack,
"I'll serve you, as I did just now,
A man, a short way back."

"I yield, I yield, I'll jee and pass,
Since you're my over-match;

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Resisting, I should be an ass;
So I shall make despatch."

So said, so done. "Now since I've pass'd,
Because you would compel me;
How you that other man harrass'd
Be good enough to tell me."

"With all my heart. The rogue d'ye see,
So obstinate his whim,
I found would not turn out for me;
So I—turn'd out for him."

LEE'S PILLS; *alias*, CONNECTICUT SABBATH-KEEPING.

'Twas on the eve of Saturday,
A man was very sick,
Fearing "*of all the earth the way;*"
So calls a doctor quick.

The doctor came and pills prescrib'd,
Took fee, and bade good night,
But the long night, and all next day,
The patient toss'd and groaning lay,
In a most painful plight.

On Monday morn the patient sent
For doctor quick to come and see him;
Immediately the doctor went,
And found the pills began to free him.

Quoth Bolus, "sir, you might have known,
That you must wait till Monday;
They're Lee's pills, from *Connecticut;*
They'll never *work on Sunday.*"

THE HORSE WITHOUT A FAULT.

A YANKEE jockey, shrewd and witty,
Once said, it was a wondrous pity,
'Twas made a sin from truth to vary;
For jockies found it necessary.

Some consciences, not wholly "sear'd,"
To tell a downright lie have fear'd;
Yet held to mental reservation,
And cheated by equivocation.

'Twas in a dark Egyptian night,
A jockey sold a horse outright,
Swearing the beast was mighty clever,
And had no single fault whatever.

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Next morn, as soon as daylight shin'd,
The buyer found one eye stone-blind;
So to the seller raging goes,
Deals out hard words, and threatens blows.

"Friend," quoth the latter, "be contented,
The horse I truly represented;
For to be lame, or blind, or halt,
Is a *misfortune*—not a *fault*."

THE HORSE WITH TWO FAULTS.

My horse will seldom find his match;
Only two faults in him I bought:
He's very *difficult to catch*—
And *good for nothing*, when he's caught.

THE HONEST HORSE.

My horse, in honesty, beats all;
'Tis true, if you'll believe me;
Threaten's, whene'er I drive, to fall—
And never does deceive me.

THE JOKING CRIMINAL.

The human heart may grow so callous,
To fear not God, nor man, nor gallows.
The jokes of some you cannot check,
But by the breaking of the neck.

A culprit was to Tyburn carted,
To have his soul and body parted,
But found a tavern in his route,
And for a glass of grog sung out.
'Twas brought and drunk without delay,
And thus the rogue was heard to say,
"*When I come back*, I'll call and pay."

BORROWER AND LENDER.

A Man there was, would always lend
A trifle to a neighbouring friend.
Among the rest, he lent to one
A rusty, foul, ill-looking gun.
The borrower scolded him severely,
Conceiving it an insult, clearly.
"Sir," said the lender, "would you try
A better, you may go and *buy*:
I can't afford, you know, my friend,
To keep a better one to *lend*."

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PERPETUAL MOTION.

PROJECTORS may try
To make machines fly,
And keep a perpetual clatter;
When all's done and said,
Each projector's dull head
Proves the true *vis inertiæ* of MATTER.

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

AT his shop door, one standing nigh
The street, spit on a passer-by;
Who cried, in a most angry fit,
"While I pass by, how dare you spit?"
"Pray," quoth the first with equal brass,
"How, while I spit, dare you to pass?"

THE HONORABLE PEDAGOGUE.

A SCHOOLMASTER once—'tis an uncommon case—
Had a Dun ask for payment, with resolute face,
So thought the best method to take was to say
He'd pay upon *honour* "of grace the third day."

The third day arriv'd, when, depend on't, the Dun
As punctual came, as our good friend the Sun;
And in goodnatur'd way, ask'd the master to tell,
If with or without the *u* honour he'd spell.

The master, at this time, was cheerful and funny,
Having gather'd some wit, and collected some money;
So pays down the cash, and says, "now sir 'tis true,
I spell the word honour, without the *o u*."

I OWE YOU.

LEAVING OFF DRINKING.

A NEIGHBOUR once, a *real friend*,
Besought Tom Toddynose his life to mend;
Asserting 'twas by all declar'd,
The aforesaid Tom drank much *too hard*.
"*Too hard*," cries Tom, "that I deny;
None drink more *easily* than I.
But since of late I've understood,
The habit does more hurt than good,
Costs money, makes the neighbours scoff,
In fact, I've wholly left it off:
And, if you doubt that I have done,
At once I'll prove it by my son."
The boy was call'd, and told, in language civil,
To speak plain, honest truth, and shame the devil.

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"I would," quoth boy, "tell truth, without this warning;
Think ye, I'd lie? I'd break my neck first;
Father left off, this very morning,
Three times before he ate his breakfast."

WHAT IS A GUN WITHOUT A LOCK?

It is said in some of the papers, that a marriage lately took place at Athol, between Mr. JOHN GUNN, and Miss MOLLY LOCKE,—on which one of our rhyming friends has offered us the following impromptu.

THERE was a GUNN, with barrel, stock,
All parts completely furnish'd;
Except the essential part, a LOCKE,
Well fitted and well burnish'd.

The LOCKE was found and fitted on;
Thus 'tis a fair conclusion,
That LOCKE and GUNN, being now made one,
Will do good execution.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN OWING AND PAYING.

"I'LL give you for your horse, I vow,
So much right down, and pay you NOW;
And let these witnesses attest,
I *pay* so much, and *owe* the rest."
'Tis done.—The horse is led away.—
Ere long the seller asks more pay.—
Quoth buyer, "sir, close as a tick,
To our agreement I shall stick.
By *paying* 'twould be void, you know;
For, if I *pay*, I shall not *owe*."
O HO!

KICKING CATTLE.

ONE story leads on to another.
'Twas Clod, perhaps,—perhaps his brother,
Who cattle own'd, much prone to kicking—
Untam'd by coaxing or by *licking*.
So down he goes, the roguish wretch,
To put them off for what they'd fetch.
At length a man he chanc'd to light on,
At Brookline, Roxbury, or Brighton,
Who wish'd to buy; so feeling round,
They fairly kick'd him to the ground.
"I vow," said Clod, "and I'll be *sworn*
I never *seed* them kick *before*."

The cattle look'd both sleek and thriving;
So thinking, that 'twas over-driving

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Them restless and uneasy made,
The bargain struck, and money paid,—
The man his cattle drives away,
And puts them up to corn and hay.
But if he e'er comes near their shanks,
He finds them full of kicking pranks.

Ere long he found the rogue, who sold;
And 'gan most furiously to scold.
"You rascal, villain, scoundrel, cheat,
An honest man how dare you treat
As you have me? Who'll trust ye more?
To say they never kick'd *before*"—
"Stop, sir, look sharp," says Clod, "you'll find,
When e'er they kick, they kick *behind*."

GOOD HOURS.

When old Deacon Dismal his son did berate,
One night at a ball-room for staying quite late;
And exhorted with all his rhetorical powers,
To get in the habit of *keeping good hours*;
The son heard with patience, and thank'd him beside,
And thus with a modest assurance replied;
"*Good hours*," my dear father, depend on't, I love 'em
So well, I've been keeping a *great many* of 'em."

THE BARBER AND THE CLOWN.

"A fellow of the clownish breed
Went to a barber's shop,
And told the tonsor to proceed
His full grown hair to crop.
The work was done; the clown he thought
His beard had grown apace,
So told the barber to cut short
The hair from off his face.
The barber lathers him all o'er,
His mouth stretch'd open wide;
The barber cries, "pray close your door,
For I shall stand oustside."

DANDYISM.

'Twas when the ground was white with snow,
A Dandy would on horseback go,
To show himself, and take an airing,
And set the people all *a staring*.
The snow was moist and close adher'd
To horse's feet, as on he steer'd;

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The horse tripp'd forward, sprung, and stumbled,
And down both he and Dandy tumbled.
Dire was the crash of stays and laces,
And woful were poor Dandy's faces.
And sounds most hideous did he utter,
As he lay sprawling in the gutter.
One came to help him and advise
To quit his dangerous enterprise;
Saying his horse again would *bolt*,
And he might catch another fall.
"No," quoth the Dandy with a sigh,
"'Twas not the horse that *bolt'd*; 'twas I."

NOT WALNUT, *alias* KNOT WALNUT, *alias* POPLAR WOOD.

[New-England Galaxy.]

By foreigners, 'tis often said,
That Yankees, in the way of trade,
With all their moral, pious preaching,
Are very fond of over-reaching;
Nay, some can give the world a beating
In most ingenious, downright cheating;
And, rather than to lose the knack,
E'en their own nation they'll attack;
Will over-reach and cheat each other;
A parent, sister, or a brother.

No doubt, this censure's too severe;
And, close examin'd, 'twould appear,
Our nation's neither worst nor best;
But very much like all the rest;

'Tis very true, not all are good;
Witness a load of poplar wood,
Which Clod to Boston carried down,
To quiz some one in that great town.
A Cockney came to overhaul it:
"Pray, friend, what kind of wood d'ye call it?"
"*Not* Walnut, sir, and very good;
Walnut, you know, is the best of wood;
And may I be to atoms blow'd,
If e'er you *see'd* a *slecker* load."
"*Knot* Walnut? it looks very nice:
Drive to my house, and name your price.
With neatness stow the wood away;
Upon the nail you'll find your pay."

'Tis done. In charging Clod's not bashful;
So home he goes with purse of cash full.

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Our Cit put on the fire a junk,
Which moulder'd, just like rotten punk,
And most unpleasantly it smelt,
While not one ray of heat was felt.

Our Cockney now smelt out the jest,
But thought, to rave it was not best,
But turn it off with pleasant joke,
And let the matter end in smoke.
So when, next time, he met the clown,
Accosting him, without a frown,
"Pray, friend, have you some more knot wa'nut?"
"*Ees*, sir, I got a plenty *on it*."
"Well bring me down another load,
And near each engine see some stow'd;
For when fire rages, I've no doubt,
A stick or two will put it out."

BULL AND FROG.

{From the same.}

'Tis said 'mong nations here below—
(The truth of which to fully know
I am not, being in the dark, able)
The French for temperance are remarkable;
Temperance in eating and in drinking:
Not in their deeds or modes of thinking.
A given quantity of meat,
Or in land-service or a fleet,
From mode of cooking will content
Of French a hungry regiment;
For which of English or of Yankee
A regiment would scarce say thank ye.
An ox in *soup* will go the further
To nerve for battle and for *murther*,
Than if the same you roast or fry,
As regiment to company.
So pure French wine will make more frisky,
Than English beer or Yankee whiskey;
Especially as those for *thirst*
Alone will drink; but these for *gust*.
Whether my statement mathematic
Be true, or, like my verse, erratic,
Others, more skill'd than I, may note:
I'll tell a simple anecdote.
An Englishman, the story goes,
Call'd on a Frenchman once to close
A piece of business—which completed,
The latter ask'd if he'd be treated

To brandy, wine, punch, or *liqueur*—
" I'll look," says Bull, " I'm not quite sure ;"—
Drawing his watch,—" no sir, I think
'Tis not my usual hour to drink ;
When that arrives, I'll call him ass,
Who says I ever baulk my glass."
" Mon Dieu !" cries Frog, " why what a sort
Of watch you got ! me give you for't
Just such a price, you please apply :—
'Twill tell me, when I shall be dry."

RESOLUTION.

[From the same.]

Enough is publish'd on the force of habit—
I need not now repeat, or blab it—
But bring an anecdote to view
To prove what has been publish'd true.

A farmer lived, in days of yore,
(In our own days live many more)
Who to intemperance was addicted,
By which himself and friends were much afflicted.
He own'd a homestead snug about his door,
Say sixty acres, less or more.
But he with this was not content,
So off about a mile he went,
And bought another lot of equal size,
Paid money down, and thought he gain'd a prize.
And such it might have prov'd to any other,
A cousin, uncle, or a brother ;
But he had quite enough at home,
Therefore was not oblig'd to roam,
And be at labour or expence,
In building stone or wooden fence
Round land, much more, than he could till,
Exerting at his home but partial skill.
Or rather 'twixt the two dividing
Much time, in walking and in riding,
And back and forth thus after roving,
Was *occupying* not *improving*.

But furthermore—about half-way
Between his house and where his homestead lay,
And the said *distant farm*, as some would say,
There stood a country tavern, *alias* grog-shop—
And some would call it an egg nog shop.
For as the travellers past, or tried to pass,
The sign invited them to take a glass,
Of grog—or of egg nog'd b'ed [illegible]

And some would stop—
And call out for egg pop—
And others for a glass of grog—
Then onward, if they could, would jog—
And others for a little sip, or nip,
Of genuine flip,
Then forward take a *trip*.

It was our hero's practice, every day,
Toward his *distant farm* to take his way,
And having done a little there,
Then homeward to repair.
Thus back and forth ten times a day,
He frequently would stray.
But when the sign-post caught his eye,
It made him *dry*;
So to the bar-room he would skip,
And call aloud for flip.

At length the neighbours 'gan to talk,
That he could never ride or walk,
Beyond the sign post without stopping,
"To go a shopping,"
As these keen "*outward consciences*" expreat it.
Our hero readily confest it,
And promis'd them, and *inward conscience* too,
This course no longer to pursue.

He sat and summon'd up his powers,
Resolv'd and re-resolv'd some hours,
Then started forth, as Yankees say, "*quite spry*,"
And the said sign-post past completely by,
The distance of a rod or so—
Then cried triumphant, "now I've past
This plaguy post, at last,
Now I'll turn back and in I'll go—
And to reward my resolution,
And agitated nerves compose,
After my neighbours' kind intrusion,
I'll take a double dose."

THE JUSTICE AND THE INDIAN.

[From the same.]

WHEN our forefathers first came o'er,
And landed on this western shore,
They found the tawny native wild,
Nature's *own-born* untutor'd child.
They strove, with all their might and main,
The TRUE RELIGION to explain;

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But doctrines, taught as sound and good,
Ev'n by themselves not understood.
The event was such, as one might guess,—
They met with very small success.

Of various tribes they tried the parts,
In learned sciences and arts.
But these were such an irksome fetter,
Success prov'd none in no wise better.

Arts agricultural and mechanic
Struck savage minds with fearful panic.
In short, confinement and deep thinking,
They left for muskets and deep drinking,
Roam'd thro' the woods, and kill'd their prey,
And barter'd it for rum away.

The whites strove to defend the *noggin*,
By fines, imprisonments, and flogging.
But vain were all their pains and care;
The tawny tribes would get a share.

It happen'd, one election day,
"An Indian," as the sailors say,
"Got o'er, and far beyond, the bay."

Justice and constable behind
Caught him and held him fast;
Till he was fairly tried and fin'd
And down the money cast.

This done, he stagger'd off, I know not whither,
And past a year exact—then came back thither,
To the same place, where he was fin'd before—
Was in the same old trim—the justice spied,
With sturdy constable close by his side,
And stagger'd up to them "two thirds seas o'er."

Indians are often happy at a hit
Of what is called "true, genuine, mother wit,"
Or humour—or whatever word will fit.

This Indian, as I've said already,
Approach'd, with steps by no means steady,
The Justice and the Constable aforesaid;
And stammer'd out as follows—(and no more said)
With French *sang froid* or Yankee *spunk*;
"Hoa! Mr. Justice, take it not amiss,
That I pay you no fine for this,
Last year I paid,—this is the *same old drunk*—
Don't surly look, and stamp and wince;
Me pay last year—me no been sober since."

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A CAMBRIDGE TALE.

[From the same.]

A MAN once past through Harvard College,
(Which always rhymes with knowledge)
As many others have before,
And since, perhaps, as many more.
He was a genius, and was lazy,
And so, ere long, went crazy.
He'd stroll about the street and speak,
In English, Hebrew, Latin, Greek.
And often show'd that he had wit;
Witness the following *hit*.

There was another
Old Havardinian brother,
A man, who had too much discerning,
To try to live by learning;
So kept a shop of crockery ware
And glasses rare;
And, in the trading art,
"He play'd his part."

One day, while raining, fast as it could pour,
The shopman, standing just within his door,
Perceiv'd our crazy scholar passing by,
With not a thread about him dry.
Thinking to have some sport,
And scholarlike retort,
He hail'd him in the Latin tongue,
And thus harmonious sung—
Which those, who do not know,
Will find translated just below.

"*Pluit tantum,*
Nescio quantum,
Scisne tu?"

It rains so much, we know full well,
How much it rains, I cannot tell;
Pray, sir, can you?

The craz'd man turn'd, and flung a huge stone dashing,
Which 'mong the crockery made a direful crashing;
And further gave his *tit for tat*, in
The following doggerel Latin.

"*Fregi tot,*
Nescio quot,
Scisne tu?"

So many things are gone to pot;
How many, truly, I know not;
Pray, sir, do you?

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THE NEGRO PHILOSOPHER.

[From the same.]

We spend much time, says Johnson, to deplore,
The time that was misspent before.
A vulgar proverb calls it almost guilt
To cry for milk that's spilt.
'Tis best, when we have lost an hour,
To exert our utmost power
To improve the next with double diligence—
'Tis scripture, reason and plain common sense.
So when we fail in any plans,
By our own folly or another man's,
'Tis ours to strive—endeavour to retrieve;—
Not hypochondriac sit and groan and grieve.

Permit me just to set before ye,
In point, a simple Negro story.
For if laborious ants and bees,
Brooks, rocks inanimate and trees,
Fish, fowl and every kind of beasts
Instruct as well as learned priests;
Why should we scorn to learn control
From one, though black, who "has a soul?!"

Sambo possest a favourite knife,
Which, next to his own life,
Own children and own wife,
Of this world's goods he valued most.
Alas! one fatal day, this knife was lost.
He hunted round and round and round
Upon his scanty garden ground;
His cottage and his small barn floor
He ransack'd o'er and o'er and o'er;
Till hope exhausted, he resign'd
To patience all his manly mind,
And spoke in loud soliloquy—
"Me happier now, dan many be;
Eight, nine, ten year me hab dis one,
Odder poor brackee, he hab none.
Tank heaben, den, for good me had ont;
And since me loss um and can't find um,
Den nebber mind um:
Bress my brack soul, me grad on't."
This said he made no further pother;
But went to work, earn'd cash, and bought another.

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THE GAMES OF LIFE.

[Delaware Watchman.]

The little Miss, at three years old,
Plays with her doll, and prattles;
But little Master, stout and bold,
Plays with his drums and rattles.

The Boy, detesting musty books,
Loves romping with the lasses,
And Miss, grown older, studies looks,
And plays with looking glasses.

The jolly Toper, fond of fun,
Plays with his friends in drinking;
The Sportsman plays with dog and gun,
And Wise Men play at thinking.

The Beauty, full of haughty airs,
When young, plays at tormenting,
And wrinkled, turns to other cares,
And sports, at last, repenting.

Wretched from self-created wo,
The Miser's game is hoarding;
And when he meets his country's foe,
The Sailor plays at boarding.

The Lawyer plays his game so well,
As gets him many a greeting;
The Auctioneer with things to sell;
The Glutton plays at eating.

To play at dosing, Doctors know,
A lengthy dose is cheering;
And those, who would to Congress go,
Play at electioneering.

With legers busied, Merchants take
A game at calculation;
And Congressmen too often make
A play-thing of the nation.

By speaking much, and doing nought,
By bust'ling, threat'ning, raving,
Congress the nation have not taught,
That they have played at saving.

With looks profound, and thoughtful mind,
Projectors play at scheming;
Till worn with care, at last they find,
They 've all along been dreaming.

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The Lover sad, and woful man,
Plays day and night at fretting;
Whilst laughing at the silly man,
His Delia sports coquetting.

The Player plays for wealth and fame;
And thus all play together,
Till Death, at last, disturbs the game,
And stops the play forever.

RELIGIOUS TASTE.

[Gazette. Providence, R. I.]

I 've often heard religion called a cloak,
And often seen it worn as such; besides,
I 've known some people, young—aye, aged folk,
O'er whom the fickle maid of shapes presides,
To trim it, like a bonnet or a frock,
Just as the fashion of the day decides;
For illustration, if you 'll spare the time,
Read what 's below, 'tis true, though writ in rhyme.

"Sir, have you prayer-books?" said a spruce young belle,
Veil'd in a soft Cytherean cloud of lace,
"Sir, have you prayer-books—prayer-books, sir, to sell?"
The dealer, with his usual pleasant face,
Averr'd he had, desir'd that she would tell
What size she lik'd, and in what sort of dress;
He 'd prayer-books of all sizes, bibles, too,
In various bindings—black, and red, and blue.

Thus saying, on the counter he display'd
His colour'd, stamp'd, and richly gilded wares;
With snow-white hand, and face all disarray'd,
The prudent belle examines and compares,
And, first, the frontispiece her eye delay'd,
Where knelt a little cherub saying prayers;
"Who 's this, without a bow, or torch? the stupid!
Mary, is this a Hymen, or a Cupid?"

"Sir, have you others of a smaller size?
These are too clumsy for a female hand;
Oh, that 's a pretty one! pray what 's the price?
The plates are sweetly executed, and
The gilding, too, is put on *very nice:*
Now, really, which to take, I 'm at a stand!
The black is neat—I do n't admire the blue—
I 'll take the red—here, Mary, would n't you?"

I saw this lady at the church soon after,
Heard her responding with her sweet-ton'd voice;

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The august place forbids all thoughts of laughter,
And so I *thought*, (reflection makes no noise,)
How prettily that ornament must waft her
Sweet soul to Heaven—"above all earthly toys,"
And how, too, while she conn'd the psalter over,
Her heavenly mind was dwelling on—the cover.

SYLPH OF VALENTINE.

[Morning Chronicle. Baltimore.]

THERE was a time in Fancy's realm,
So all the chronicles relate,
The Monarch Fairy lost the helm,
And no one else could rule the state.

Riot and route, and wild misrule,
Became the order of the day;
E'en sober wisdom play'd the fool,
And peace and concord fled away.

At length the Fairies, one and all,
In blaze of gold and gems array'd;
Were summon'd by the royal call;
Their parasol, the toad-stool shade.

The question then, and high debate,
Made all the wide circumference ring,
Since Oberon had left the state,
Whom they would choose the Fairy king.

Now, Fairy Valentine was known,
So tall, so delicate, and slim,
That, for the tenant of the throne,
The beauteous ladies shouted him.

O! he was fair, as Poet's dream,
Light as the dew drops, vapour made;
So clear, a solar ray might beam,
And pierce him through without a shade.

Whene'er he smil'd, and when he sigh'd,
The lady Fairies laugh'd, *te he;*
And each would say, in native pride,
That smile, that sigh, was meant for me.

But should a frown obscure that face,
O, that would make a wond'rous stir;
And each, of all the Lady race,
Would cry, that was not meant for her.

Hard was his fate—it was, indeed,
Solicitous the whole to bless—

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To be compelled, by force, to lead
A life of single cursedness.

The fops and beaus of fairy race,
With shame and anger did repine,
And, envious of such female grace,
O, how they hated Valentine!

They slander'd him; they bit their nails;
They spit their venom o'er and o'er;
But still, as virtue never fails,
The smiling ladies lov'd him more.

These were the parties of the state,
Which my poor muse has thus display'd;
When Fairies thus in grave debate,
Assembled in the toad-stool shade.

The Monarch, rising from his throne,
Exclaim'd, henceforth let rancour flee;
Your voices only shall make known,
Ye Fairies, who your king shall be.

Your voices shall your sovereign shew—
Shall Valentine enjoy the bliss?
The males—the brutes—they answered, no,
The ladies blush'd, and whisper'd, yes.

The males, they chose their Oberon,
That Fairy quarrell'd with his wife;
And hence so oft the nuptial sun,
Descends in darkness and in strife.

This was the day, the very same,
The male and female spirits strove,
Whom they should choose, by loud acclaim,
To be thenceforth the Fairy Jove.

Not numbers—brutal strength prevail'd,
From party what dire feuds will spring!
The beaus their favourite Oberon hail'd,
And he again was crown'd their king.

Shame, cried the Ladies, we will tell,
To all our sex of mortal birth,
What dire injustice has befel,
And Valentine shall rule the earth.

And annual on this very day,
They whisper to the female line;
Whatever brutal man may say,
O, call your lover Valentine.

BALTIMORE, February 14.

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WHERE IS HE?

[Daily Advertiser. Boston.]

Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse.

His way was on the water's deep,
For lands far distant, and unknown!
His heart could feel—his eye could weep—
For sufferings other than his own;
And he could seem what others be,
Yet only seem—but WHERE IS HE?

I wander through this grove of love,
The valley lone—and climb the hill,
Where he was wont in life to rove,—
And all looks calm and pleasant still!
And there his bower and cypress tree,
That tree of gloom! But WHERE IS HE?

The sun above shines now as bright
Through Heaven's blue depths—as e'er it shone;
The clouds roll beautiful in light,
Sweeping around the Eternal's throne!
The singing birds are full of glee,
Their songs as sweet—but WHERE IS HE?

The mirror of the moon on high,
That bright lake, seems as softly calm;
The stars as richly throng the sky;
The night winds breathe their fragrant balm;
Rolls on as bright that deep blue sea
Its mighty waves—but WHERE IS HE?

Here is the wreath he twin'd—but now
This rosy wreath is twin'd in vain!
Tears, nor the bosom's warmest glow,
Will ever give it life again!
All this is dark and strange to me,
Yet still, I ask—but WHERE IS HE?

I touch his HARP—the magic strings,
The loveliest sounds of music pour!
But sadly wild—as if the wings
Of DEATH'S DARK ANGEL swept them o'er!
The chords are lull'd! It may not be!
And spirits whisper—WHERE IS HE?

His way was on the water's deep!
His corse is on an unknown shore!
He sleeps a long and wakeless sleep,
And we shall see his face no more!
'Tis a sad tale! he died for me!
Oh! God! enough!—but WHERE IS HE? W.

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LEGAL LYRICS.

[Northern Whig. Hudson.]

Under this title a merry writer in the London Magazine pretends to maintain the hypothesis, that "poetry pervades the whole system of nature," and that it may be elicited from one subject as well as another. Being, as he says, a lawyer, he makes his professional business a subject to illustrate his theory by example. "It would," he says, "indeed, be difficult to appropriate it to any particular class of poetry. It could not be called strictly *didactic;* for where shall we find its morality? nor *descriptive;* for who can understand it? nor *humorous;* at least, suitors deny that; nor *pathetic*, unless we look at its consequences. It has a touch, perhaps, of the *pastoral*, in the settlement of cases; and of the *dramatic*, in the uncertainty of its issues. Its *dulness*, it is said, has nothing analogous to poetic genius, whatever it may have to some of its *professors.*" However, in the following parody of one of the most popular of Moore's Irish Melodies, if he fails to prove litigation harmonious, or special pleadings poetical, he shows, at least, that he has himself caught a portion of the musical humour that distinguishes the effusions of Colemnan and Croaker. It will be observed that the epistle is designed for a formal notice to a brother attorney of an intention to file a *demurrer.*

Oh! think not your pleadings are really so sly,
And as free from a flaw as they seem to you now;
For, believe, a demurrer will certainly lie—
The return of to-morrow will quickly show how.

No: law is a waste of impertinent reading,
Which seldom produces but quibbles and broils;
And the lawyer, who thinks he 's the nicest in pleading,
Is the likeliest far to be caught in its toils.

But, brother attorney, how happy are we!
May we never meet worse, in our practice of law,
Than the flaw a demurrer can gild with a fee,
And the fee that a conscience can earn from a flaw!

Yet our doors would not often be dark, on my soul,
If Equity did not to Law lend its aid;
And I care not how soon I am struck off the roll,
When I for these blessings shall cease to be paid!

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But they, who have fought for the weakest, or strongest,
Too often have wept o'er the credit they gave:
Even he, who has slumber'd in Chanc'ry the longest,
Is happy if always his costs he can save.

But, my brother *in law!* while a quarrelling germ
Is in man, or in woman, this prayer shall be ours—
That actions-at-law may employ every term,
And equity-suits cheer vacational hours!

SPELLING.

[Portsmouth Journal.]

One, who had met with some disaster,
Which forc'd him to become school-master,
Within a village kept a school,
Taught children how to *spell* by rule,
And oft invited parents in,
To see their children learning win;
A mother call'd to see her boy,
Her solace, comfort, and her joy,
And hear him spell. The master said,
"Stand up, good boy; hold up your head;
Hold up your book, so you can see—
Spell on." The boy whines, "B, E, D."
"Well," says the master, "very well—
But what do these three letters spell?"
Says boy, "I don't know, and can't tell."
"What do you sleep upon, you cur?"
"I always sleep on *sheep skins*, sir."

PEQUOT WAR SONG.

From an unpublished Poem by Adam Thornbush.

[Connecticut Mirror.]

The leaves of the forest, when summer is past,
Fly scattered and wild before autumn's chill blast;
So fled the pale Englishmen, scattered and far,
Before the stern Pequots, resistless in war.

Ye sons of Pekoah, now rush on your foes,
Loud sound ye the war-cry, and bend ye your bows;
Hark! the war-spirit breathes on the gale, and his breath
Shall be to the white men the music of death.

In terror they flee—now in vengeance pursue—
Their widows, their orphans the battle shall rue—
They fled like the shadowy forms of a dream,
Like atoms that dance in the sun's parting beam.

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Now the blood thirsty vulture with gore shall be fed,
And the wolf and the raven shall feast on the dead;
Hobbomaco* shall smile when your offerings ye bring,
And the victims, all trembling, their death-song shall sing.

MR. COOPER.

[New-England Galaxy.]

Mr. Cooper's Virginius is a performance of transcendant merit. It is a creation of mighty power, enlivened, moved, and directed by a judgement, which, though not infallible, is seldom wrong. Whatever success may attend this tragedy, the author can claim little more than to have drawn an outline of his hero, and to have placed his personages in affecting situations. He has not given to one of them a line that is worth repeating. The language is familiar and colloquial to a fault. It is not, perhaps, unnatural, though, in some instances, it is puerile without being poetical. There is nothing in it of that loftiness, or grandeur, which has been supposed, by some, as peculiarly appropriate, if not absolutely necessary, to help to constitute a good tragedy. The effect, if any, must be produced entirely by the power of the actor. Would any thing less than the unsubdued and unconquerable spirit of freedom, which reigned in the breasts of ancient Romans, have placed before us the living image of Virginius, swelling with indignation at the news of the disgraceful claim, which had been set up by Claudius against his daughter? The effect produced by Mr. Cooper in this scene is powerful beyond description. The soul of the indignant father flashes from the eye, inflames every feature, and strains every nerve, to spurn the wretch, who offered the contumelious imputation.

The last scene of the fourth act, though it may require less power in the actor, operates more strongly on the spectator, and, from the intensity of the feeling here produced by Mr. Cooper, we are relieved only by the closing of the scene. We wish that all those, who accuse him of inability to excite sympathetic emotions, could have been witnesses of the tenderness with which

* Hobbomaco, the evil spirit, whom the Indians worshipped.

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he assured Virginia that he *would not leave her*, and declared to Appius his conviction that *she was his daughter*. There is nothing to move the heart in the language of the following speech, yet, few hearts could witness Mr. Cooper's pronunciation of it without softening.

> Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
> A little—'tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try
> Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!
> Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it
> Long. My dear child! my dear Virginia!
> [*Kissing her.*]
> There is one only way to save thine honour—
> 'Tis this. [*Stabbing her.*]

A specimen of the terribly sublime was exhibited by Mr. Cooper in the strangling of Appius. His "face was a book" wherein one might read thoughts too awful for utterance; it was a picture, which a painter might study, who would catch the features in that dreadful moment when the Almighty destroys the free agency of man, to make him the innocent and unconscious instrument of vengeance and retribution.

We have passed over many parts of this performance, which, in themselves, had great merit, individually considered; but their impression on the mind is but shallow when compared with the deep and powerful touches of those we have been reviewing. There was much of natural playfulness and feeling in Mr. Cooper's manner of drawing from Virginia the confession of her love, and of his bestowing her hand on Icilius. There was, also, in the trial scene before the decemvir, a feeling of disdain for the despicable pander, which discovered itself in the scornful leer of his eye, and the sarcastic tone of his voice, while his indignation was poured without measure upon the profligate master, who contrived the plot.

Much censure has been attached to Mr. Cooper for his departure from historic truth, as well as from the stage direction in the printed copies of Virginius, in killing Virginia with his sword instead of the *butcher's knife* —a variation, in our humble opinion, quite justifiable. The author has thought fit to transgress upon a historical fact, in making Virginius insane, and we cannot see

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that any greater violence is done to history, or to the fastidiousness of criticism, by this slight variation of Mr. Cooper. If the example of the author is not a sufficient justification, people of common sense may find one in the impossibility of converting the stage to any thing that should resemble the market place of Rome; and, if such a transformation could be made, the exhibition of butcher's stalls, (hung round, perhaps, with a few carcasses of mutton,) could have no other effect than to throw on the whole an air of burlesque, and set on a "quantity of barren spectators to laugh." The alteration is an improvement, for which, the author, as well as the auditor, is under an obligation to the actor, who effected it.

There is no truth in the suggestion, which is sometimes made, that Mr. Cooper's powers are on the decline, and that his acting is wanting in that spirit and energy, which once made them so attracting. Whoever has seen him from year to year, must have perceived a gradual improvement. His style of acting, it is granted, is very different, in many parts, from that, which he has formerly exhibited. But it is all for the better. There is more of natural tenderness in his Hamlet, more of dignity in his Coriolanus, more passion in his Othello, more terror in his Macbeth, than formerly; there is more of philosophical deliberation in all his parts; and he seldom introduces a variation from his former manner, seldom makes a deviation from the beaten track, which antiquity and fashion have consecrated, that has not something, at least, plausible, if not convincing, to offer in its vindication. It is to be lamented that we cannot say as much for his occasional aberrations from the text of Shakspeare; for it is an opinion we have long held with pertinacity, and which we are not yet disposed to relinquish, that no alteration should be tolerated, except such as considerations of modesty positively demand. The poet has had many commentators, and managers and authors have busied themselves with *improvements* and *adaptations* to suit the taste of the times, by all of which more has been lost than gained. We need only to refer to the modern editions of

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the Tempest and King Lear, and the reader of taste will be satisfied that Shakspeare "adapted and improved" is only Shakspeare adulterated and abused.

Though always elegant and graceful Mr. Cooper has also improved essentially in declamation. His Mark Antony is a model of eloquence. In the funeral oration he exhibits a combination of all the most necessary qualities that go to make up the accomplished orator. His gesture is natural and graceful; his utterance, though choked with the rising passion, which is to soften and subdue the Roman rabble, is yet distinct and energetic; and his voice, capable of almost every variety of modulation, never disappoints by running into a false inflexion, or an imperfect cadence. His recitation of "Alexander's Feast" is one of the finest specimens of declamation that can be produced.

Macbeth is Mr. Cooper's *chef d'œuvre*. He is perfectly identified with the character. The *dagger scene*, which he plays in a style altogether his own, is one of the sublimest efforts of histrionic genius. The terrible agonies of his mind, which proclaim their existence with "most miraculous organ," are too powerful to be long the object of attention. In the latter part of the play, after Macbeth has "supped full with horrors," the moral reflexions are given with such exquisite beauty and feeling, that we almost forget the crimes of the murderer, and pity the wretched victim writhing with the tortures of his own conscience.

MR. KEAN.

[From the same.]

The calm, which has happily succeeded to the late theatrical tornado, raised by the witchery of Mr. Kean, affords a favourable opportunity for the temperate discussion of his merits as an actor. Attempts have been already made, to account for his success in this town, on principles favourable to his judgement and talents. May it not be explained on other principles, more probable, though less propitious to Mr. Kean's reputation?

De gustibus non est disputandum. There is no disputing about tastes. Influenced by prejudice, by education,

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by fashion, by habit, by temperament,—we differ in our judgements and feelings. That, which pleases one individual, or one class of individuals, displeases another individual, or another portion of the community. What is truth and nature to one, is, to another, either tameness and inadequateness, or distortion and caricature. To some, nothing pleases, which does not possess symmetry, proportion, adaptation, conformity to a nice observation of nature; and excess, as well as deficiency, occasions, in such, painful emotions, or disgust. In others,—and these compose the great body of mankind,—this niceness of discrimination, this delicacy of *tact*, does not exist. To them, it is sufficient that *strong* emotions are produced; that the exciting cause be *powerful*; that the effect be heightened by sudden transition and unexpected contrast, however forced and unnatural. To their obtuse and blunted perceptions, nothing is defective but tameness: excess is a merit; to overstep the modesty of nature is a virtue; and the greater the excess, the greater the admiration it produces.

To such, the coarse daubing and gilding of the scene-painter yields inexpressible delight; while the finest traces of the great masters of the pencil excite not a single emotion. To such, the monstrous productions of Maturin, Monk Lewis, and similar writers, afford unclo-ying pleasure; while Homer, Virgil, Milton, Pope, Addison, Goldsmith, remain unread,—their names, perhaps, unknown. To such, the strong excitement of a public execution is the height of bliss; and it is such, who throng the melancholy procession, and crowd around the fatal gallows. Their delight is, in all horrible, unutterable things; in monsters, and chimeras dire; and Nature, in order to please them, must assume a garb, in which they have been unaccustomed to receive her.

The two classes, into which we have thus divided the public, are not to be distinguished by their dress, their wealth, or poverty, or by the places, which they occupy at the theatre, or the church. A fortunate voyage, a lucky speculation, a successful attempt at overreaching the honest and unsuspecting, or a whole life spent in

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the sole pursuit of amassing, of saving, and of hoarding money, will, indeed, furnish the means to procure fine clothes, fine houses, rich equipage, and a *certain kind* of respect. Gold will purchase the best boxes at the play; while those, whose slender purses will not permit them to bid off tickets at five or six dollars each,—to expend fifty dollars a night, or two hundred a week, in theatrical amusements,—must be content with places in the pit or the green boxes. But gold, suddenly acquired, whether honestly, or dishonestly, will not transform the *mind* with the *person*; will not refine the taste, correct the judgement, inform and enlarge the understanding. *Fortuna non mutat genus.* As there is no *royal* way to the mathematics, so there is no *golden key*, which will unlock, at the owner's bidding, the rich store-houses of polished taste and cultivated intellect. The food, which was most grateful to the sensual or the mental palate yesterday, when we were poor, will be the most grateful to-day, when we are rich. The *peasant*, in the play, who found himself suddenly transformed into a *lord*, was asked by the servant, what his lordship would be pleased to order for dinner? The reply was,—*beef-steak* and *onions!*

The purpose of these remarks is to show, that the admiration, which Mr. Kean has recently excited here, is not a certain index of permanent fame, or of real merit. That Mr. Kean possesses some talents of a superior order as a tragedian, no candid, unprejudiced person can, in my opinion, deny. That these talents have been overrated, by the great body of his numerous admirers, is, I think, equally indisputable. His physical, are vastly inferior to his mental, powers. His conception is bold and vigorous; his ability to embody it, defective and inadequate. His voice is incapable of carrying the climax of a passion to the height in which it is conceived. He is obliged to make up the deficiency by violent inarticulate sound, and excess of action. With an excellent eye, and a face, which may be called good —though the features are not remarkably distinct, or the lines of passion strongly marked,—his figure wants height, erectness and dignity. His manner is coarse;

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and his representation of high rank, vulgar. The *purity* of his taste, is not equal to the *vigour* of his conception. He goes beyond nature. His taste seems to have been formed upon that of the million. It is deficient in chasteness, severity, and critical conformity to truth. His aim appears to be, to obtain the greatest possible quantity of applause, indifferent as to the quality, or the source whence it proceeds. He has been applauded here, in my judgement, without discrimination, and in cases, which do no credit to the taste of a Boston audience. He has been rewarded with the loudest shouts when he most outraged nature; when he out-heroded Herod; when his ravings, and contortions, and distortions, and stridings, and studied attitudes, and his barkings, snarlings, and guttural throttlings, were any thing but a correct and consistent delineation of appropriate passion. His happiest efforts, his most finished passages, have passed without a reward, because they were less striking and obtrusive.

With respect to the *acting* of Mr. Kean, it may be characterized in one word, as *outre*. Its peculiarity is redundancy, excess, sometimes even to caricature. It is replete with sudden, unexpected transitions, and affected attitudes; which last, however striking and picturesque in themselves, are frequently inappropriate and unnatural, and are often prolonged to a most unwarrantable extent. With respect to his *person*, it is deficient in dignity, and his manner lacks majesty and grace. His *voice* is remarkably wanting in strength and compass. When carried much beyond its natural height, it breaks into inarticulate raving, and hoarse, unintelligible noise.

Were Mr. Kean a young actor, his present *redundancy* might be denominated *richness*. Time and experience, it might be hoped, would mature a more pure and correct taste,—less obnoxious to the censure of a severe criticism. But the taste, the manner, the opinions of Mr. Kean, are probably formed not to be altered; and the flattering applause, with which he has been recently greeted, will, no doubt, have the effect to confirm them, or to push him still further into the extreme, which now characterizes him.

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Mr. Kean has a perfect knowledge of all the arts used on the stage for exciting applause. He practises them with success, and is not sparing in their use. Those of most frequent recurrence are studied attitudes—affected pauses—sudden transitions of passion—abrupt depressions of voice, from its highest strength and pitch, to a familiar, colloquial tone, or almost to a whisper. But the *actor* is visible in all. He has not the art to *conceal* art; or he does not aim to do it. A complete knowledge of *stage effect* may justly be considered a merit in a performer; though the constant recourse, which Mr. Kean has to its aid, must be viewed as one of his most prominent faults.

The action of Mr. Kean is remarkable for effort, bustle, and violence of motion. He tries to give *effect* to every sentence,—to almost every word of the author. No expression escapes the attention of the audience, through the *tameness* of the actor. His love of action is so immoderate, and he is so addicted to the constant use of it, that much of it is, necessarily, without meaning. Of this kind, are his frequent stridings from one stage-box to the other, the patting of his forehead, the eternal fingering of his sword-belt, and adjusting of his sword, the unmeaning thrusting of his handkerchief into his bosom and pulling it out again, and the everlasting fumbling with his hands about his throat and collar without object or design. These tricks are repeated to satiety. Indeed, he appears not to know what to do with his hands, when they are not employed in some violent motion.

With all these drawbacks upon his merits, Mr. Kean awakens attention, and produces effect. Whether this is wholly to be ascribed to novelty, to fashion, to popular caprice, or to superior talent and perfection in his art, time will soon determine. To that arbiter we must leave it. It may, however, be said, with the present appearance of truth, that Mr. Kean possesses many prominent excellencies as an actor, but that they are accompanied with great faults, and great defects. It is much to be doubted, whether his second visit to this town will be attended with circumstances so flattering to his fame, as those, which he lately experienced.

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KEAN AND COOKE.

[American. New-York.]

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,

THE following lines are, with respectful humility, presented to Mr. Kean, as an appropriate epitaph to be inscribed upon the monument, which he is now about erecting over the remains of George Frederick Cooke —it being humbly conceived that they will fully express Mr. Kean's opinions of the merits of the deceased, and clearly demonstrate the spirit in which he honours the memory of his great predecessor.

YEARS past Cooke's exit from life's scene,
This tomb was rais'd by EDMUND KEAN;
The flowers upon his grave, yet green,
Have form'd a wreath for EDMUND KEAN.
Here oft Melpomene shall lean,
And read the name of EDMUND KEAN;
Tho' sorrow's dew should dim her een,
She 'll smile to think of EDMUND KEAN.
By strangers when this marble 's seen,
They 'll read, "*was rais'd by* EDMUND KEAN,"[1]
And draw a parallel between
Dead G. F. Cooke—live EDMUND KEAN!
They 'll talk of genius! worth! and mean
The talents own'd by EDMUND KEAN!
As fair as snow, as jewels sheen,
Will shine this act of EDMUND KEAN.
And Britons, mum about the queen,
Shall praise the truth of EDMUND KEAN!
These marble slabs will even screen
From Boston cynics, EDMUND KEAN—
And "Taste's Emporium" its spleen
No more shall vent on EDMUND KEAN.

BARNES'S RICHARD.

[From the same.]

THIS gentleman has been long known as a comic performer of great merit, but it was not suspected that he was equally well qualified to support some of the most arduous parts in tragedy. His performance of the crook-backed tyrant on Monday evening has, however, put an end to all doubt upon that point. The late misconduct of Mr. Kean had rendered us apprehensive that

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the prejudices of the audience against a character, which he had always considered peculiarly his own, would have been injurious to Barnes, and, perhaps, have blasted his hopes of tragic excellence, by an injudicious attempt to encounter the torrent of popular feeling. Our fears proved to be unfounded. The peculiar excellencies of Kean were happily imitated, and, in some instances, excelled, by Barnes; and the New-York audience, which can discover merit even in performers who have offended them, testified their approbation of the performance, notwithstanding its close resemblance to the Richard of the Drury-lane hero. All, who have seen this latter performer, cannot but recollect the savage exultation with which he ordered Buckingham to the scaffold. At the time, it seemed to us the perfection of the histrionic art; but we were convinced last evening that even that might be surpassed. When Barnes ordered the attendants to "Chop off his head," the diabolical leer, or sardonic grin, which pervaded his countenance, was irresistible. The audience sympathized in his cruel joy. Something like a savage laugh went round the theatre, and the spectators could not contain their transports. It was not simple approbation, or pleasure, but an amalgamation of the hearers with the actor. They identified themselves with him, and on the stage, as in real life, the passion, or feeling, was so energetically expressed, that it became contagious. A similar effect was produced in the pathetic interview between Richard and Queen Elizabeth. Here the actor soared above the rules of his profession. The audience was electrified, and even Mrs. Barnes, who performed the part of the queen, forgot that she was on the stage: her feelings overpowered her; she gave way to her emotions, and hiding her face in her handkerchief, left her husband to finish the scene by himself.

Among so many masterly strokes of art, it is almost impossible to give a preference to any; but if we might be allowed to express our opinion, we should prefer the tent scene. In this he discovered the school in which he had acquired his knowledge of the character of Rich-

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ard. Indeed, he so nearly approached to its representation by Kean, as to subject himself to the charge of having imitated him; a charge, which we must believe to be false, from the circumstance that the scholar far surpassed the master. Here, in truth, he was unrivalled. The expression of his face was terribly demoniac: you could perceive intermingled with the marks of agonizing fear, the sardonic exultation of the tormenting fiend, who had broken his slumbers. When he rushed forward to the pit from his couch, his face presented such a horrible picture of a conscience-struck, despairing mind, that many of the audience were convulsed almost to hysterics. The sudden effort, which he made to resume his accustomed hardihood, upon the entrance of Ratcliff, was exactly like Kean's—rather too much so—as was his prostration of strength and courage upon his finding the intruder to be a confidential friend.

Mr. Barnes also introduced some new readings of great simplicity and beauty. In Richard's soliloquy concerning his prospects of being king, he very judiciously suppressed the line,

"But yet I run before my horse to market,"

and gave us the same idea in the familiar and judicious proverb,

"But yet I count my chicks before they 're hatched."

The effect was very good, and procured three distinct rounds of applause. The confusion of Richard's mind in the battle, and the small value, which he appears to put upon his kingdom by offering it for a horse, was further illustrated by the judicious addition of "If not a horse, why, then, give me an ass."

Upon the curtain's falling, the gratified hearers commenced knocking and hallooing for Barnes! Barnes! Some, indeed, called Kean, but we presume that this was occasioned by the ignorance of some of the most distant spectators, who actually believed that Kean was before them. The call was so unequivocal that our hero of the buskin appeared, and, after waiting some time for silence, thus addressed the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen, to-morrow evening will be perform-

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ed the tragedy of Conscience, and on Wednesday evening the farce of Hamlet Travestie, for the benefit of Mr. Spiller."

Here the applause was renewed, and the orator proceeded:

"Ladies and gentlemen, for your numerous favours and goodness to me this evening, I am much obliged to you."

The actor then retired, amidst the universal applauses of the whole house, and sitting down in the Green-Room, wrote the following address:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the flattering testimonies of your regard, which you have afforded me since I first landed on these shores, will always be remembered by me with the most grateful feelings. The admiration that I entertain for the heroes, philosophers, and statesmen of this country—for its constitution, which is only *paralleled* by that of ancient ROME, and for the hospitality of your family circles, where social welcome ever dwells, is not exceeded by any passion of my bosom. Such sentiments will accompany me to that country in which my interests and affections are concentrated. It is in that country that the histrionic art has arrived at maturity: there *only* should the candidates of the tragic muse look for those brilliant stars that give a lustre to the name of Shakspeare. Cooke was the only man in this country, who could express just conceptions of that son of the muses. Cooke is gone, and I only am left; and by his advice was I induced to visit your shores. In another clime I will not fail to say how great is the disposition in the "commercial emporium" of the United States to encourage histrionic merit; but before I depart, I flatter myself with the pleasure of appearing on your boards at the "periodical season" for patronizing the tragic muse."

Before we close these remarks, we must beg leave to make the following comparison between these two great rivals for tragic fame:—Kean has the most art, but Barnes is the most natural; Kean more judgement, Barnes the most genius and originality.

To him no manner was unknown,
Yet what he did was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor with Ned Kean did he make bold
To plunder all the British stores
Of actors, and of orators.
Garrick his ease, and Kemble's state,
He did not steal, but emulate;

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And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.

To sum up all, Kean has the most vanity, but Barnes is the better man.

BURLESQUE ADDRESS.

[American. New-York.]

THE following Poem, evidently designed for the gold medal offered by the managers of the New-York theatre, came to us with the Philadelphia post-mark.

SNATCH'D from the power of Vulcan's crackling blaze,
The Drama's standard here once more we raise;
And here, of taste and morals(*a*) found a school
Of virtue—freed from cant, from form and rule—
Where, in the tide of thought, low Care is merg'd,
Where Folly's physick'd, and where Vice is purg'd.(*b*)
Here, then, Melpomene, oh! queen, descend,
(*Taking out a white cambric pocket handkerchief worked with rose buds in the corners.*)
Expose thy front—but veil thy latter end—(*c*)
In pity veil—lest too strong passions rise,
Surcharge *thy* form, and overflow *our* eyes.
Let Niobe, all tears, her mantle throw
O'er scenes so deep, so damp, so very full of wo.
(*Uses his handkerchief.*)
And thou, Thalia,(*d*) with thine airy grace,
Thy bounding step, and quickly-varying face,
In gayest mood some swift steed blithely saddle,
And gallop here, or sideways, or a-straddle,
Like widow Dido, on her far-fam'd steed(*e*)
Of Tyrian nurture, but Arabian breed,
Ere yet with Troy's(*f*) good chief she reach'd that grot,(*g*)
—But let these ancient scandals be forgot—
For, in those purer days, no strict police
Watch'd o'er the dames of Carthage or of Greece;
Nor, by the jealous laws of stern mankind,
To the third row were easy nymphs confin'd;
But each frail fair, with equal right, might sit
In either row of boxes, or—the pit.
(*Bowing round the house, first to the boxes, then to the pit.*)
(SPRIGHTLY MUSIC.)
Thou, too, Momus,
With thy brother Comus,
Gods of mirth, and song, and glee,
Hither,
Hither,

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Hither,
Hither flee.
Tipsy dance, and joyous revel,
Harlequin, and Juan's Devil,
Slipper'd Pantaloon, and Clown,
Christmas gambols of the town,
Hither flock,
For General Brown(*h*)
Is soon expected from afar,
In Victory's triumphal car.
(MARTIAL MUSIC.)

But soft—
Far o'er yon surge, the wide Atlantic's roar,
I mark on fiddling Gallia's vine-clad shore
The sad Terpsichore, with tears lament the day
When Kean from Boston fled, disgrac'd, away;
Her favour'd Kean, for dance renown'd, and fence,
And wild distortion of old Shakspeare's sense.
Yet more she weeps that New-York ne'er can know
The grace of well-pois'd limb and pointed toe.
She weeps that ne'er to us can be reveal'd
The magic charms of beauties scarce conceal'd;
The gliding motion, and the eye askance,
And all the varied witcheries of dance
That matchless Bigottini(*i*) shows to happier France.
She cannot, cannot, cannot come,
For, hark! the loud equestrian hum,
With piercing trump, and doubling drum,
With their thick trampling, clattering prance,
Chase from the stage the affrighted nymphs of Dance.
Timour the Tartar, and his troop of horse,
Trot on the scene before e'en Richard 's hoarse.
Montargis' dog, and Annette's rogue magpie,
Now make us laugh where Bartley made us cry.
(*Loud and continued applauses.*)

But stop—
Simpson has said that sixty lines will do—
Ladies and gentlemen, therefore, adieu.

NOTES.

(*a*) All, who have made any proficiency in ethicks, metaphysicks, and other good *studies*, know that persons go to the theatre solely for the purpose of improving their morals. *Vide Jeremy Collier, Opera tom. 2, fol. 92. Ed. Du Val.*

(*b*) *Purg'd.* The learned will recollect that Aristotle has pronounced, that the *moral* effect of the drama is produced by the purging of the mind, through the operation of fear and pity. Καθαρσις των.

(*c*) Latter end of Melpomene. The Catastrophe—in Greek

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καταστροφη. *Aristotle, tom. 2, fol. 82. Ed. Du Val.* All critics concur in recommending that the curtain should be dropped over the disgusting scenes of the catastrophe. Non tamen intus digna—geri promes in scenam—multaque tolles ex occulis. *Hor. Ars. Poe.*

(*d*) *Thalia.* Una e Novem musis Comediæ et Ludicrorum præses a θαλλω viresco, floreo, exhilaror. *Vide 6 Bucol. 2d L. Virg. Delp.*

(*e*) *Far fam'd Steed.* The fact of Dido's Steed, though raised in Tyre, being of the true Arabian breed, though not noticed by Servius, Gronovius, Ruæus, Heyne, Wakefield, or any other commentator, is now ascertained from the pedigree of the Bussorah Arabian, whose descent is distinctly traced from Bulbul—for that was the name of Dido's steed. *Vide an old Arabic manuscript of Mr. Van Ranst, Penes me.*

(*f*) Pius Æneas. *Virg.*

(*g*) Speluncam eandem, &c. *Virg.*

(*h*) *For General Brown.* As it is supposed the general will be in town about the time, these lines are inserted; if the general, however, should not arrive, any other hero, whose name will rhyme, or nearly so, may be introduced; if not, the following lines may be substituted:

For great De Witt,
In glorious Car does sit.

[*Here the governor will rise and bow to the house.*]

[*Loud applause from the front boxes, hisses from the pit and gallery, company sing the chorus* ET HO.]

(*i*) *Matchless Bigottini.* The "prima donna" of the dames at the Parisian Opera. The grace, symmetry, perfection, and agility of her form and movements, appear to have made a desiderating impression on the mind of the poet—who feelingly laments, that his compatriots of Gotham never shall look upon her.

While we were correcting the proof of this communication, our friend, Dr. Mitchill, came in, and, knowing his poetical taste and talents, we submitted it to his supervision. The doctor participated in the enthusiasm with which we were filled, and which will be felt by every reader of taste;—on coming, however, to this passage, he immediately produced from his pocket a letter from the Abbe Hauy, who informs him that, though we must be contented to live without the hope of seeing Bigottini in New-York, yet Mademoiselle Fanny Bias, scarcely her inferior in the divine art, has serious thoughts of making a visit to this country. After giving us this information, the doctor, in a divine fervour, seiz-

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ed the pen and gave vent to his feelings in the following

IMPROMPTU.

Though Bigottini,
That sweet Genie,
Terpsichore's own daughter,
Will never cross the water,
Yet I am very glad to say,
That, at no distant day,
The fates won't deny us
Miss Fanny Bias.

BURLESQUE ADDRESS

ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW PARK THEATRE, SPOKEN BY MR. OLIFF.*

[Evening Post. New-York.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

ENLIGHTEN'D as you are, you all must know
Our play-house was burnt down, sometime ago,
Without insurance. 'Twas a famous blaze,
Fine fun for firemen, but dull sport for plays.
The proudest of our whole dramatic corps
Such *warm reception* never met before.
It was a woful night for us and ours;
Worse than dry weather to the fields and flowers:
The evening found us gay as summer's lark,
Happy as sturgeons in the Tappan sea;
The morning—like the dove from Noah's ark,
As homeless, houseless, innocent as she.
But—thanks to those, who ever have been known
To love the public interest—when their own;
Thanks to the men of talent and of trade,
Who joy in doing well—when they 're well paid,
Again our fire-worn mansion is rebuilt,
Inside and outside, neatly carv'd and gilt,
With best of paint and canvass, lath and plaster,
The Lord bless Beekman and John Jacob Astor.

As an old coat, from Jennings' patent screw,
Comes out clean-scour'd and brighter than the new;
As an old head in Saunders' patent wig
Looks wiser than when young, and twice as big;
As Mat. Van Beuren, in the Senate Hall,
Repairs the loss we met in Spencer's fall;
As the new constitution will (we 're told)
Be worth, at least, a dozen of the old—

* Mr. Oliff is understood to be the lamplighter of the theatre.

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So is our new house better than its brother,—
Its roof is painted yellower than the other;
It is is insur'd, at three per cent., 'gainst fire,
And cost three times as much, and is six inches higher.

'Tis not alone the house—the prompter's clothes
Are all quite new—so are the fiddler's bows;
The supernumeraries are newly shav'd,
New drill'd, and all extremely well behav'd—
(They 'll each one be allow'd (I stop to mention)
The right of suffrage by the new convention.)
We 've some new thunder, several new plays,
And a new splendid carpet of green baize.
So that there 's nought remains to bid us reach
The topmost bough of favour—but a speech—
A speech—the prelude to each public meeting,
Whether for morals, charity, or eating!
A speech—the modern mode of winning hearts,
And power, and fame, in politics and arts.

What made the good Monroe our president?
'Twas that through all this blessed land he went
With his immortal cock'd hat and short breeches,
Dining wherever ask'd, and making speeches.
What, when Missouri stood on her last legs,
Reviv'd her hopes? The speech of Henry Meigs.
What proves our country learned, wise, and happy?
Mitchill's address to the Phi Beta Kappa.
What has convinc'd the world that we have men,
First with the sword, the chisel, brush, and pen,
Shaming all English authors, men or madams?
The Fourth-of-July speech of Mr. Adams.
Yes—If our managers grow great and rich,
And players prosper—let them thank my speech—
And let the name of Oliff proudly go
With Meigs and Adams, Mitchill and Monroe.

PRIZE PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN FOR, AND SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE, IN NEW-YORK, SEPT. 1, 1821. BY MR. CHARLES SPRAGUE, OF BOSTON.

When mitred zeal, in wild, unholy days,
Bared his red arm, and bade the fagot blaze,
Our patriot sires the pilgrim sail unfurl'd,
And freedom pointed to a rival world.
Where prowled the wolf, and where the hunter rov'd,
Faith rais'd her altars to the God she lov'd;
Toil, linked with art, explor'd each savage wild,
The forest bow'd, the desert bloom'd and smil'd;

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Taste rear'd her domes, fair science spread her page,
And wit and genius gather'd round the Stage.—
The Stage! where Fancy sits creative queen,
And spreads gay web-work o'er life's mimic scene;
Where young-eyed Wonder comes to feast his sight,
And quaff instruction while he drinks delight—
The Stage! that threads each labyrinth of the soul,
Wakes Laughter's peal, and bids the tear-drop roll!
That hoots at Folly, mocks proud Fashion's slaves,
And brands with Shame the world's vile drove of knaves.

The Child of Genius, catering for the Stage,
Rifles the stores of every clime and age.
He speaks! the sepulchre resigns its prey,
And crimson life runs through the sleeping clay;
The wave, the gibbet, and the battle field,
At his command, their festering tenants yield.
Here wisdom's heir, releas'd from death's embrace,
Reads awful lessons to another race;
Pale, bleeding Love comes weeping from the tomb,
That kindred softness may bewail her doom;
Murder's dry bones, recloth'd, desert the dust,
That after times may own his sentence just;
And the mad Tyrant of some mouldering page
Stalks here to warn, who once could curse, an age.

May this fair dome, in classic beauty rear'd,
By Taste be foster'd, and by Worth rever'd.
May chasten'd Wit here bend to Virtue's cause,
Reflect her image and repeat her laws;
And Vice, that slumbers o'er the sacred page,
Hate his own likeness, shadow'd from the Stage.

Here let the Guardian of the drama sit
In righteous judgement o'er the realm of wit.
Not his the shame, with servile pen, to wait
On private friendship, or on private hate;
To flatter fools, or satire's javelin dart,
Tipp'd with a lie, at proud Ambition's heart.
His be the nobler task, to herald forth
Young blushing Merit and neglected Worth;
To stamp with scorn the prostituted page,
And lash the fool who lisps it from the Stage.

Here shall bright Genius wing his eagle flight,
Rich dew-drops shaking from his plumes of light,
Till, high in mental worlds, from vulgar ken,
He soars, the wonder and the pride of men.
Cold Censure here to decent Mirth shall bow,
And Bigotry unbend his monkish brow;

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Here Toil shall pause, his ponderous sledge throw by,
And Beauty bless each strain with melting eye;
Grief, too, in fiction lost, shall cease to weep,
And all the world's rude cares be laid to sleep.
Each polish'd scene shall Taste and Truth approve,
And the Stage triumph in the people's love.

NEW-YORK THEATRICALS.

[National Advocate. New-York.]

Mr. Coleman has, last evening, changed his system of finding fault with ladies' hair and gentlemen's pantaloons, and has referred to a few subjects deserving notice, namely: the excellence of the orchestra, the inconvenience of large bonnets, and the indifference of the box keepers. As to the orchestra, it is really good; it has greatly improved, and is still capable of improvement. The large bonnets are doubly inconvenient; they conceal a pretty face, and hide a pretty actor; they, moreover, excite impertinent curiosity, and induce men to take a peep at every hazard. But I am against the white and coloured turbans, recommended by Mr. Coleman; they are too much in the style of Ali Mustapha: some faces become them, but to the generality of women, they impart a masculine character. Neither do I admire the West-India bandannas; they look too creole, or too much like the Parisian grizettes; but while on the subject of head-dresses, Mr. Coleman may well ask me, in his usual good natured manner, "sdeath and the devi, sir, what do you like?" Why, the hair, in all its native beauty and glossy softness, turned up with a comb, and ornamented with a white or red rose; neither turban, coal skuttle bonnet, nor bandannas, for me. Now, as to the box keepers, it is their duty to say, in a *decided* but *respectful* tone, "Sir, that seat is taken, and you must leave it."

The Devil's Bridge, for the twenty-ninth time, attracted an overflowing house; the current of taste and fashion sets naturally and powerfully to that very bridge, which carries managers and actors safe over. Philipps was in fine voice, and in fine spirits, and gave us William Tell in his very best style; for effect it is yet more powerful than "*Scots, wha ha'*." Mrs. Holman, who is

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no small favourite, acquitted herself delightfully; and Miss Johnson was, as usual, sprightly and attractive. Miss Jones, a graceful and improving performer, gains nightly on the audience. As to Barnes, people will laugh when he plays, and, of course, criticism becomes a dead letter. His originals were as good as the author's. The voice in the third tier is heard with great effect, if not prevented by other syren voices in that quarter.

AFRICAN AMUSEMENTS.

[From the same.]

THE following is a copy of a printed play-bill of gentlemen of *colour*. They now assemble in groups; and since they have crept into favour with the convention, they are determined to have balls and quadrille parties, establish a forum, solicit a seat in the assembly, or in the common council, which, if they refuse, let them look to the elections. They can outvote the whites, as they say. One black gentleman most respectfully insinuated, that he thought "as how he mout be put on the grand jury!"

Mr. Brown, respectfully informs his Friends of Colour in this city, that on Monday Evening, Sept. 24, 1821, at half past seven o'clock, an Opera will take place, corner of Mercer and Bleeker-streets.

Mr. Brown has neither spared time or expence in rendering this entertainment agreeable to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Colour, being the second attempt of this kind in this city by persons of colour.

In which will be represented the tragedy of Richard Tho Third. King Henry, Mr. Hutchington—Prince of Wales, Miss Welsh—Richard, Mr. Hewlett—Buckingham, Hutchington—Lord Stanley, Stewart—Richmond, Wathews—Lady Ann, Miss Welch—Queen Elizabeth, Miss Welch. After which Mr. Hewlett will sing the favourite songs, Robin Adair, Behold in his soft expressive face, Is there a heart that never lov'd, Fancy's Sketch, Comic Song "My Deary." Feast of Apollo. Collombine by Miss Welch. Admittance 37 1-2 cents.

WE noticed, some time ago, the opening of a tea garden, and evening serenades for the amusement of our black gentry; it appears that some of the neighbours,

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not relishing the jocund nightly sarabands of these sable fashionables, actually complained to the Police, and the avenues of African Grove were closed by authority; and thus were many of our ebony friends excluded from a participation in those innocent recreations, to which they are entitled, by virtue of the great charter that declares "all men are equal." These imitative inmates of the kitchen and pantries not relishing the strong arm of the law, thus rudely exercised, were determined to have some kind of amusement; and, after several nightly caucuses, they resolved to get up a *play*, and the upper apartments of the neglected African Grove were pitched upon for the purpose. *Richard the Third*, after mature deliberation, was agreed upon, and a little dapper wobbly-headed waiter at the City-Hotel personated the royal Plantagenet. As may be supposed, some difficulties occurred in the cast of characters, and suitable costume. King Richard had some robes made up from discarded merino curtains of the ball rooms; and, from a paucity of actors, some doublets occurred, as thus: King Henry and the Duchess Dowager were represented by one and the same person, while Lady Ann and Catesby were sustained by another. The room was decorated with some taste, and chairs were placed by the wings for two clarionets.

If any proofs are wanting of the native genius and vigour of thought of our coloured fellow citizens, surely their conception of Shakspeare will be sufficient, and how delighted would the bard of Avon have been to see his Richard performed by a fellow as black as the ace of spades. However, let us review the performance according to the best and most equitable rules of criticism.

The person of Richard was, on the whole, not amiss; yet it was perceived that the actor had made the king hump-backed, instead of crook-backed, having, literally, a hump behind his neck little less than a camel's. Shaping "the legs of an unequal size," was also difficult, but was overcome by placing false calves before, and wear a high-heeled shoe. The entrance of Richard was greeted with loud applause and shaking of handkerchiefs by the black ladies in the front seats, and many whispers went round of "how well he looks."

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Richard, nothing daunted, made two or three of his best sideboard bows, then drawing himself up with native dignity, thrusting his fingers through his wool, and placing his arms a-kimbo, he began—

"Now is de vinter of our discontent made glorus summer by de son of New-York.

Considerable applause ensued, although it was evident that the actor had not followed, strictly, the text of the author. Proceeding tranquilly in the soliloquy he made a pause, and continued thus—

"Instead of mounting barbary steeds,
To fright de souls of fearful adversaries,
He caper nimbly, in de lady chamber,
To de lascivious playings of de flute."

Lady Ann was sustained with great spirit by a young sable lady, chambermaid to a family near Park-Place; her idiom was about the same as Richard's, but she had not so correct a conception of the part, as she always danced on the stage, instead of the pensive march of the afflicted queen.

The courting scene was inimitably fine, particularly when Richard confesses his passion.

"Ah! take de pity in dy eye,
And see um here. [*Kneels.*]
Ann. Would dey were brass candlesticks
To strike de dead.

This, lady Ann accompanied with a violent action, such as seizing the king by his wool, shaking him furiously, and finally dashing him on the earth, which was certainly very characteristic. Several important scenes and characters were omitted from necessity, such as the two princes, Buckingham, and the Lord Mayor; and Eveleen's Bower was sung well in the third act, by queen Ann, although we could not but consider it rather inappropriate. The tent scene was the *chef d'ouvre;* the darkness of the night, the black face of the king, the flourish of drums and clarionets, the start from the dream, the "*Gib me noder horse,*" and, finally, the agony of the appalled Richard, the rolling eye, white gnashing teeth, clenched fists, and phrenzied looks, were all that the author could have wished. Several fashionable

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songs, sung with no mean taste, concluded the evening's amusement, and the sable audience retired peaceably to their homes. Richard and Catesby were unfortunately taken up by the watch.

BONNETS.

[From the same.]

The same hideous Brobdignagian bonnets assail us as made us miserable five years since, things without taste, shape, use, or meaning—the hottest things in summer, and the coldest in winter, no air getting into them unless it blows a fresh breeze, and then just sufficient to induce toothach and stiff necks. It was said of a sage physician that he had wished, if Providence had given him a third eye, to have had it placed at the end of his finger, that he might have been then enabled to look down the throats of his patients. We are quite sure that without some such superfluity any attempt to look up the modern bonnets is useless, and, not to speak of the unsociability of these blinkers, the disappointment they occasion when, after having depicted to ourself for half an hour the sleepy blue eyes or sparkling black, the lovely auburn or the jetty ringlet, concealed under one of them, one is assailed on the turning round of the lady with the representation of some harridan with stained eye brows and painted cheeks, glaring, her face of many hues, at the further end of the inverted coal skuttle, like the west window of a cathedral seen through a long series of arches on a foggy day. The king of Congo sometimes chooses to walk out on a windy day with his bonnet lightly placed on one side of his head, and if the wind blows it off he imposes a tax on the inhabitants of that part of his kingdom whence the wind blew.

MUSIC.

[From the same.]

Our watchmen are certainly becoming vigilant. Nocturnal depredations are less frequent; to be sure, a few stores are broken open occasionally, and some hogsheads and other light articles are carried away; but we have traced the cause of this vigilance. The watchmen are

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kept awake by the different serenading bands and itinerant musicians, who foolishly prefer the cool breeze of the night, and the silver radiance of the moon, to the fierce and intolerable rays of a meridian sun.

These sons of Apollo, however, have been most ungratefully treated by the watchmen, and, instead of thanks for being aroused from their slumbers by this "concord of sweet sounds," these municipal guardians of the night have laid unmusical hands upon the wandering minstrels, and have either escorted them to the watch-house, or dispersed them as disturbers of the public peace. Now, under favour, this is a most Goth and Vandal assumption of power. As Falstaff says, "shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" Shall not a citizen walk and play at his ease in this our free city, without fear of watch-house and watchmen? Aye, this is very well, say the watchmen; but these bands of music wake the good inhabitants from their sleep. Suppose this to be the case, how are they awakened? By the thunder of artillery, the ringing of bells, the appalling cry of fire, the musical twang of clams, milk, or tea rusk? No! the perturbed slumbers, in a melting night, are gradually and sweetly broke in upon by music, which, stealing softly over the senses, shakes the poppies from the eye, and breathes a sweet sensation over the soul; particularly good music; Willis's bugle for example—and who that was ever thus awakened ever complained? The chariest maid that ever loved, listens with delight to the floating harmony; the wife wakes the fond husband, and both catch the sweet inspiration; and even the little squalling cherub, tormented with the heat and with teething, sits upright in his crib, and pricks his little ears at the unknown and grateful sounds. Why, then, should these nocturnal minstrels be molested, or put in "durance vile," under the plea of disturbing the public peace?

A few nights ago when the full moon, coursing through the azure vault, tipped the waving poplars with silver, and shed its mild beams on the faces of the sleeping watchmen, a gentleman sallied forth from his lodgings with his clarionet, and sauntered down William-street. He took his stand under a window from which the loves

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and graces had been frequently seen, and applying the instrument to his lips, "it discoursed most eloquent music." Whether a sympathetic feeling had kept the lady awake, or the sweet breathings had disturbed her slumber, we know not; but she arose, and with a flowing mantle, white as her own purity, appeared at the window just as the minstrel was playing, "Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear;" and while thus "governing the ventiges with his finger, and giving it breath with his mouth," a surly watchman, with a black cap and a big stick, as hostile to Apollo and the Muses as ever Hannibal was to Rome, or Bonaparte to the "fast anchored isle," seized the musician by the cravat, and in sight of the lady and the moon, carried him off, clarionet and all. Such an assault, in a musical way, has been unknown since Dussek threw the music stool at the head of the big drum, for striking a note too soon when playing his concerto before the king of Prussia, old Fritz, as our Knickerbocker used to call him.

Now, we do most seriously protest against this rude assumption of power on the part of watchmen, as being contrary to customs pursued in every part of the globe, civilized or uncivilized, and hostile to personal rights.

The Spaniard glides like a ghost through the dark streets of Seville and Madrid, and, taking his guitar from under his cloak, strikes the chords and sings a ditty in praise of his mistress, and under her window; and yet no alguazil disturbs him. The turbanned Turk, with his mandolin, paces the narrow streets of Aleppo, and sings his plaintive ditty unmolested. The streets of Paris and Vienna swarm with nightly minstrels, and no guard arrests them. Why, then, in a free country, should a freeman be disturbed when committing no offence; making no riot?

We hope these very useful and patriotic guardians of our slumbers will have the taste and the politeness becoming a decent and quiet metropolis, and permit a harmless musician to display his abilities without molestation hereafter.

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CURIOUS DOCUMENT.

[From the same.]

The following is a correct copy of a bill of indictment, preferred *in this city*, against Ralph Hall, and Mary, his wife, for *witchcraft*, one hundred and fifty-six years ago. Later bills of this character may be found in Connecticut, but this, we believe, was among the last in this state. It is curious to read this remnant of barbarous ages; and, while we do so, let us not forget the lights of learning and civilization, which have introduced a better order of things.

At a court of Assizes, held in *New-York*, the 2d day of Oct. 1655, &c. the tryel of Ralph Hall and Mary his wife, upon suspicion of witchcraft. The names of the persons who served upon the Grand Jury, are Thomas Baker, foreman of the Jury, of Easthampton; Capt. John Symonds, of Hempstead; Mr. Helcett, of Jamaica; Anthony Waters; Thomas Wandell, of Marsh Path Hill; Mr. Nichols of Stamford; Balthazar D'Haart, John Garland, Jacob Luater, Anthonio De Mill, Alex. Munse, Thomas Searle, of New-York.

The prisoner being brought to the barr by Allard Anthony, Shff. of N. Y. this following indictment was read, first agst. Ralph Hall, and then agst. Mary his wife, viz:

The constable and overseers of the towne of Setalcott, in the east riding of Yorkshire, upon Long Island, do present, for our soveraigne Lord the King, that Ralph Hall, of Setalcott, aforesaid, upon the 25th day of Dec. being Christmas day last was twelve months, in the 15th year of the raigne of our soveraigne Lord Chas. the 2d, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. and several other days and times since that day, by some detestable and wicked arts, commonly called witchcraft and sorcery, did (as is suspected) maliciously and feloniously practise and exercise, at the said town of Setalcott, in the east riding of Yorkshire, on Long Island aforesaid, on the person of George Wood, late of the same place, by which wicked and detestable arts the said Geo. Wood (as is suspected) most dangerously and mortally sickened and languished, and not long after, by the aforesaid wicked and detestable arts, the said George Wood (as is likewise suspected) died.

Moreover the constable and overseers of the said town do further present, for our soveraigne Lord the King, that some while after the death of the said Geo. Wood, the said Ralph Hall did, as is suspected, divers times by the like wicked and detestable arts, commonly called witchcraft and sorcery, maliciously and feloniously practise and exercise at the said town of

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Setalcott, on the person of an infant child of Ann Rogers, widow of the aforesaid George Wood, deceased, by which wicked and detestable arts, the said infant child, as is suspected, most dangerously and mortally sickened and languished, and not long after, by the said wicked and detestable arts (as is suspected) died: And so the said constable and overseers do present, that the said George Wood, and the said infant childe, by the ways and means aforesaid, most wickedly, and maliciously, and feloniously were (as is suspected) *murdered by the said Ralph Hall*, at the times and places aforesaid, and against the laws of this govt. in such cases provided.—The like indictment was read against Mary, the wife of Ralph Hall: Thereupon several depositions accusing the prisoners of the fact for which they were indicted were read, *but no witness appeared* to give testimony in court *vive voce*; then the Clk. calling up Ralph Hall, bade him hold up his hand, and read as follows: "Ralph Hall, thou standest here indicted for, that having not the fear of God before thine eyes, thou didst, upon the 25th day of Dec. being Christmas last was 12 months, and at several other times since, (as is suspected) by some wicked and detestable arts, commonly called witchcraft and sorcery, maliciously and feloniously practise and exercise upon the bodies of George Wood, and an infant child of Ann Rogers, by which said arts the said George Wood and the infant child (as is suspected) most dangerously and mortally fell sick and languished unto death. Ralph Hall! what dost thou say for thyself—art thou guilty or not guilty? Mary, the wife of Ralph Hall, was called in the like manner. They both pleaded not guilty, and threw themselves to be tried by God and the country. Whereupon the cause was referred to the Jury, who brought into Court this following verdict, viz.: —We having severally considered the case committed to our charge against the prisoners at the bar, and having well weighed the evidence, we find that there are *some suspicions* by the evidence of what the *woman* is charged with, but nothing considerable of value *to take away her life!* but in reference to the man, we find nothing considerable to charge him with. The Court thereupon gave this sentence—"That the man should be bound, body and goods, for his wife's appearance *at the next sessions, and so on from sessions to sessions, as long as they stay within this govt.* In the mean time to be of good behaviour. So they were returned to the Shff's. custody, and upon entering into a recognizance, according to the sentence of the Court, they were released.

They were released from the indictment and suretyship for good behaviour, and wholly discharged therefrom on the 21st day of August, 1668!

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LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[From the same.]

CRIM. CON.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW-YORK.

John Ferguson vs. *Thomas Thompson.*

One of the first benefits arising from a permission to grant the freedom of elective franchise to people of colour, is a dash at the higher walks in life, and attempts to imitate their more fashionable neighbours. This was an action brought by Ferguson, a black gentleman of respectability, to recover damages against Thompson, a very decent coloured man and a stage driver, for seducing plaintiff's wife and destroying his comfort and peace of mind.

It is true that, in this case, there were no proofs of settlements—pin money—splendid equipage—elopements—duels, and doctors' commons, and all those regular gradations, which accompany an established case of English crim. con.; yet the plaintiff was an honest black citizen, a little "declining in the vale of years," as Othello says, who had married a young and handsome mulatto, but who, it appears, was not in court.

Thompson, the defendant, was also an old beau, and had an excellent character, and was, withal, a man of property. It appeared by the testimony that Thompson brought sundry packages to plaintiff's wife, and by these little gratuitous attentions won her affections and carried her off; and it also appeared in evidence that, in the midst of these miscellaneous proceedings, a child was born, which neither party owned. Witnesses were examined to prove that Ferguson had ill-treated his wife, and frequently turned her out of doors; and the court charged the jury that exemplary damages should be awarded where the peace of mind and happiness of the husband had been injured; but if it appeared that he had used his wife ill without cause, and had turned her out of doors, he, himself, created a barrier to any compensation.

The jury retired for some time, and brought in a verdict of *two hundred and fifty two dollars and the costs.*

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A number of black ladies and gentlemen attended this interesting trial; they were neatly and fashionably dressed; and the ladies blushed a little when examined on the delicate investigation.

BIGAMY.

YESTERDAY, James Ewing was tried for Bigamy, he having, in September, 1819, married Mary Martin, in Bloomfield, New-Jersey, and, in January last, also married Phebe Ann Dayton, at Lansinburg. The testimony, as to both marriages, was conclusive. Phenix and Price, for the defendant, contended that the indictment could not be sustained, because it set forth that the defendant was married in New-York to Mary Martin, whereas it was proved that he was married in New-Jersey. The like objection was made to the second marriage, which took place in Lansinburg, and was set forth in the indictment to have been in New-York. The court, after hearing arguments on the question, decided, that the only point for the jury to ascertain was, whether the defendant married Mary Martin; and whether he had also married Phebe Ann Dayton, his first wife being alive: that it was of no importance where the venu was laid, the facts of the two marriages being only required. The jury, without leaving the box, found him *guilty*.

Mary Martin, a very pretty modest looking woman, had a conspicuous seat in front of the jury; but Phebe Ann, the Roxana of the piece, was not visible. Ewing, the prisoner, a good looking fellow, exhibited no contrition for his abominable wickedness in taking unto himself a plurality of wives in these moral times; but, though imminently in danger of losing both of them, and his liberty into the bargain, he maintained a composure and serenity of mind very remarkable, considering that he was not a Mussulman. He will have to sing a stave of the old ballad—

"Then, ladies, pray take warning.
By my two wives and me,
And in your freaks and courtships
Remember *constancy*."

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SEDUCTION.

[From the same.]

Our judicial annals have been happily free from those disgusting trials for crim. con. which unfortunately prevail so much in England, and particularly in high life. There have been, however, within the last five years, more cases of this kind, and breaches of the marriage promise, than have altogether occurred since the declaration of independence. Whether we are borrowing the vices of the old world, or our increase of population, by emigration and other causes, is swelling the list of crimes and offences, we know not; but these crimes appear to swell on our hands. In Baltimore, a verdict has been lately given of two thousand five hundred dollars damages against a tailor, for seducing a poor woman, depending on him for work. This verdict is justly applauded. There can be no domestic calamity equal to the loss of that peace of mind and happiness, which the ruin of a wife occasions; it leaves a blank in life, which time never fills; it strikes at the root of morality, of fidelity, of comfort, and of hope; and, in this instance, where the plaintiff is poor, and wholly dependent on character, the damages have been justly estimated, and will have the good tendency to prevent this crime from creeping in and tainting our labouring class of the community.

We must, however, in these cases, weigh every fact before heavy damages are given; and, to prevent collusion, and all those traps set by the vicious for the unwary, the most minute investigation should be pursued, and where injury has been actually sustained, accompanied with aggravating circumstances, the injurer must be made to pay for it; and, in most cases, it is safe to make him pay, for it leads to a proper caution, and is frequently a cheap lesson.

While we admit that most of the troubles and misfortunes of women are brought upon them by the misconduct of men, justice requires us to say, that women create their full share of trouble, also, of which a proper estimate should be made. It is so completely in the power of a woman to check the advances of a seducer,

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to freeze his warm blood, and drive him from his designing purposes, that we are tempted frequently to doubt the truth of so many portentous stories of seduction and *crim. con.* Where encouragement is given, the offence loses half its force, and a woman cannot be too guarded and circumspect in her conduct generally. Still there are cases where a designing knave may steal away the affections and character of a virtuous woman, and render a whole family unhappy. For these offences heavy damages should be given; yet we should be glad if a case of *crim. con.*, or seduction, was never tried in our courts: the example is pernicious. Let the conduct of men and women be governed by such equitable and decorous principles, as to place them "above fear and above reproach;" let men beware how they approach a female, and women be guarded against the improper advances of men, and these disgusting details will never stain the annals of our courts of justice.

ALLEGORY.

[New-England Galaxy.]

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND FATE OF A LIE.

Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti
Crescit; et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.

OVID.

ILL-NATURE, an ugly, mischievous, malevolent fellow, happened to meet in company with a pert, noisy, inconsiderate girl, called LOQUACITY. They were pleased with each other on the first introduction. Conversation exalted the favourable impression into delight. The pungent, sarcastic, half-uttered insinuations of ILL-NATURE furnished new topics for the expansive talents of LOQUACITY; who, by the way, constantly inverted the golden maxim, "think twice before you speak once," and always spoke twenty times to her thinking once. LOQUACITY, in her turn, by the continued torrent of words, which she poured forth, soothed, lulled, and diverted the peevish irritability of ILL-NATURE, till he, for a moment, almost forgot to be unhappy. A short acquaintance produced a mutual attachment. An amour followed, the natural consequence of which was, in due time,

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the birth of a chubby, roguish boy. The brat was christened by the name of FALSEHOOD;—it became afterwards, however, better known under the appellation of a LIE.

Soon after its birth, FALSEHOOD was taken to be nursed and educated, by two sour, ill-favoured, squint-eyed damsels, called ENVY and MALICE. These ladies, who soon became immoderately fond of the brat, were so proud of its imagined beauty, and so much elated with the hope of its future destiny, that they could not rest till they had shown it to every person, who lived within a half a mile of them. And, indeed, as they were always gadding, scarcely a day passed, from the hour of its birth till it was one-and-twenty, in which they did not take it with them to some of the neighbours, in order to exhibit a specimen of its mischievous tricks; which, indeed, the boy showed a wonderful facility in acquiring, and for which he discovered an early and increasing fondness. His love of mischief, and his astonishing progress in the art of practising it, were only equalled by the pride and pleasure with which they were beheld by his worthy and indefatigable preceptresses.

At length FALSEHOOD attained the age of manhood, and prepared to enter the world in pursuit of adventures. MALICE and ENVY, after equipping him with a flask of poison and a dagger, gave him their advice and their blessing, and bid him farewell. He had proceeded but a short distance when he met a handsome, modest, unsuspecting youth, called TRUTH; and taking a fancy to the dress which he wore, turned round, after having passed him, and basely stabbed him in the back. TRUTH fell; and FALSEHOOD, stripping him, and disguising himself in his apparel, left him for dead, and proceeded on his journey.

FALSEHOOD continued some time on his travels, amusing himself with the mischief and devastation, which he occasioned wherever he came. He made his way into all companies; into the church and the ball-room, the mart of business and the domestic circle. He stole the good name of one, stabbed the reputation of another, and poisoned the peace of a third.

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In the mean time, an eminent surgeon, named JUSTICE, accompanied by his friend BENEVOLENCE, who were travelling on the road where TRUTH was assassinated, discovered him lying senseless on the ground. They at first supposed him to be dead, but on examination found that life was not yet wholly extinct. They immediately had him conveyed to the surgeon's own house, where, by the skill of the worthy host, and the care and attention of BENEVOLENCE, he was soon restored to perfect health.

TRUTH was no sooner recovered, than he prepared to set out in pursuit of his enemy; determined to bring him to punishment, and to prevent his committing further injuries. The armour of TRUTH, which covered him from head to foot, was *innocence*; and his sword, whose brilliant polish nothing could equal, and whose perfect edge nothing could resist, was *light*. His noble preservers, JUSTICE and BENEVOLENCE, attended by his side.

FALSEHOOD, when he first perceived that TRUTH was alive and in pursuit of him, determined to face him boldly; hoping either to daunt him by an appearance of courage, or to conquer him by stratagem. But TRUTH had no sooner drawn his sword, than FALSEHOOD, dazzled by its brightness and struck with dismay, turned and fled, with all the swiftness which guilt and terror could inspire. He was, however, pursued by TRUTH through all his windings, and driven from all his lurking places; till, finding escape impossible, he flew for protection, as his last resource, to the arms of his parents and his nurses. The boldest efforts of ILL-NATURE and LOQUACITY in his defence were made in vain, and MALICE and ENVY could afford him but feeble succour. Perceiving defeat and death sure and inevitable, he became enraged by despair, and determined to satiate his vengeance on the only beings in his power, his first and only friends. He drew his dagger from his bosom, and having dipped its point in the flask of poison, which ENVY and MALICE had given him, he evinced his duty and his gratitude, by plunging it into their hearts; and drawing it thence, sheathed it in the breasts of the miserable authors of his existence. TRUTH, witnessing their just but horrid fate,

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raised his right arm, and with one blow of his sword, severed the head of FALSEHOOD from the body; thus putting an end at once to his existence and his future power of injuring. JUSTICE took up the bleeding head, yet warm with life, and fixed it on a gibbet, as a warning to the deluded followers of MALICE and ENVY, ILL-NATURE and FALSEHOOD, of the shameful punishment to which their wickedness and folly exposes them.

PHÆDRUS.

RULES FOR WRITING A REVIEW,

ACCORDING TO THE LATEST AND MOST APPROVED FASHION.

[From the same.]

You will commence your review, with an exact copy of the title-page or title-pages of the book or books, which you intend to make the subject of ostensible criticism. You will add the name of the publisher, and the number of pages in each book.

It is desirable, that the books to be reviewed, if more than one, should, in some respect or other, be susceptible of being classed together. That is, the subjects of which they treat should have some connexion with each other, or the books should be written by the same author, or by brothers, or cousins, or they should, at least, have been written or printed in the same city.

You will now proceed to write a dissertation on some subject, which shall have either an immediate or a remote connection with the matter under review. You will find many such dissertations, adapted to all subjects, in the Spectator and similar works, ready made to your hands, which will save you a world of trouble. It would be better, however, that you should alter the style, if you are capable of it, so that the plagiarism will not be easily detected. If you should not find an essay, which applies directly to the subject of the books to be reviewed, you can make use of one, which is more remotely connected with it. For instance, if the work be a *poem*, and you can find nothing already written which applies to the *subject* of the poem, you can introduce a dissertation upon *poetry in general*. This you may easily collect from the "Elements of Criticism," or from the En-

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cyclopædia, or from some celebrated prefaces to Homer, Shakspeare, and other great poets. An essay upon the style of Pope and Dryden, when compared with that of Walter Scott or Byron, would answer very well for a review of *any* poem. If the work be in *prose*, a comparison of the style of Addison with that of Johnson, or of Blair with that of Jeremy Taylor, or of Hume with that of Gibbon, with a dogmatical decision on their several merits and claims to superiority,—will answer very well, for want of something more pertinent.

Having filled the requisite quantity of paper, you will conclude by observing, that you have already exceeded the limits allotted to you, and have not, therefore, room for the remarks, "which you intended to make, respecting the work itself." You will remember, that it is a general rule among reviewers, not to erase any thing they have written, be it ever so irrelevant. Their responses are oracular; and however mysterious, inapplicable, or absurd they may be, they are sacred, and must be preserved inviolate.

If you should find it difficult, at any time, in following the preceding rules, to extend your review to the necessary length, you can easily eke it out, with a few extracts from the most interesting part of the work. The only inconvenience attending this last rule, is, that you will be under the necessity of reading some part of the book, in order to select the necessary passages.

There is another method of reviewing, which is sometimes adopted, that is remarkably different from that, which I have here given. It is more laborious, but requires less learning and talent. In the one, you are not obliged to open the work you review, beyond the title-page; but it is necessary that you should have recourse to other books. In the other, you derive all your materials from the work itself. Whether this method was invented by some pious old ladies, who, it is well known by those that are deeply read in Almanacks, have criticised the Bible in this way; or whether we have derived it from the monks, who were the repositories of learning in the dark ages, is uncertain. It is as follows:

Ascertain, by counting, how many times any particular

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words recur in the course of the book. The articles *a* and *the*, or the conjunction *and*, or any other terms, which may hit your fancy, are equally proper for selection. If the work be in verse, it will be proper that you should notice the exact frequency of recurrence, of those rhymes, which appear to be the most often used. A fair register of the result of your labours, if carried to a sufficient extent, and properly seasoned with the usual expressions of censure and contempt, will make a formidable review. *Probatum est.*

For examples of both the above methods, I might refer you to the Reviews, Monthly and Quarterly, English and Scotch, North-American and South-American, but I prefer giving examples, written by myself, expressly for the occasion; with which I intend to favour the public, as soon as my leisure will permit. I would also give notice, that I have it in contemplation, to deliver a course of lectures on the subject of this paper, should a sufficient number of ladies and gentlemen be disposed to patronize the undertaking. FUMO.

DR. DUNDERTHUMP'S METALLIC BOOT-JACK.

[Portsmouth Oracle.]

Ye Apothecaries all, pray shut up your shops;
Ye Physicians no more be contending;
To the d—l throw your pills and botanical drops,
Our systems require not your mending.

No more scrape the world for your balsams and gums,
Your tinctures, Dutch, Spanish, or Gallic,
A fig for your trash, whencesoever it comes,
We want but the *Boot-Jack Metallic.*

AGE may be renovated and the bloom of sixteen improved by the use of this invaluable Instrument. Hot water, hot drops, or screw augurs, would never have been introduced, had the modest inventor of the *metallic Boot-Jack* been prevailed on before to have apprized the world of the wonderful and instantaneous cures, which have been effected by his incomparable discovery. To the learned and accomplished Doctor Van Dunderthump is human nature indebted for this inimitable invention. Being sole agent for the doctor, I shall, with-

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out further preamble, state a few of the many miraculous cures performed by the instrument above mentioned.

1. A child had been several years afflicted with the *tinea capitis*, or scald head; the usual remedies were applied in vain. The child fell from a table into a boot of her grandfather, (which, the evening previous, had been drawn off by the (Metallic) Jack,) and was not only instantly cured, but, instead of a carrotty poll, brought out a fine auburn head.

2. A man in Albany trod on a spike, which appeared more than four inches above his foot; as a lock jaw was apprehended, he was in the most excruciating agony. On using Doctor Van Dunderthump's Boot-Jack, the pain instantly subsided, although it was evident the spike ran—*between his toes!*

3. A favourite horse of a general officer, received a charge of grape in his body. He remained shockingly mangled three weeks on the field of battle. A country lad, attracted by the richness of his furniture, attempted to apply it to his own use; when, to his amazement, the horse cantered off, with astonishing speed. It eventually appeared, that the lad's master was great uncle to Doctor Van Dunderthump's next neighbour's chambermaid; which rationally enough accounted for the escape of the horse.

4. A *coloured* gentleman was (at Andover,) blown up in a powder-mill. After an aerial journey of half an hour, he discovered the loss of *his mouth*. He landed in a farmer's yard, upon a pair of saddle-bags, (containing *a description* of the Metallic Jack,) which saddle-bags adhered so closely to the injured spot, that the *exchange of lips* was never discovered by his nearest relations.

5. A lady of Kennebeck, on a passage from Bath to Boston, seeing the sea-serpent jump over Cape Ann with a whale in his mouth, was so intimidated, that a violent hysteric paroxysm was the consequence; her teeth became loose, her knees were dislocated, and her eyes exchanged places. On her arrival at Boston, the most eminent physicians were called, who abandoned her to the undertakers. She was finally persuaded to apply to Doctor Van Dunderthump. He was, at that moment,

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absent, but the *messenger inhaled* such singular virtues at the house of the doctor, that, as he approached the lodgings of his mistress, she became evidently relieved —and *before he reached the door*, she had taken a seat in the stage for Portland!

6. A member of Congress, while rehearsing, in his room, a speech in favour of the Missouri Bill, at a fine turned period opened his mouth to such an immeasurable width, that a young deaf and dumb negro, mistaking the passage for the cellar staircase, ran down the whole length of the orator's throat before he discovered the error. He remained, (to the no small inconvenience of both,) in this region of darkness, twenty-four hours, in spite of all usual medical prescriptions and applications. The Metallic Jack was at length produced, and the black faced gentleman popped his head out of one of the orator's boots, singing,

"Nought but *gin* to live upon, sir,
And compell'd to *drink* it raw;
All my hopes were almost gone, sir,
Ere I left the monstrous jaw."

☞ Innumerable depositions, (with, or without signatures, as the fashion, in similar cases, may be,) to substantiate what was, may, might, or shall be, said, respecting the Metallic Boot-Jack, are on hand. But as enough has already been stated to "convince the most incredulous," the Proprietor has only to observe, to "prevent imposition," that "none are genuine" unless signed

DIEDRICK DUNDERTHUMP.

They are sold at No. 12, Tractoration Alley, by the dozen or single, by *Benjamin Crispin*, sign of the Lapstone, and by him only.

JOHN NUTT.

[New-England Galaxy.]

THE following TALE is a versification of an anecdote, which has been a thousand times related, of one of the most facetious wags that ever took delight in *hoaxing*. M**** M***** was a native of Boston, and many of his mischievous frolics are still fresh in the memories of his cotemporaries. This metrical story of one of his mid-

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night capers, we are assured from good authority, was written a few years ago at Harvard College, and recited by the author at one of the public exhibitions of the senior class. We wish this fact to be particularly noticed, because it has been attributed by some to George Colman, and is, no doubt, equal in power and effect to that celebrated writer's "Broad Grins."

A TALE.

Among the wicked crew,
Whose lawless capers blight
The face of Nature,
There are a few,
Who make it still their pleasure and delight
To worry and torment a fellow creature.
Now such an one
Was M**** M*****,
A favour'd votary of fun,
Hight, by his comrades, "Witty Jacky;"
He us'd to say, "the love of evil
Was for our happiness implanted in us;
And that in truth he grudg'd the devil
The privilege of plaguing sinners."
Now beasts of prey,
(So learned people say)
Avoid the light:
Just so our wight
Kept hatching mischief all the day
To perpetrate at night.
And once, when Winter did his very best
To give mankind a shiver,
And sent that coldest of cold wind, north-west,
To make all quiver;
The mercury might stand below
(Some nine or ten degrees or so)
The zero;
Muffled with cap and fearnought warm,
That laugh'd the angry blast to scorn,
Forth rush'd our hero,
And careful sought, (the night was pitchy dark,)
The house of one John Nutt—
The butt
On whom this son of mischief set his mark.
With thundering racket,
He wak'd the man, who hurried on his jacket,
And op'd the casement,
And star'd ('twas very natural,) with great amazement;
"Sir," quoth the fellow, "can you tell

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In which house Mr. Nutt does dwell ?"
" My name is Nutt," the man replied—
" Indeed," the other cried—
" John Nutt 's the man I mean ;"
" Well, my name 's John ;
So if you 've any thing to say
I beg you would, without delay,
Go on."
" Sir," said the rogue, with tone and phiz demure,
" I would n't keep you waiting, but
'Tis of importance that I should be sure
That you are certainly John Nutt."
" Zounds," quoth the man, " what do you mean?
I tell you once again,
My names are Nutt and John,
And both together make John Nutt,
Which man
I am ;
But if this window is n't quickly shut,
I sha'n't be long."
" Well, then,"—return'd the other, very slow,—
" Since it is so—
I'll tell you what 's the matter ;
You may conclude 'tis nothing light
That sends me here on such a night,
With such a clatter,
So rudely to attack you ;
So if your name is certainly *John Nutt*,
Why, then, the devil CRACK you.

ADDRESS TO A FIRE-FLY.

[Charleston Courier.]

THOU little insect of an hour,
Why spread thy wing so gay ?
Why brightly rove from flow'r to flow'r,
With evanescent ray ?

The leaf that now thy little form
Sustains, may be thy shroud ;
For oft we find the darkest storm
Beneath the brightest cloud.

The zephyr soft that wafts thy note,
May lay thy beauties low ;
The dews on twilight's breast that float,
May quench thy dazzling glow.

The orb that gives thy pinions light,
May shed a warmer ray,

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To check thee in thine airy flight,
And tear thy life away.

Yet! little insect, spread thy wing,
And gild thine humble sphere;
Like thee, man shines his transient spring,
And shines to disappear. EMMA.

ON THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

[Columbian Centinel. Boston.]

BEREFT of the light of his fame awhile,
His last look he has taken,
And turn'd away with a scornful smile
From the thrones his arm had shaken.

He did not die with the crumbling wreck
Of empires around him lying,
Nor did blood and wounds his body deck,
Those trophies of noble dying!

They sent him away to a barren rock,
Firm in the midst of the ocean,
Like his own great soul, which stood the shock
Of Europe in her commotion.

Though they bound him down, his soul still breath'd
In a world of its own creation,
And many a crown of glory wreath'd
To adorn his long-loved nation.

But ah! the light of his proudest day
No longer shone upon him,
The springs of hope were dying away,
And the finger of death was on him.

In his soldier's cloak his form they laid;
They saw that his soul was flying,
He called on his child—'twas all he said—
In a dream of glory dying! W.

ON AN INFANT SMILING AS IT AWOKE.

[National Gazette.]

AFTER the sleep of night, as some still lake
Displays the cloudless Heavens in reflection,
And, dimpled by the breezes, seems to break
Into a waking smile of recollection,
As if from its calm depths the morning light
Call'd up the pleasant dreams that gladden'd night;—

So does the azure of those laughing eyes
Reflect a mental Heaven of thine own;

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In that illumin'd smile I recognize
  The sunlight of a sphere to us unknown;
Thou hast been dreaming of some previous bliss
In other worlds, for thou art new to this.

Hast thou been wafted to Elysian bowers,
  In some blest star where thou hast pre-existed;
Inhal'd th' ecstatic fragrancy of flowers
  Around the golden harps of seraphs twisted,
Or heard those nightingales of Paradise
Pour thrilling songs and choral harmonies?

Perchance all breathing life is but an essence
  From the great fountain Spirit in the sky—
And thou hast dream'd of that transcendent presence
  Whence thou hast fall'n, a dew-drop from on high,
Destin'd to lose, as thou shalt mix with earth,
Those bright recallings of thy heavenly birth.

We deem thy mortal memory not begun,—
  But hast thou no remembrance of the past;
No lingering twilight of a former sun,
  Which o'er thy slumbering faculties hath cast
Shadows of unimaginable things,
Too high or deep for human fathomings?

Perchance, while reason's earliest flush is brightening
  Athwart thy brain, celestial sights are given;
As skies that open to let out the lightning
  Disclose a transitory glimpse of Heaven;
And thou art wrapt in visions all too bright
For aught but Cherubim and Infant's sight.

Emblem of heavenly purity and bliss,—
  Mysterious type, which none can understand,
Let me, with reverence, approach to kiss
  Limbs lately touch'd by the Creator's hand:—
So awful art thou, that I feel more prone
To claim thy blessing than bestow mine own.

THE SOUL.

[Independent Balance. Philadelphia]

Lo! how this gallant "ship of Heaven"
  First launches on the tide;
By gentle breezes onward driven,
  She moves with fearless pride;—
Down the smooth stream she careless sails,
  And, frieghted deep with joy,
She hears ahead no stormy gales—
  No tempest to annoy.

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Now huge and dark the waves appear,
And manhood's cape is pass'd ;
The billow's their proud heads uprear,
And hoarsely bowls the blast ;
Now louder still the surges roar,
They double now their rage ;
The foaming waves around her pour—
She's on the sea of age !

Thou shall not see " heaven's ship" again—
Thy gaze she proudly spurns ;
Look !—is she on life's stormy main ?
She's gone !—she ne'er returns !
To light her way, one star alone
Still burns with steady flame ;
The brightest star round Heaven's bright throne ;
RELIGION is its name. BOSTON BARD.

THE REVELLERS.

A PARODY ON CAMPBELL'S HOHENLINDEN.

[New-England Galaxy.]

On couches, when the sun was low,
Murmuring lay many a dizzy brow,
For, caus'd by last night's drunken row,
Their heads were aching horribly.

But Bacchus saw another sight,
When the clock struck at dead of night,
Commanding tapers fast to light
The darkness of the scenery.

With cups and good cigars array'd,
By which each ranter drunk was made,
Thrown on the chairs around, they laid,
To join the midnight revelry.

Then shook the walls by bawling riven,
Then flew the cups in anger driven,
And, sparkling like the lamps of heaven,
Flow'd the red wine in majesty.

More bustle yet those walls shall know,
And louder still the tumult grow,
And heavier yet shall be the flow
Of Lisbon rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ! but scarce yon lurid sun,
Can pierce cigar fumes rolling dun,
Where revel-ranters, full of fun,
Shout in the smoky canopy.

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The band reel out with aching head,
And scarce have strength to reach their bed!
Wave, Bacchus! all thy banners red,
And shout aloud thy victory!

Oh! few shall part as when they meet!
The wine shall be their winding sheet,
And broken goblets 'neath their feet,
Attest their drunken revelry. ALONZO.

OLD GRIMES.

[Providence Gazette.]

OLD Grimes is dead—that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more,
He us'd to wear a long black coat,
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day;
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclin'd to grey—
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er was heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd—
The large, round head, upon his cane,
From ivory was turn'd.

Thus, ever prompt at pity's call,
He knew no base design,—
His eyes were dark, and rather small;
His nose was aqueline.

He liv'd at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind—
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd—the skin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er;
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years, or more.

But poor *old Grimes* is now at rest,
Nor fears Misfortune's frown.
He had a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert.
He had no malice in his mind—
No ruffles on his shirt.

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His neighbours he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay.
He wore large buckles in his shoes,
And chang'd them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring in view—
Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw,
In trust to fortune's chances;
But liv'd, (as all his brothers do,)
In easy circumstances.

Thus, undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And every body said he was
A fine old gentleman.

Good people all, give cheerful thought
To Grimes's memory;
As doth his cousin, ESEK SHORT,
Who made this poetry.

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